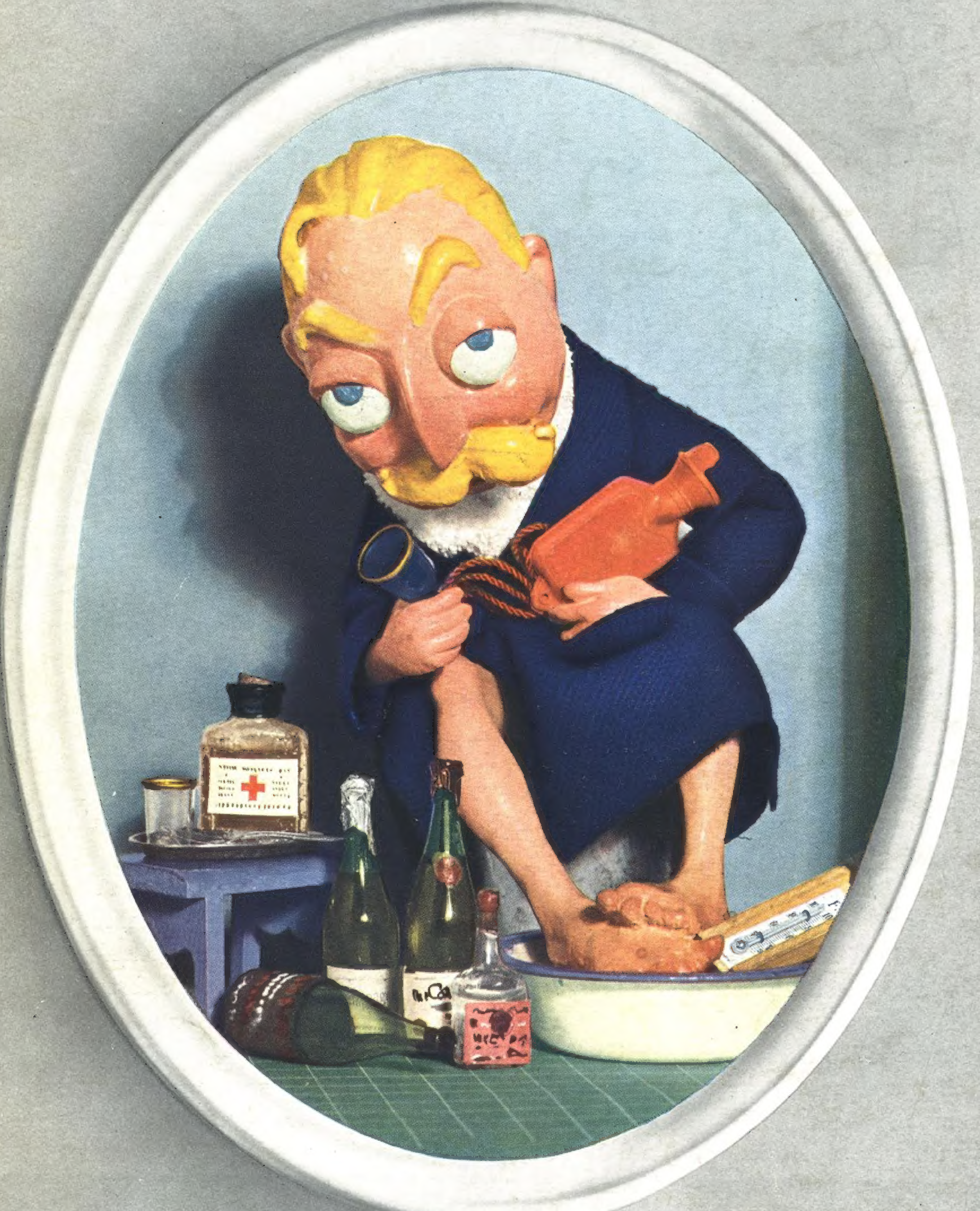
A. N. C.

MARCH

# Esquire

**• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN**



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FRED C. KELLY
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HERBERT COREY
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(COVER)

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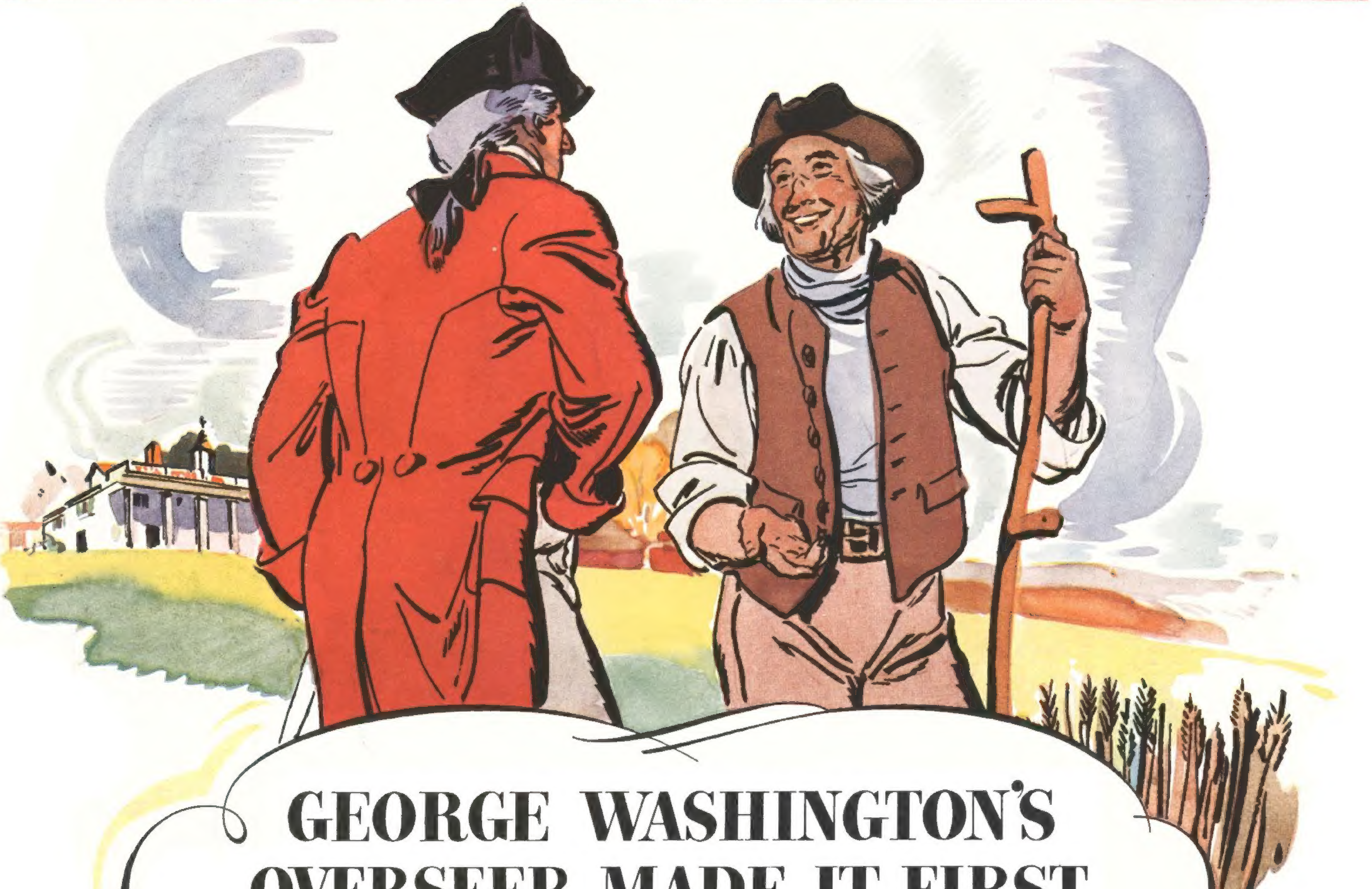
**CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS**

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE CENTS



# GEORGE WASHINGTON'S OVERSEER MADE IT FIRST

## and even in the early days of the nation this excellent Rye was shipped to England

Mount Vernon
Straight Rye
Whiskey

IN THE DAYS after George Washington finished serving his country, and became once more a Virginia gentleman who made his home and entertained his guests at Mount Vernon, experiments with agriculture occupied much of his time.

He tried many crops on what he called the Dogue Creek Farm, and found its soil was especially favorable to the growth of rye.

Then his overseer, a Scot by the name of Anderson, came to him with an idea. Since every gentleman in those days needed a stock of good whiskey, why not set up a distillery at Mount Vernon, and make use of the grain which the land produced?

And so, in due time, guests and travelers who chanced that way enjoyed the hospitality of a whiskey wondrously smooth and memorable. The owner of Mount Vernon was a shrewd business man and sought a market for his surplus, selling it not only in the neighboring states, but even in England.

From that day to this, Mount Vernon has been one of the few American whiskies enjoying European fame.

The Mount Vernon distillery, almost a hundred years ago, was moved to Baltimore, but the formula and the fine quality of the rye were scrupulously maintained.

Few whiskies in the world have a more distinguished lineage. Few can provide the suave pleasure and lingering delight which await you in Mount Vernon today.

**MOUNT VERNON**

*Bottled in Bond Rye Whiskey*

THIS EMBLEM NATIONAL DISTILLERS PROTECTS YOU

© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

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ESQUIRE
March, 1935

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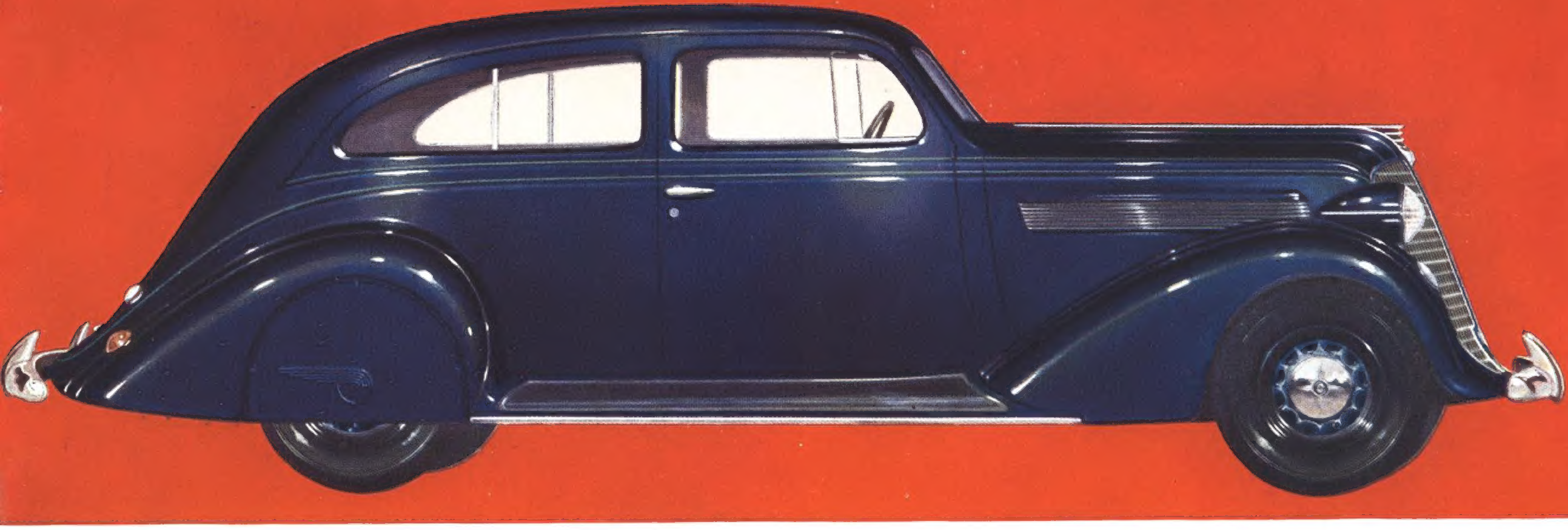
Vol. III, No. 3
Whole No. 16

# SOMETHING NEW IN *R.P.S.

NASH
FOR
1935

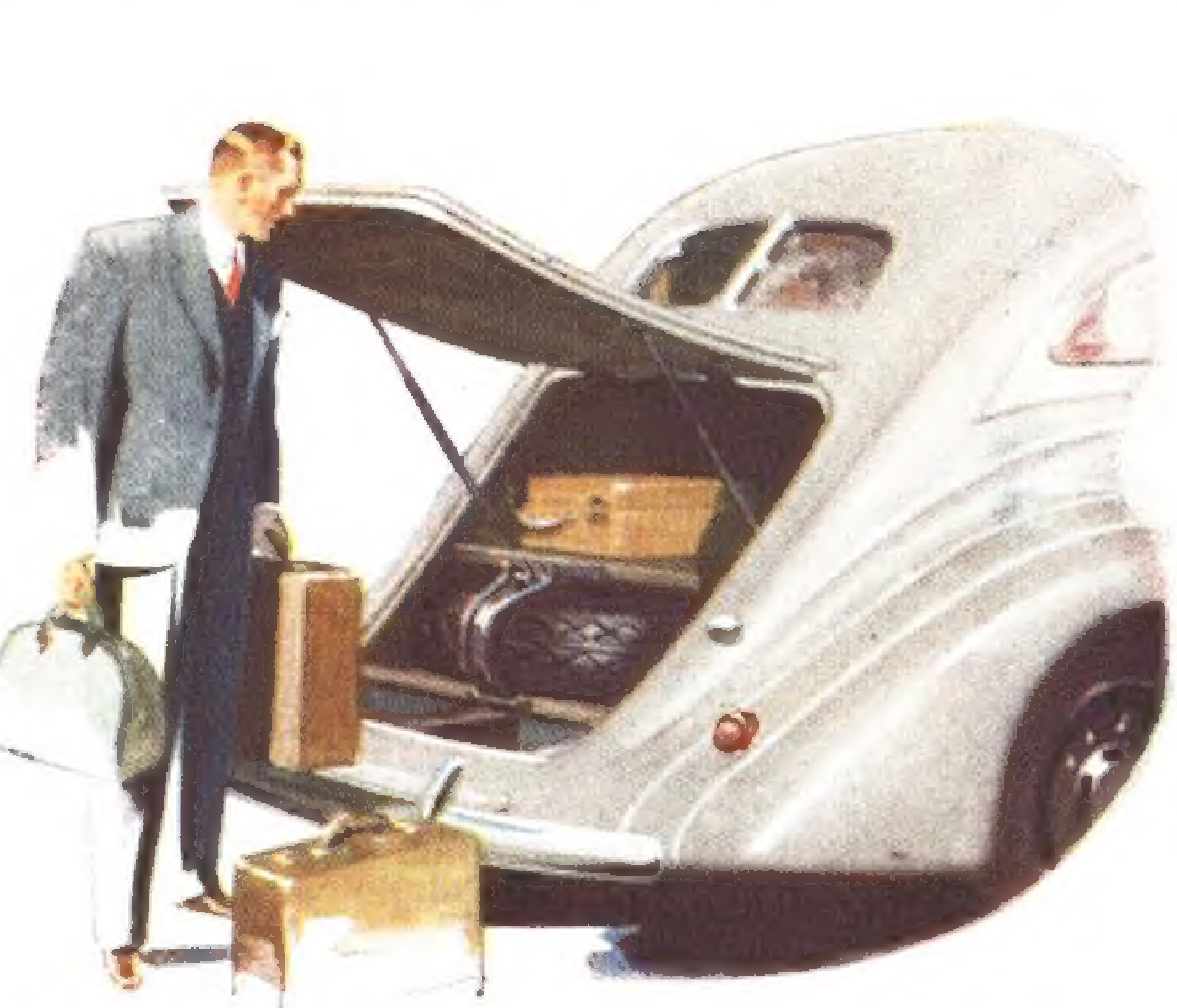


## EVERY MODEL A 6-PASSENGER MODEL—$895 AND UP *f.o.b. factory*

***R.P.S.** means *Ride*, *Performance*, *Style*—and Nash for 1935 brings you something altogether new . . . different . . . finer . . . in all three.

Here at last is a car with a levelized ride that is really "*on the level.*" Here at last is a car with performance that is not only different, *but a whole lot different.* Here at last is proof that a car may be completely streamlined and still be *beautiful.*

No other motor car today offers all the engineering developments and comfort features Nash offers. Compare the R. P. S. of Nash with the R. P. S. of *any* car—and you will find Nash the most *advantaged* car of the year.



**1935 LAFAYETTE** The fine car of the low-price field. A bigger—better built—roomier car. Eight different models priced from $585 to $750 f. o. b. factory.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **ADVANCED SIX—6-PASS. VICTORIA**<br>*120-inch Wheelbase—90 Horsepower* | | $895 |
| **ADVANCED EIGHT—6-PASS. VICTORIA**<br>*125-inch Wheelbase—102 Horsepower* | | $1115 |
| **AMBASSADOR EIGHT—6-PASS. VICTORIA**<br>*125-inch Wheelbase—102 Horsepower* | | $1240 |

AEROFORM DESIGN

FLYING POWER
DEVELOPED FROM TWIN IGNITION

SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES

AUTOMATIC CRUISING GEAR

ALL-STEEL, ONE-PIECE BODIES

SYNCHRONIZED SPRINGING

BALL-BEARING STEERING

MID-SECTION SEATING

BALANCED RIDE

STETSON

*In the matter of Style, it is so essential to be* right. *There can be no middle ground. You have Style . . . or you don't. It is true of a man and it is true of a hat. Stetson hats have Style in themselves . . . and, what is equally important, the ability to* impart *Style.*

NEW YORK
LONDON
PARIS
AMERICAN MANUFACTURE
STETSON
JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

*The mark of the world's most famous hat*

REGULAR-WEIGHT STETSONS ARE \$6⁵⁰ (*unlined* \$6), \$8, \$10 AND UP.
The Playboy and the Bantam (*air-light Stetsons*) are \$5.

1715
MARTELL
VERY OLD
PALE
J. & F. MARTELL
COGNAC
SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION
NEW-YORK

*In homes that demand the finest,* **MARTELL'S** *has been chosen as the after-dinner liqueur since 1715*

# MARTELL'S COGNAC

*Brandy*

BOTTLED IN
COGNAC, FRANCE

**PARK & TILFORD** IMPORT CORPORATION, 485 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK • *Exclusive U. S. Representative*

LANDING A TARPON CALLS FOR A TOAST
A QUIET DECK IN THE CARIB SEAS
ROLLING MERRILY ALONG AT MIAMI BEACH
Canadian Club
U. S. QUART
SUN SHINES ON MONTE CARLO
GETTING INTO THE SWIM AT PALM BEACH
BLUE CRYSTAL HOME BAR MAISON DECORS, INC.

# Going Places . . . in Good Company

Whether you're out for an evening or away for an outing, good company is an indispensable part of your pleasure.

When it comes to whisky, you couldn't select a more pleasant companion than Hiram Walker's "Canadian Club"—or any of the other famous Hiram Walker brands.

Wherever you travel, you will find the name Hiram Walker has been favorably known for generations. Hiram Walker bonded whiskies are aged in wood six years, and are bottled in bond under Canadian Government supervision. They include De Luxe Straight Rye, De Luxe Straight Bourbon, Imperial and "Canadian Club."

Further, Hiram Walker makes three blended whiskies from the same Canadian stocks—King of Clubs, Queen of Clubs and Jack of Clubs—each with a generous base of fully-matured 5½-year-old whisky. And there are also available everywhere, Ten High and Royal Oak, the best straight whiskies under a dollar . . . and Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin, the gin that comes from "the heart of the run."

Insist on Hiram Walker and you'll be sure to get the best value for your money.

Hiram Walker & Sons

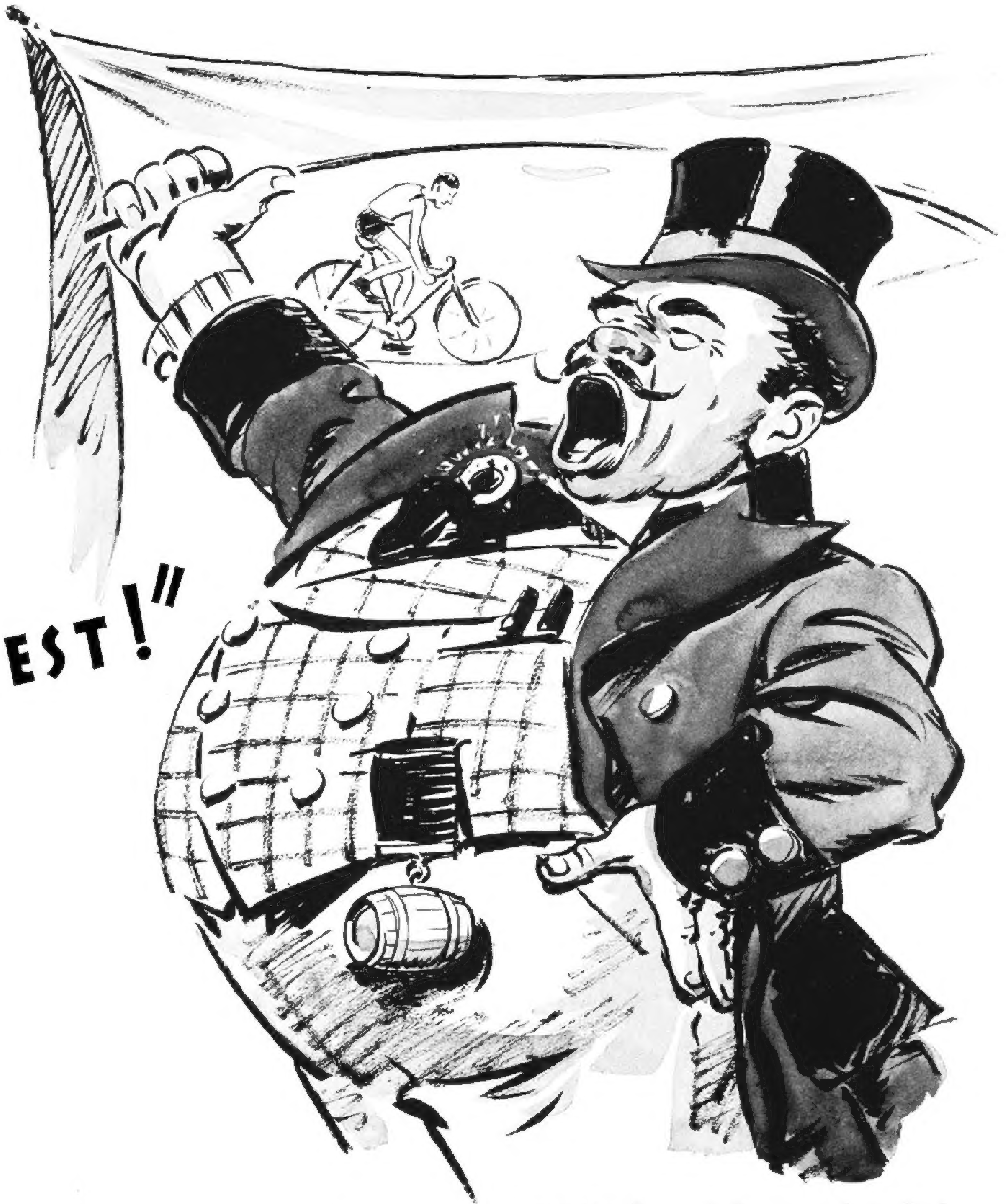
*Distilleries at Peoria, Illinois, and Walkerville, Ontario*

# *Jayson* REMEMBERS THE OFT FORGOTTEN MAN...THE CHAP WHO "WANTS THE BEST!"

The JAYSON SHIRT...with its No Starch, No Wilt Collar...is worthy of recognition not on the basis of its unique collar alone...but also because it is an exceptionally fine shirt in its own right. Troy-tailored, the JAYSON SHIRT observes all the standards of custom-craftsmanship and custom-styling...embracing a wide variety of exceptional patterns and fabric effects in the selections available at smart stores. Of course, the modern collar ...which stays stiff looking, through wearings and washings...but which is always pliable and porous and never starched...adds the final, irresistible appeal to this better shirt. And, like most "Best Things," JAYSON costs no more . . . . . . . . . $1.95 to $5.

*Jayson*
SHIRT
BY ARTISTIC

**F. JACOBSON & SONS** · *Shirtmakers since* 1888 · **1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK**
**Artistic Shirts and Pajamas · Jay-craft Sportswear · Plants: Troy, N. Y.**



# "STU-PENDOUS! GI-GANTIC! WORLD'S GREATEST!"

ADVERTISERS and AGENCY EXECUTIVES have long agreed that, when it comes to evaluating circulation, *quality* is paramount . . . that *how good* is vastly more important than *how big* . . . that quantity, without *known* excellence, means exactly nothing.

Otherwise a *one* dollar bill would be worth the same as a *twenty* dollar bill . . . elevator cables might just as well be made of hemp rope . . . China would be the world's greatest power . . . and an advertiser might just as well use any other Chicago daily as THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS.

* * *

Of course, if all you want is a crowd, you can do no better than simply to follow accepted circus methods. All you need to pack 'em in is plenty of din, a booming voice and the usual superlatives . . . "Stu-Pendous!" 'Gi-Gantic!" "World's Greatest!" As a matter of fact, the only limit to how big circulation can be pumped (by means of the Barnum technique) is the elasticity of the newspaper's own conscience . . . and, of course, the credulity of the countryside.

* * *

When you buy anybody's circulation, these days, you must take the bitter with the sweet. You pay, irrespective of advertising influence, for *every copy* that carries your ad . . . no matter *where* it carries it, or whether it carries it any place at all.

Knowing this, the thinking advertiser looks well beyond mere circulation statements. He appraises. He questions. He demands *how* and *of what* circulation is built. What is the basis of the solicitation . . . copies disposed of or *homes reached*? Crowds or *customers*? In other words, how much of the grand total represents soundly built circulation . . . and how much of it is mere CIRCUS-lation? (circulation obtained by circus methods).

* * *

The only thorough and authenticated house-to-house survey ever made in Chicago (and which, incidentally, has never been successfully challenged) proved definitely that THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS HAS MORE HOME COVERAGE, IN CHICAGO AND SUBURBS, THAN ANY OTHER CHICAGO DAILY NEWSPAPER.

* * *

This being true, The Chicago Daily News, as far back as the records go, has consistently carried more advertising than any other Chicago daily newspaper—AND STILL DOES—despite the fact that, in 1934, other Chicago newspapers accepted and printed over 1,500,000 lines of liquor and medical advertising, *not admitted to the columns of The Daily News.*

This consistently greater advertising strength of The Daily News is due to the *known* fact that its readers habitually READ THE ADVERTISING and that THE DAILY NEWS, therefore, gets GREATER RESULTS FOR ITS ADVERTISERS.

## LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD

**TOTAL DISPLAY ADVERTISING**
**Year 1934***

| | |
|---|---|
| **Daily News** | **10,329,131** |
| Daily Tribune | 8,712,816 |
| American | 7,545,386 |
| Sunday Tribune | 4,264,810 |
| Daily Herald & Examiner | 4,100,246 |
| Daily Times | 3,034,201 |
| Sunday Herald & Examiner | 2,590,318 |
| Sunday Times | 428,485 |

Thus **THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS MAINTAINS** its leadership, by a wide margin, despite the fact that in 1934 other Chicago newspapers accepted and printed over 1,500,000 lines of liquor and medical advertising, not admitted to the columns of The Daily News.

**Authority: Media Records, Inc.*

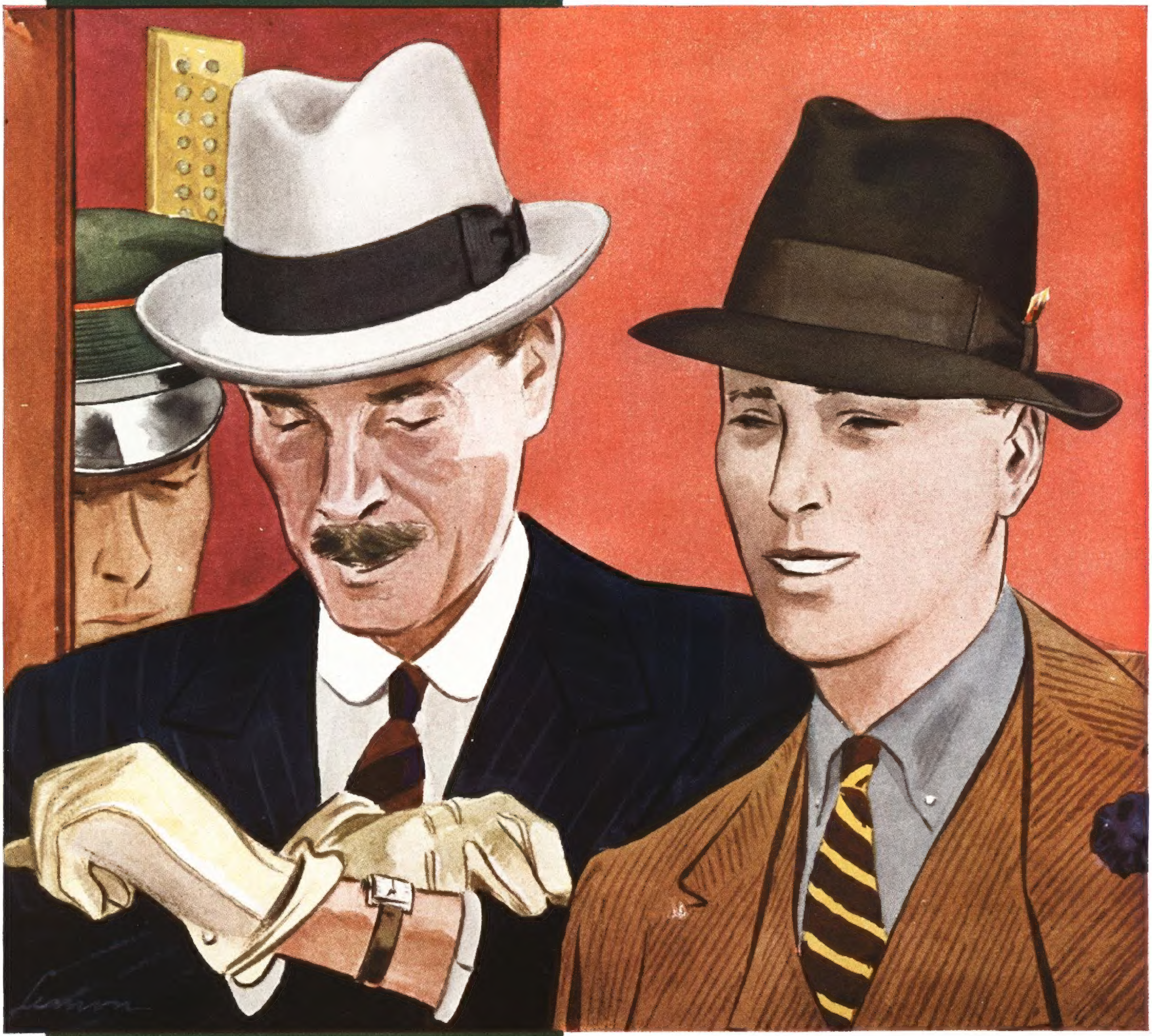
# THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

*-Chicago's Home Newspaper*

GEORGE A. McDEVITT CO., National Advertising Representatives . . . NEW YORK . . . CHICAGO . . . PHILADELPHIA . . . DETROIT . . . SAN FRANCISCO

SUPER-CHARGED
over 100 m.p.h.
HIGH
DUAL RATIO
LOW
SUPER-CHARGED
AUBURN

*The* KNOX "FIFTH AVENUE"



## ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HATS EVER DESIGNED BY KNOX

● THE KNOX "FIFTH AVENUE" is usually bought two at a time . . . one for business or social occasions demanding a touch of formality, the other for more casual wear. A hat of outstanding distinction, eminently correct in either rôle. Made in *Ovalized Sixteenths** and shown here in two brisk shades that will lend new tone to the Spring wardrobe . . . *Sterling Gray* and *Congo Brown.*

*TRADE-MARK

**KNOX *the* HATTER**

432 Fifth Avenue, New York • Agents in Principal Cities

*Edited*
*by*
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

*Publishers:*
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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*Art Directors:* John Groth, Maurice Freed

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire.* It is never done knowingly.

***Why we are a sad young man*** We had quite a time with ourself today, deciding whether to write this editorial or to file an application to Relief Headquarters instead. Because it can't be long now—if you keep writing these explosive letters pointing out our errors you'll have our job very soon. What, you thought we owned the joint? Hell no, we're a slave of the bosses, a tool of the system—we only work here, we hope. And most of our time, lately, is spent explaining. Like that awful error about the ski-joring last month, when we said ski-joring was "hiking on skis." All the amalgamated winter sport and social societies were after our scalp for that. But we got out of that one by blaming it on Gus. We claim we called it "hitch-hiking on skis," which is what it is (and a pretty nimble phrase for it, too) and we claim that when Gus put it in type he must have got cramped for room and cut a few words here and there, including the essential qualifying adjective "hitch." That's our story and the publishers believe us. (Gus says, "Let 'em! until the first time you cross me, you——")

Then about the Nittany Lions. Now we know that Nittany means Penn State and Lions means Columbia, and Dick Cullum knows it too, and the only trouble is that the alumni of both schools don't know we know it. They were practically unanimous in trying to find out. (One fellow from Columbia's class of '87 didn't write us, but we hear he's blind.) We tried to blame Gus for that one, too, but he said try Meyer for a change. Well, Meyer gets blamed for too much anyway. So we told the publishers we stuck that one little extra word "Nittany" in among the 168,000 words in the January issue just to see if the magazine is well read. That fixed that one.

Now if we can only get out of this Russell Boyd thing. . . . You see, when we promised that the January issue would carry a repertory of tunes scored by Prof. Russell's system, that was before we knew about copyrights and all that stuff. We never dreamed that "the permission of the copyright owners" meant so much. Anyway we couldn't get it, and we wish you'd stop rubbing it in. We'd be glad to whistle the tunes for you, but that's the most they'll let us do.

P. S. We've still got the job. That is, until you start counting the words in an average issue of Esquire and prove us wrong again.

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## LOST SHEEP WAS NON-FICTION

It isn't often I do this sort of thing. As a matter of fact I can only remember having done it once before, although I've read thousands of magazines.

About the stories and their endings: Leave them alone! If the public is at present too dumb to figure them out give it time. Time and the persistent printing of the better class stories are the only things that will ever raise it above the Cinderella, clutch-ending type story. You see, I've been in the radio business for years and we radio people know that the average mentality of this g-r-r-eat American public is twelve years If you don't believe it come around sometime and I'll demonstrate.

Let's continue to have Erskine Caldwell. I've enjoyed his beautiful fiction ever since I came across *Warm River* several years ago in an issue of *Pagany*. His *Candy Man*, Lawrence's *Tony Takes to the Pavement* and Patterson's *Lost Sheep* in the February issue are splendid. By the way, how did the latter come to be classed as an article? It's about as dramatic a thing as I ever read, and beautifully so too.

Keep the book as is or I'll stop investing my four bits every month. On second thought, I may even help raise the level by sending you some of my fiction sometime.

Admiringly yours,
Brentwood, Md. JOHN F. GAULT

EDITOR'S NOTE: Speaking of raising the level, John, did we ever tell you about the Chinese editor's printed rejection slip? "The quality of your manuscript is so high that were we to print it in our magazine we would thereby make the rest of our contents seem utterly ridiculous. Rather than jeopardize the very existence of our magazine by thus raising our standard to an unattainably high level, we are returning your manuscript in a spirit that is not merely one of regret but rather one of wistfulness."

## A FAREWELL TO FIGHTERS

ESQUIRE is robust enough. It is pretentious enough. It's full of the popular froth that passes for literature in the best magazine traditions of today. I read the yarns and am pleased with some of them for months and years to come. Others (few however) are disgusting, not that I'm squeamish but they arouse unpleasant sensations. It approaches nearest of any published to being *The Magazine for Men*. It is certainly well-edited with that advertised intent.

Enough of that tact and to something constructive. For a spell last year, I had the excited hopes of reading something scintillating and honest, resultant of the Hemingway-Seldes spat over Ring Lardner. They wilted. I suppose you had to do the wise thing. Your two best NAMES throwing brick bats at one another is a show too good for even ESQUIRE readers; who, like Barnum said: "are Americans and nothing is too good for them."

Last year I wanted to vent my feelings over the Wilkins-Mapes imbroglio. It was very hard tearing that letter up. My namesake did himself up royal. He brought out feelings in me only a divided Civil War family could have had. Poor Wilkins, he seemed to catch it from all the world. I am happy now that I didn't add my indictment to the tide that swept over him. For the sake of fighting it would have been opportunity to fly to his rescue. Most of us Sound and Furors are a shallow lot. With poignant regret I think of the lone Don Quixote tilting against the windmill of Sound and Fury wits.

Wistfully,
Washington, D. C. L. WILKINS

## ONE LETTER IN A THOUSAND

Your magazine has been the cause of a great deal of agitation in our fraternity house. In fact, it has gone so far that I have been designated as a committee of one to demand a public apology. It all came about because Dick Cullum doesn't know his "lions." Ask Mr. Cullum if he knows the difference between a Penn State "lion" and a Columbia "lion." In case he doesn't, the answer is one mountain, called the Nittany Mountain.

Penn State teams are known as the "Nittany Lions" and not Columbia as Mr. Cullum calls them in his article. The Columbia lion is just an everyday city lion while that of Penn State is a strong and sturdy mountain lion named after the beautiful mountain within sight of our campus. You're quite welcome, Mr. Cullum.

I have been also delegated to throw both rocks and roses. I'll leave the rocks out, as you get plenty of them from others. From the college man's point of view you have an ideal magazine. Your "rag" is our bible when it comes to matters of dress, but why not give us more of what "the average man" wears. Your fiction is O. Kay, especially recommended for reading in bed at night after studying for a tough exam. We all get a great kick out of Berman, Groth, Hoff and the rest of the boys.

Your magazine is so damn good I can't keep my issue away from my fraternity brothers long enough to get through it myself.

Yours for "lion,"
A Penn Stater LEO KNOPF

## NOW OUR SECRET'S OUT

Let it be recorded that among the discoveries during the GREAT DEPRESSION, WAS THE SIMPLE FACT THAT THERE ARE MILLIONS OF MEN IN AMERICA, and WHY wouldn't it be a pious idea to publish a magazine for them?

Evidently the herd instinct has not been unknown among publishers for several decades. We see plainly enough now that they had been in the grips of a fear complex about ignoring women. Due, no doubt, to the indubitable fact that they spend four-fifths of the family income. But the publishers were evidently blind to the deeper knowledge that there are some billions of loose change lying about and being spent by men. Likewise they overlooked that curious quirk in the feminine mind that reacts thus—let a thing be labelled "for men only" and the gels will manage somehow to wriggle in. Then there is the further psychological aphorism —the best way to make a woman want a thing is to deny it to her.

10derly yours,
Kansas City, Mo. BRUCE WARNER

## INTOLERANCE FOR INTOLERANTS

I like the magazine damn well. There are many features I do not give a rap for, many are too deep for my feeble understanding, and many, to my way of thinking are very uninteresting, but there are so many very interesting features for every one that I cannot understand how any one can be so damn selfish as to expect a magazine to be constructed just for him alone and if he cannot find ten times the value of his subscription in every number he should cancel his subscription and shut up.

Good luck to you.

Yours very truly,
Chester, Mass. A. E. HEMENWAY

## RED HEADED MUSIC-MAKER

Your recent article, *One-Shots of Tin Pan Alley*, was called to my attention. Very interesting but as regards my song and myself not very true. For the sake of your article the way you handled it was great but may I add the facts:

I had over ten other hit songs immediately after *Rain* that had a sale of over 250,000 apiece; among them *Land of My Sunset Dreams*, which sold over 500,000 records of my own voice not counting the nearly 500,000 copies sold. Others were: *We're Gonna Have Weather, Whether or Not; Hokey Pokey; Pickaninny Lullaby; Whispering Trees;* etc.

Incidentally my latest hit was adjudged outstanding by the Society of Authors and Composers quarter before last, *Let Me Call You Mine*. My latest is published by Southern, *I'm Gonna Rest My Weary Soul*, and at present I have "seven" other songs "riding."

By the way, did you ever hear of: *Underneath the Mellow Moon* or *My Carolina Rose* that came BEFORE *Rain*.

Sincerely,
Chicago, Ill. WENDELL HALL

P. S. Incidentally the first time I went through Virginia was in 1928.

## UBIQUITOUS INEVITABLE TALE

It's unfortunate, but I suppose, inevitable that the ubiquitous "traveling salesman" had to enter your pages via Waldo Frank. What—did the inn keeper's daughter have no sweet potato pie for the poor man?

Fitzgerald's *Fiend* evidences more literary talent than all others including the famed "Story in every bottle—Hemingway."

I did much of my Christmas shopping through your advertisements. Only once did I feel let down, and that was when a very conservatively dressed man looked askance at the yellow string gloves. But after being shown the ESQUIRE illustration he "tuck to 'em."

New York, N. Y. GRACE HUNNICUTT

## L. A. CALLING SANTA BARBARA

Here I'd been despairing of ever getting a real belly laugh in 1934. Hopefully I had waded through your "Humor" stuff (who called the s. o. b. a clarinet player) but nary a crack on my pan. But here, along comes Carol Dinan in The Sound and Fury. Just what the doctor ordered

My equatorial epidermis has not yet ceased rippling. Sign her up. What? Can't have a woman write for ESQUIRE? The hell you say. If there is a law, there ain't no justice.

She's a better man than you and me, except for Bill the lucky stiff. Let's hear more from her.

Yours,
Los Angeles WM. DIETZ

## OPEN LETTER TO E. H.

Dear Ernest:

Now at last I know just how good a writer you are. And it's a very good writer indeed. I'm talking about that piece you did on Dr. Saroyan, the new wonder boy.

I've always been your fan, since I was knee-high to a copy of *The Little Review*, a battered and dog-eared copy clutched in one tiny sweaty little palm. I used to quote parts of *In Our Time* even to people who wouldn't listen, and that was practically everyone.

I'm a lot younger than you boys and girls, Ernest, and while almost any generation these streamlined days is a nice generation, nobody with all his organs intact could read *The Sun Also Rises* (known to my intimates as *The April In Paris Herald*) and not get the idea that he was just a little late for the party. There were Cubists in the earth in those days.

I don't seem to be saying what I started to. That must be because I never wrote to you before no matter how much I wanted to, and I'm afraid you might not listen to all of it.

I always admired you and defended you even when I wasn't 100% convinced myself, and probably you weren't entirely sold either. But damned if I wasn't right, and you kept getting better and better, and it seems to me that only when I howled my way through that *Saroyan* piece did I realize just how right I always was. You'd been good before, but now you were wonderful, inspired, lightning. Did you ever see Sid Terris when he was still good, before he developed that glass chin? I was down at Stillman's one day when they were still over on 54th St. and 8th Ave., and Sid Terris climbed into the ring with some kid who had been annoying all the boys, a kid who really needed a trimming bad, so he could make up his mind whether he really belonged in the racket or not. Sid shook hands with him.

"So long, boy scout," he said, grinning in a nasty way.

It lasted for two rounds, during which the boys upstairs quit skipping rope and dancing in front of the mirror, and stood at the rail watching. But Sid was right. The boy scout never showed up again.

But anyway it's nice to know we've got at least one real grown-up writer in the deck. And somehow I don't think you'll ever develop a glass chin.

Yours, etc.,
Hollywood, Calif. RALPH BERTON

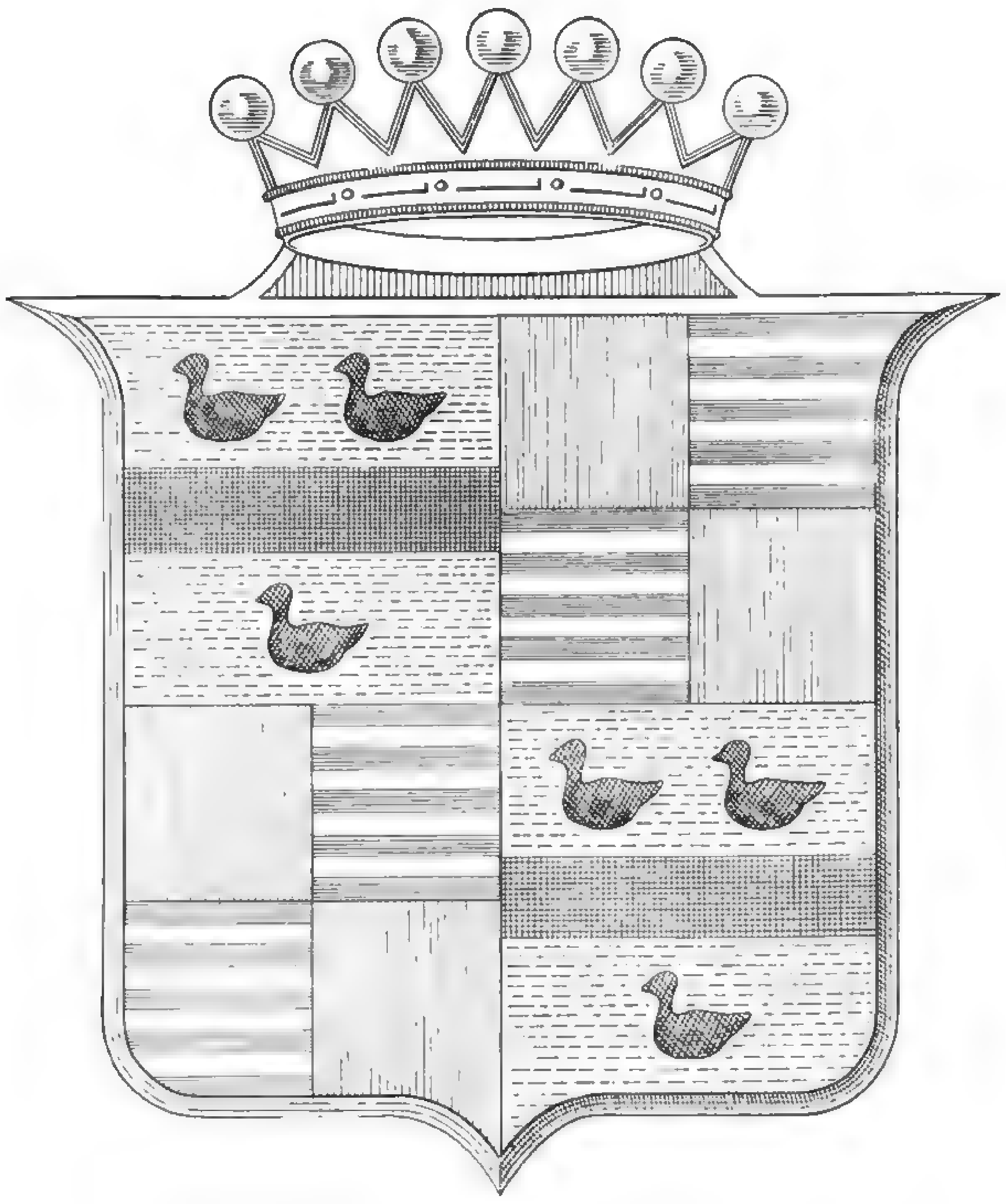
## WE MEANT: RAINED HER IN

"Hours after the sun had set, Kinder Ali reigned her in," Jan. issue, Bercovici's *For the Love of a Horse*, p. 85, lines 10 and 11 from bottom of column 2.

Tck, tck, tck, Mr. Editor.

Lewiston, Maine DORRIS A. WESTALL

***Continued on page 14***



*For more than thirty years this, the Cadillac Crest, has stood for the finest in quality-built motor cars. To the Cadillac clientele it is a guarantee of inbuilt fineness . . . to the Cadillac organization, an inspiration to maintain that standard of excellence which, throughout the years, has come to be the Standard of the World.*

THE first Cadillac motor car was built to standards which produced the slogan, "Craftsmanship a Creed, Accuracy a Law." From that day to this, "Quality" has been the watchword of the entire Cadillac organization.

In 1915, for example, Cadillac made this statement: "In announcing its purpose years ago, this company said that Cadillac would create a new standard of automobile values. . . . Today the Cadillac is in very fact the standard of the world."

In 1925 Cadillac restated its purpose thus: "Not for any consideration would Cadillac lower by a hair's breadth the standards which have established the confidence of its public."

Now, in 1935, Cadillac reaffirms its pledge. Cadillac will continue to build motor cars to quality ideals. The Cadillac Crest will continue to stand as a symbol of quality design, quality materials and quality craftsmanship in all cars that bear the distinguished Cadillac name.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## CAROL AND HER PUBLIC

### I

Belated commendation on a heck of a lot of swell reading. Of course, some of it leaves me flat because it is dull, but I can usually get a pick-up by gazing admiringly at Mahon's sketches. The array of contributors makes me a little dizzy; Hemingway gets me sore; Trend in Dress can't be used in this neck of the woods, and usually the pretty liquor bottles amaze me, for up until a year or so ago, most of us only had a vague idea that the bottle came from the junk man and the filling from the big jug behind the barn. Dear me!

Carol Dinan is a gal I'd trade a palm, two pink oleanders, one sand dune and a stretch of bathing beach to meet. Her letter I've read some umpteen times, bowing my head to positively howl with gleeful amusement; then grit my teeth. Not having any censors down this way, I've seen a lot like her waving their legs and other portions in the Gulf breeze, but that subtle crack on her Rabelaisian tendency is what makes the males yell, "Caesar's Ghost" and run off pop-eyed and goofy. Somehow, I offer a pathetic prayer you accept her effort that she's built up, I'll read it with delight, though I have a feeling I'll go about bumping this blonde head against the Walls of Repentance—or would it be Repugnance? That will be a crowning glory for my four bits!

Naturally I hope continually for your success, I like you, in fact I've a standing order for you, though I do believe this is the first letter from down heah to crack at a raving "Fury."

As ever,

Galveston, Texas F. E. Cheesborough, Jr.

### II

The letter from Carol Dinan in The Sound and Fury, in your January issue, aroused us greatly.

She states that she has intentions of submitting her articles to Esquire in the future. May we suggest that she contribute her feeble attempts at literature to *Ballyhoo* or *Captain Billy's Whizz Bang*, as these magazines run more parallel to her mental condition? We have found that people who are most anxious to talk in a lustful manner are the ones who want to write the same.

To Bill, her husband, provided he is a man, we suggest that he take away her pen and paper and put them back in the bathroom. (Especially the paper.) And, incidentally, that is a more appropriate place to wave one's legs than in the crowded California sunshine!

Carol states that she would like to get folksy with great big editors. Well, Carol, keep waving your l—le—er—arms.

As for that phrase, "urgent tassels"—Carol, what do you mean? We have always associated tassels with drapes!

As a parting word—your statement that Bill loves "breasts popping out" amuses us. After all, Carol, we aren't interested in your private life!

Yours truly,

Canton, Ohio W. and M.

P. S. "We" are a normal boy and girl.

## BRAVE ARE THE ANONYMOUS!

We are thoroughly disgusted with Esquire and hope that a Legion of Decency for magazines will be formed which will take such publications as yours off the news stands. Go to Russia where you'll be appreciated.

Chicago, Ill. E. O. C. C.

## EDUCATION OF GEO. JEAN

Here I am back again. I really can't help it, for you see there is another article by my old friend George Jean Nathan. If you print much more of his junk, I'll want to give up reading Esquire. After all, that would be a hardship, because I haven't missed a word for simply issues.

It seems a shame that Mr. Nathan was ever called a critic by anyone. It has apparently gone to his head. But can you tell me why the devil he has to pick on the poor women? Hells bells, the poor things take it on the chin enough, I think, without his assistance.

Here is a suggestion. You write Mr. Nathan to come over and see me, because I think he has a lot to learn about the weaker sex. After all, his education has been sadly neglected. Maybe I'm not such a hot teacher, but I certainly think someone should take the deluded man and tell him what his Mother probably didn't.

Your cartoons are getting better and better. I didn't think it was possible, but you fool me every time. Only one suggestion more. Why not put a man with a nice figure in some of these pictures, instead of all the fat, pot-bellied ones you have had heretofore? You have some swell dames, according to my husband, and I'd like to see a nice man. You know, the kind with broad shoulders, tall and rather military looking. Like my man.

Don't forget to send Mr. Nathan around. I'll just bet he's fat too. He sounds as if he had been disappointed in love. Heh! I did think he would go into retirement after the deluge last time.

Best love, as always,

Haddonfield, N. J. Florence M. Brandt

## USE OF THE NEW LEISURE

Excerpt from *Henry Takes a Holiday*, page 57, February issue: "or he could buy about 2,000 glasses of beer, one every afternoon for nearly six years."

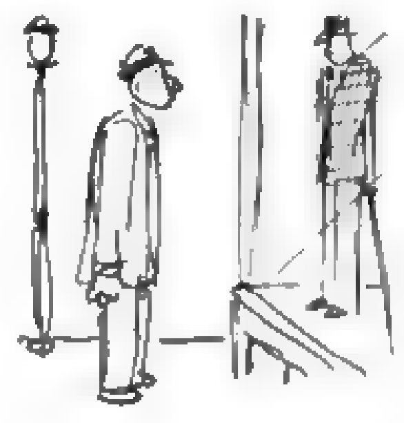
On the basis of $20.00, this is rather faulty calculation, isn't it, or does Henry know where you can get 'em for a penny?

Yours very truly,

Milwaukee, Wisconsin Rae F. Bell

## AND WE SUPPOSE YOU WOULDN'T

I do not subscribe to Esquire, but each new issue seems to have the same attraction as the first number, which I bought to see what all the talk was about. May I speak my piece?



Do all the contributors to S. and F. make as much as they make me believe? How about arranging with your fashion staff to give the two-thousand-dollar-a-year man a break? Or am I the only one?

I feel that S. and F. is the top, but keep the gals out. In your January issue one Carol Dinan popped up and spoiled everything for me. To quote: "believe that sex should be laughed at uproariously." Well, she is one member of her sex who certainly is—if I know the type. But I suppose (Ging!) that you big editors enjoy her getting folksy with you?

Sincerely,

Pittsburgh, Pa. J. M.

## IT WAS ALICE GONE BLUE

Here's what comes from letting women read Esquire!

A friend of mine spent New Year's Eve in St. Louis, and while waiting around for the rest of the party to gather, his hostess started talking about Esquire. As it turned out she had read Russell Boyd's article, *Sit down and Play*, in the November Esquire, and was so moved by Mr. Boyd's persuasiveness that she decided to learn to play the piano. Thereupon, bright and early the next morning, she went shopping and purchased a piano.

Continuing — she asked my friend if he would like to hear her play, and he, being a gentleman, said he did, indeed, want to hear her play. So she sat down and played. Oh she played beautifully but without any apparent theme what-so-ever. When she had finished she whirled around and asked, "How did you like it?"

"Very lovely," replied my friend. "But tell me, what were you playing?"

"Why didn't you recognize it — that was 'Alice Blue Gown' "!

Author Boyd said that one could learn, under his system, to play any song that one could whistle. Perhaps the young lady could not whistle; at least not "Alice Blue Gown."

Chicago, Illinois Jerry Jontry

## NOPE, IT'S YOUR MAGAZINE

Do you know—? Of course, you couldn't, but you have six pictures or cartoons or something by Mr. Hoff in your January issue. It's your magazine and you can do what you want to with it. My only suggestion being that you leave the reverse side of these pictures imprinted so that they can be removed from the magazine without destroying it.

Sincerely yours,

San Francisco, Calif. Courtney Hunt

## SORRY—MEANT EX-PRESIDENT

I was rather disappointed to find no *Sound and Fury* contributors climbing all over Mr. Curly Ogden in the January issue for his terrible boner in *Clowns of the Diamond* in the January issue. This occurs on page 116 and begins toward the bottom of the first column on that page. In writing of Clown Babe Ruth, Mr. Curly Ogden tells us: "During the Presidential campaign of 1928, Ruth a loyal New Yorker, was all for Al Smith. So wnen *President Hoover* came to town one day. . . ." The entire story fell flat at that error and it took some of the punch out of the other tales related in the same article. I didn't bother to write as I assumed that you would be deluged with indignant letters from those still loyal to the great Al—and then to find not a single protest in the February *Sound and Fury*—well after that I'll not wait for George to do it.

There is a distinctly collegiate atmosphere running through the pages ot your magazine and when one reaches the advertising it positively reeks with appeal to the callow college boy. The so-called "fashion" pages would seem to have a nostalgic effect on an ex-hoofer from the vaudeville circuits and the covers are the most monotonous series of moronic monstrosities I have yet encountered. Is there no possibility of a change? Most of the stories and articles are very entertaining so I really can't kick. The various voluptuous and amusing drawings also make one forget the covers which can always be neatly torn off and relegated to the fireplace. I note with pleasure that *Old Gold* is using the Esquire *Style* in illustrating its advertisements.

Is it not possible to get a full length article by Carol Dinan of Santa Barbara, California?

Sincerely,

San Antonio, Texas Henry Scott

## HAPPY IS THY LOGIC

Esquire, in my modest and certainly conservative opinion, is the superlative, la creme de la creme of those paper bound and paper filled things known as magazines (even though my first issue on a subscription did just arrive—three days late). . . . To put it more mildly Esquire is second to none and unequalled by none—in brief, incomparable.

There has been some criticism concerning the unusual, unconventional ending of Esquire's fictional stories. Esquire is a magazine for men. If these sentimental optimists must have logically happy and happily logical endings let them read some of the currently popular and definitely trashy reading tripe that is dished out to the grammar school intellect for anywhere from five to twenty-five cents.

By the by, how about some more of those fabric pictures? And speaking of things of which there might be more—may I add, pictures by Petty. His drawings have a dazzling amount of reality—too damn much, sometimes.

Sincerely,

Philadelphia, Pa. Jimmy Banks

## YOU'RE DOIN' ALL RIGHT

Esquire comes to me as a gift subscription every month, and I'd like to rise up and say that it's the best gift I've ever received.

While I'm not exactly a veteran reader of Esquire, I have only missed two or three issues since its institution. You've come a long way since then, boys, and I hope very sincerely that you've got a long time to go, and I'm pretty durn sure you have.

Here's some of the things I like most about the magazine: Editorial comment on the index page, The Sound and the Fury Department, most of the cartoons, and nearly all the stories and articles. Not having the wherewithal to see some of those legitimate stage plays, the drama section conducted by John Weaver doesn't particularly interest me, but the movie section does. Levin and I agree most of the time, although some of the movies he reviews are never seen by yours truly.

Oh, yes, I forgot. I'm another one of those guys who "have never written to a magazine before." How'm I doin'?

Sincerely yours,

Chicago, Illinois Robert M. Stewart

***Continued on page 156***

## IT IS NO LONGER SMART OR NECESSARY TO PAY A HIGH PRICE FOR A FINE CAR

This whole question of what to pay for a truly fine automobile is convincingly settled by the new 1935 President—a Studebaker Champion.

Motorists who can afford any amount for a car find that they actually cannot get more than the President delivers.

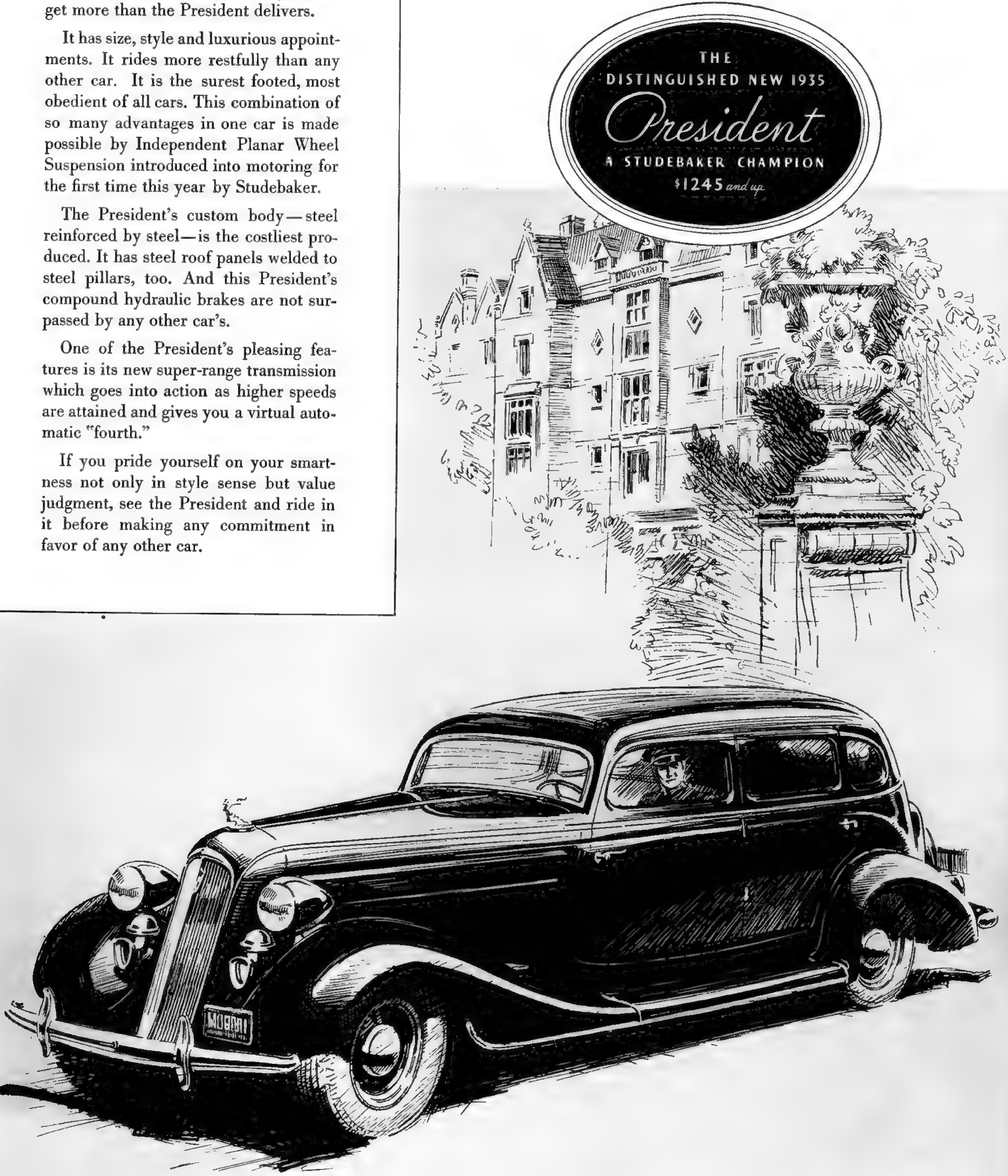
It has size, style and luxurious appointments. It rides more restfully than any other car. It is the surest footed, most obedient of all cars. This combination of so many advantages in one car is made possible by Independent Planar Wheel Suspension introduced into motoring for the first time this year by Studebaker.

The President's custom body—steel reinforced by steel—is the costliest produced. It has steel roof panels welded to steel pillars, too. And this President's compound hydraulic brakes are not surpassed by any other car's.

One of the President's pleasing features is its new super-range transmission which goes into action as higher speeds are attained and gives you a virtual automatic "fourth."

If you pride yourself on your smartness not only in style sense but value judgment, see the President and ride in it before making any commitment in favor of any other car.

# *One of the five finest cars in America*



# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

### AUTO ACCESSORIES

Wheel disks and other accessories that enhance the appearance of your car . . Monogrammed and St. Christopher gearshift knobs. . . Lalique Crystal radiator Ornaments . . Marchal Headlamps . . Fog and Spotlights . . Automarine, Testophone, Cicca Horns. Write for our illustrated booklet. Nil Melior Co., Waldorf-Astoria, N. Y.

### BARBER SHOPS

Silent Barbers . . .
Service That Speaks For Itself . . .
CHARLES DE ZEMLER
Haircutter to Men
30 Rockefeller Plaza, R.C.A. Building
Telephone Columbus 5-4060

### BOOKS

NEW YORK HAS LONG AWAITED an old-book store adequate to her needs. Here, at last, is an huge Departmentalized Bookhouse in mid-town Manhattan. 10c books and $50 books. Three floors bulging with books. Charming bindings . . . Prints . . . Private Presses . . . First Editions . . . Americana . . . Recent and ancient books. *Write today for free collectors' catalogue.* ARGOSY BOOK STORES, Inc., 114 E. 59th St. Open evenings.

BRENTANO'S INC. have wide selection of books about every city and country on your cruise itinerary. Come here for travel guides, maps, informative books—get most enjoyment from your sightseeing. For that friend who's sailing we suggest a BON VOYAGE BOX (books, games, magazines, $5 to $50) to make the trip pleasanter.
TRAVEL SERVICE, BRENTANO'S
586 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Bryant 9-5700

A COSMOPOLITAN BOOKSHOP
Since 1848 a book service for foreign books comprising a fine stock chiefly of German and French books in all branches of Literature, the Arts, and the Sciences. Books on the Fine Arts and Photography, from all parts of the world, from 50c up. Come in and browse or send for our latest catalogue of German and French books. B. WESTERMANN CO., Inc., 13 West 46th St., N. Y. C.

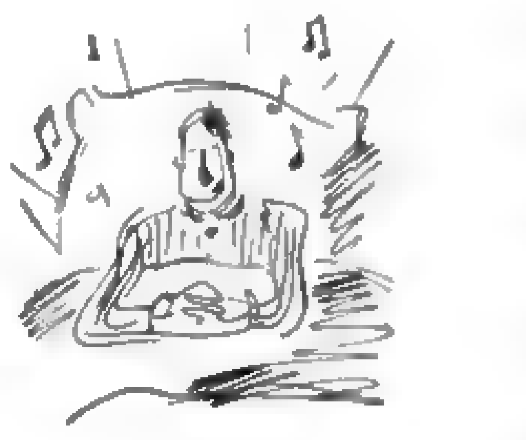
### CAMERAS

A camera is almost as essential to travel as luggage. Whether you want a still or movie camera—or accessories to improve a camera you have—you'll find it at WILLOUGHBY'S, Camera Headquarters, 110 West 32nd Street, N. Y. C. Send for Free Catalogue.

### GALLERIES

PIERRE MATISSE
Modern Paintings
51 East 57th St., New York City.
Ask to have your name entered on our mailing list for a catalogue of each of our exhibitions.

PIPE-SMOKERS, ahoy! If you've ever tried lighting your pipe with them, you know why they call them cigarette lighters. However, this problem has been solved by a new lighter that shoves the wick-container out from the body a match length and has all the advantages of the good old-fashioned kitchen match.



Does your wife, room-mate, girl-friend (?) object to your listening to the radio in bed? If so, some great mind has invented a rubber pillow containing a loud-speaker that is audible only to the one whose head rests on the afore-mentioned pillow. If you're one of those chaps who can't sleep at night this will keep you entertained without disturbing the rest of the house.

The mouth-watering department reports the following: For hors d'oeuvres addicts tree-ripened green olives, unsalted, with the natural oils retained . . . these are even more delicately flavored than the much-vaunted ripe brown olives. For cheese fanciers—particularly the gorgonzola hounds—Promessi Sposi—a rich and creamy gorgonzola type cheese. A new delicacy is pitted dates in brandy.

Cocktail napkins that don't tell tales: If you have any good reason for not wanting lipstick to appear on your cocktail napkins, these attributes to formal drinking are now obtainable in a fine bright red linen.

One of the important nicknack shops has a bar towel which reproduces the labels of all the famous old brands. This adds a knowing touch to any bar.

For Summer wear with lightweight washable clothing we have spotted a small white-gold man's wrist watch with a white pigskin strap.

A combination cigarette-box-lighter-ashtray which delivers a lighted cigarette at the press of a button should prove a boon to motorists. The lighter may be removed for use on cigars and pipes.

It seems there's many a slip 'twixt the shower and dip, according to insurance statistics. There is now an apparatus to prevent this hazard to bathtub users; it is a rubber gadget that holds tight to the edge of the tub with vacuum cups and serves as a non-skid handle. Accompanying this is a small mat for the bottom of the tub, which holds in the same manner. These should serve as great wear and tear savers on that part of the anatomy that gets the worst of it when one slips in the tub.

Even good liquor isn't good for furniture. A well-known shop has brought forth a rubber ring to hang over the neck of the bottle which absorbs any stray drops that get away from you. These are handsomely decorated with flowers that dress up any bottle, and look particularly effective on wine bottles.

### CUSTOM BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE-BY-HAND FOOTWEAR
Business, country, formal and resort wear.
Entirely hand made—from $35.00 up.
HANAN & SON, NEW YORK
LONDON - PARIS - NICE

### CUSTOM SHIRT MAKERS

KASKEL'S Custom Shirts combine superb tailoring with distinctive and exclusive fabrics. No feature of fine custom tailoring is overlooked. $7 and upwards. Write for sample fabrics. KASKEL AND KASKEL, 567 Fifth Avenue, New York.

AL MARTIN
Importer and maker of men's shirts, pajamas, and robes. Excellent tailoring. Careful individual attention and styling. Creator of tailored lounging pajamas, robes and shirtwaists for ladies. For samples or information, write to 14 West 48 St., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen's shirts, neckwear, underwear and robes tailored from the finest imported materials under the supervision of our Mr. William A. Morgan. Prices and particulars on request.
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
49th to 50th Street New York

K. WRAGGE
CUSTOM SHIRTMAKER
16 West 46th Street
New York City
Established 1872
SHIRTS
Including Dress Shirts $5 up.

### CUSTOM TAILORS

McCORD AND MACE, LTD.
Gentlemen's Garments for All Occasions
Exclusively Custom Made
444 Madison Avenue, New York
Established 1914

Men who enjoy the finer things of life are usually Weatherill customers. That's why you find examples of Weatherill tailoring in every smart gathering.
BERNARD WEATHERILL, Inc.
677 Fifth Avenue, New York
Only United States Branch of Bernard Weatherill, Ltd., of LONDON.

### HOBBIES

ARE YOU A STAMP COLLECTOR?
If not, you're missing something. If you are, the Scott Co., philatelic leaders for 75 years, can be invaluable. In either case, get better acquainted with Scott's service. The Standard Guide to Stamp Collecting and Scott's illustrated price list of stamps, albums, books and accessories mailed free of charge, on request. SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO.
1 W. 47th St. N. Y. C.

MINIATURE SHIPS
Reproductions of historic vessels, square-riggers, steamships, clippers, racing yachts, etc. Sizes range from tiny craft inside bottles to 6-foot replicas to exact scale. Inquiries invited. Visitors welcome. CAPTAIN G. JAY HESS, 7 W. 56th St., N.Y.C.

### HATTERS

STETSON HATS in early spring creations now introduced by YOUNG'S at their 29 smart hat shops in greater New York. STETSONS at $6 up . . . YOUNG'S at $2.95 and $3.50. They're awaiting your selection.

### BARS

THE HISTORIC AMEN CORNER
of the Fifth Avenue Hotel at 9th St., N. Y. For two generations a gathering place of the great and near great—politicians, authors, artists, writers—at the Cocktail Hour and after. Luncheon 85c Dinner $1.25 and $1.75. Entertainment by The Musical Rogues.

### HOTELS

THE VANDERBILT HOTEL
5 Minutes from Grand Central or Penn. Station. . . . Spacious, luxurious rooms. . . . Single, private bath, $3. . . . Double twin beds, bath, $5. . . . Park Ave. at 34th St.
Walton H. Marshall, Manager
NEW YORK

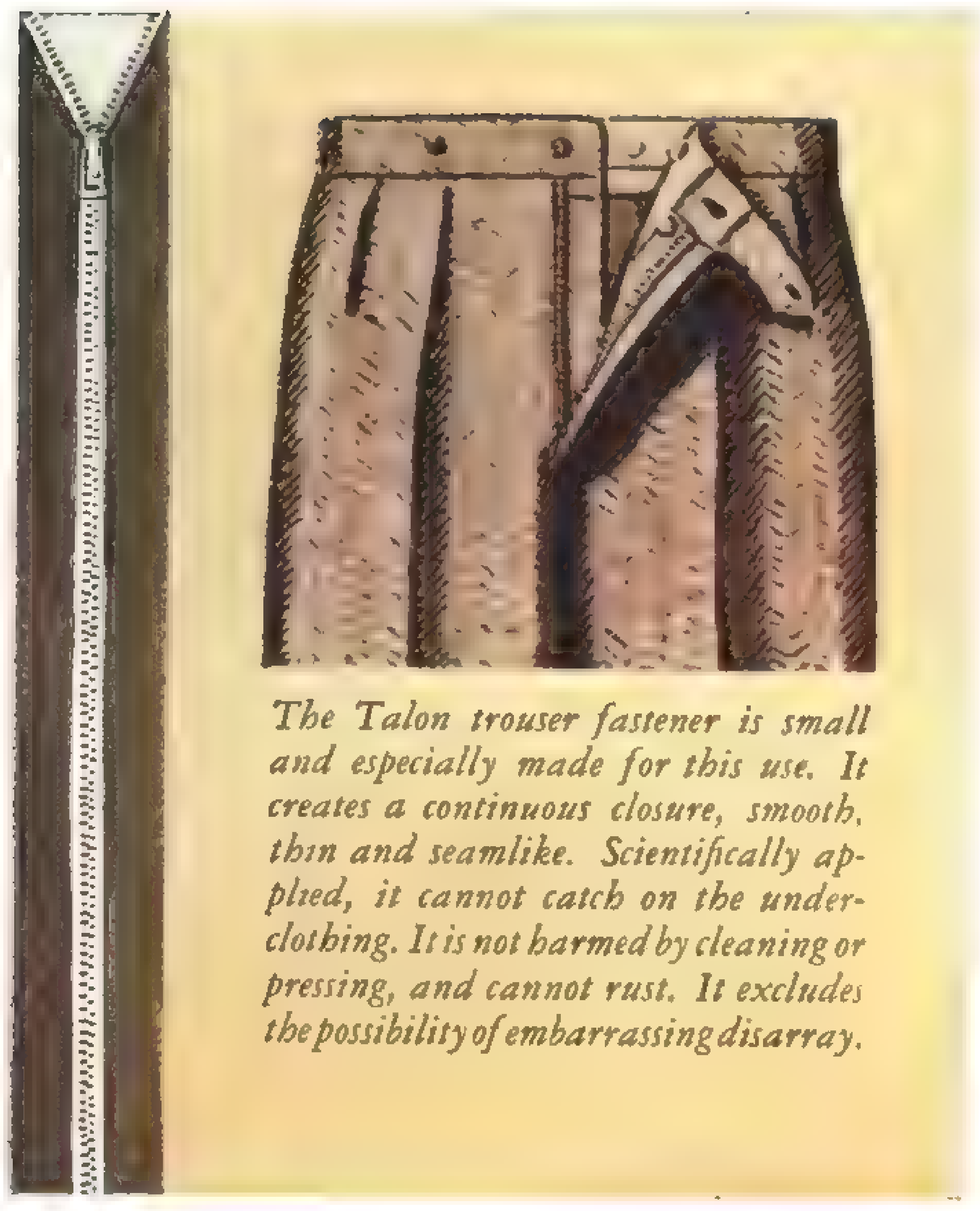
### GYMNASIUM

McGOVERN'S
Famous trainer offers personal service at McGovern's modern gym. Exercise individually supervised for men, women, children. Handball, medicine ball, golf, squash, boxing, electric baths, etc. Stop in for guest lesson. 41 E. 42nd St., N. Y. MU 2-2121.

*To the well-dressed man today, it goes without saying that trousers are tailored with Talon... The refinement in finish and trouser-drape, which the little, flexible Talon fastener makes possible, has won its complete victory over the old, unsightly button closure... Only complete acceptance by men whose requirements in apparel are most exacting could have warranted the most exclusive custom tailors, the foremost manufacturers, and the smartest men's shops of the country in sponsoring it to their patrons.*

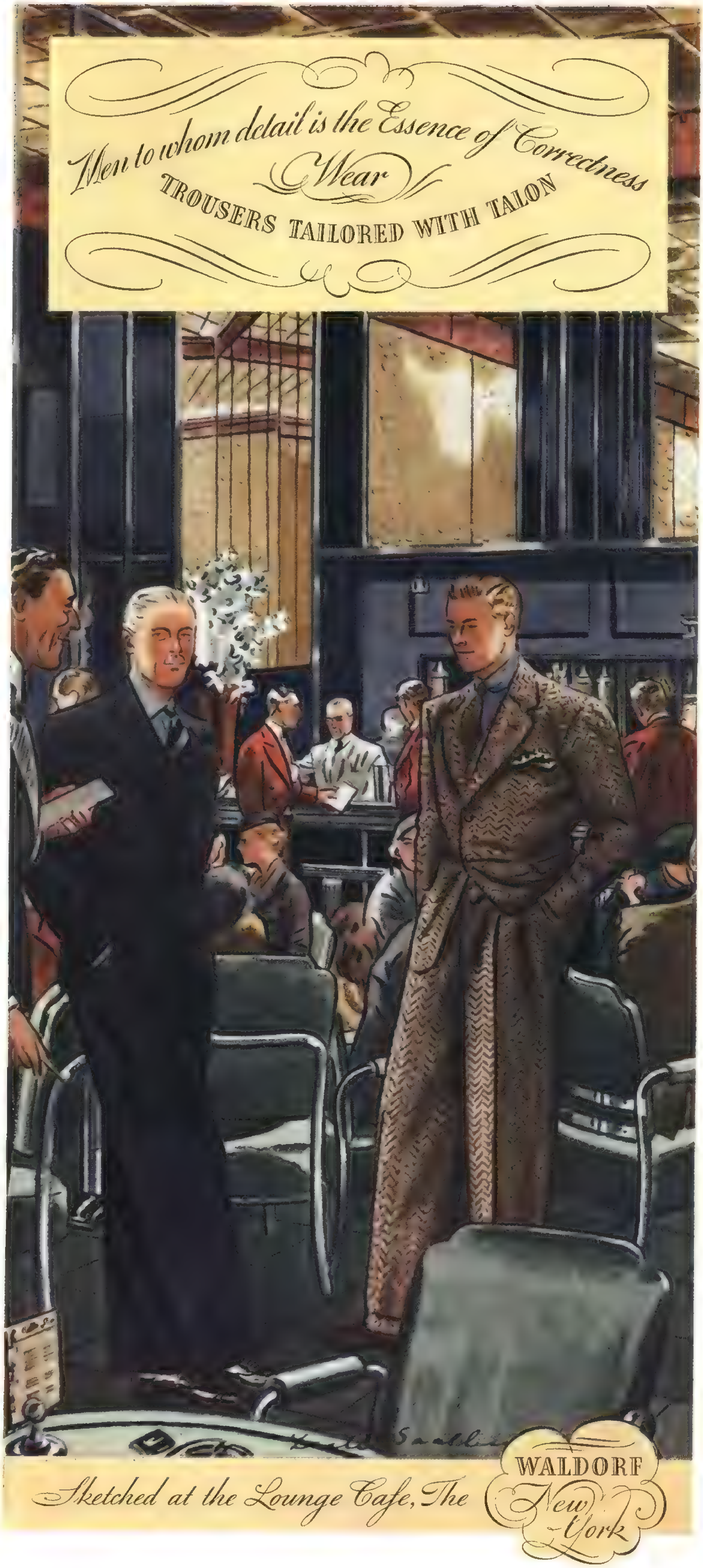
•

*HOW* TALON *BRINGS*
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
*A NEW DISTINCTION TO THE TAILORING OF TROUSERS*



*The Talon trouser fastener is small and especially made for this use. It creates a continuous closure, smooth, thin and seamlike. Scientifically applied, it cannot catch on the underclothing. It is not harmed by cleaning or pressing, and cannot rust. It excludes the possibility of embarrassing disarray.*

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNA., NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILA., CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE


Men to whom detail is the Essence of Correctness Wear
TROUSERS TAILORED WITH TALON
Sketched at the Lounge Cafe, The
WALDORF
New York

# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

## HEARING AIDS

DEAFENED HEAR WITHOUT
EAR DRUMS
The Amplified Acousticon uses a new auditory path—bone conduction, through which sounds are transmitted directly to the auditory nerve, detouring the ear drum and middle ear mechanism. New hope has come to thousands of deafened people who, for the first time since their hearing was impaired, took part in group conversation from all angles and at considerable distance. Acousticon is demonstrated entirely without charge or obligation at our consultation rooms, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, or in your home or office by appointment. Call or write for free booklet, "Defeating Deafness."

Regardless of your hearing loss, test the new Gem Bone Conductor. A simple, small, lightweight dignified instrument, with clear powerful tone. Low in price. Call for FREE demonstration, or write Dept. "E" for booklet. Gem Ear Phone Co., 47 W. 34th St., N. Y. *Chicago Office, 59 East Madison Street*

## LANGUAGES

Learn that SECOND LANGUAGE NOW. French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Polish, Portuguese taught by native teachers through the unique and unfailing Berlitz Conversational Method, easily, quickly, and inexpensively. Inquire now at nearest office. BERLITZ SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES. New York: 28 W. 34th St., Penn. 6-1188. Offices in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, Boston, Cleveland, Baltimore, Detroit and all leading cities of the world.

## MEN'S OUTFITTERS

Well-bred clothes for the gentleman, at reasonable prices, "in the New York manner" is the Weber & Heilbroner criterion in apparel and furnishing. Details of "the New York manner" in hats and hose, shirts and shoes, and all that lies between, is yours on request to us at 550 Fifth Ave., New York.

## MERCHANT TAILORS

HEDGES TAILORS, LTD., 7 East 47th St., New York. Specializing in custom made clothes tailored in the true British fashion. The prices are more than modest for garments of such great distinction and individuality.
$42.50, $46.50 and $52.50

A High Order of Service
In Custom Made Clothes
Under Personal Supervision
GEORGE W LOFINK, Inc.
11 East 48th Street
New York City

JOHN MILLER
of London
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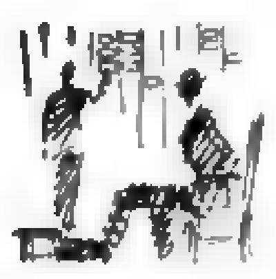

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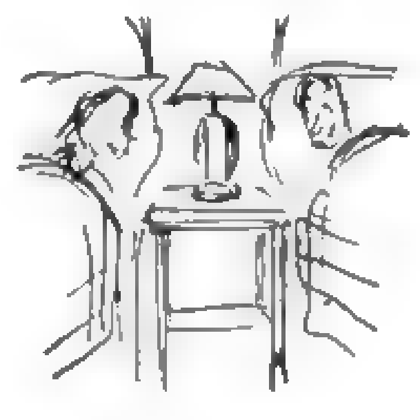
One of the better men's shops is featuring a dark blue lightweight felt pork pie hat for country wear. This color was introduced in London last June by young sportsmen.

The progress of the elimination of cumbersome underwear is now reaching a new high—or rather a new low. For sportswear, particularly on the golf links or tennis court, our snoopers have unearthed in the course of production a new form of underwear that is but one step removed from the well-known Gee-string. We hear it will be in the market in a month or so, and will soon make locker-rooms look like a mass meeting of Mahatma Gandhis.

Not satisfied with automatic control up to the point where in another year or so you will be able to tell your car to take you where you want to go, the auto-maniacs have invented a jack that solves that unpleasant problem of how to change a tire or put on chains without getting your hands dirty just when you were all set for a big date. Two built-in jacks, one front and one rear, do the work by themselves merely by pushing a button on the dash. This operates hydraulically.

One of the most interesting items we have seen in quite a while is the twin face clock—you can tell time back and front—with a lamp built over it that has a pivoting shield so that light can be directed on one twin bed, leaving the other in darkness.



There are two types of ship-model mania: Building and collecting. If you suffer from either form, Esquire, upon request, will be glad to put you in touch with an expert on every branch of the subject.

We forgot, when on the subject of bathtubs, to tell you about a new sponge which may gain popularity; it is made of sheep's wool and comes in all the colors that fit in with modern bathroom effects.

Busting in on the Fashion Department for a moment, we just had Winchelled to us that in a small but important university the boys at the "Houses" are dining a la Esquire; unlike Winchell, we will only let those interested have the low-down.

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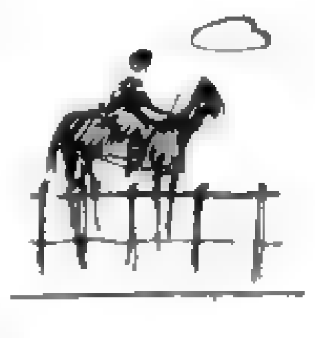

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# Man-tailored for Women

BY

## RUSSEKS

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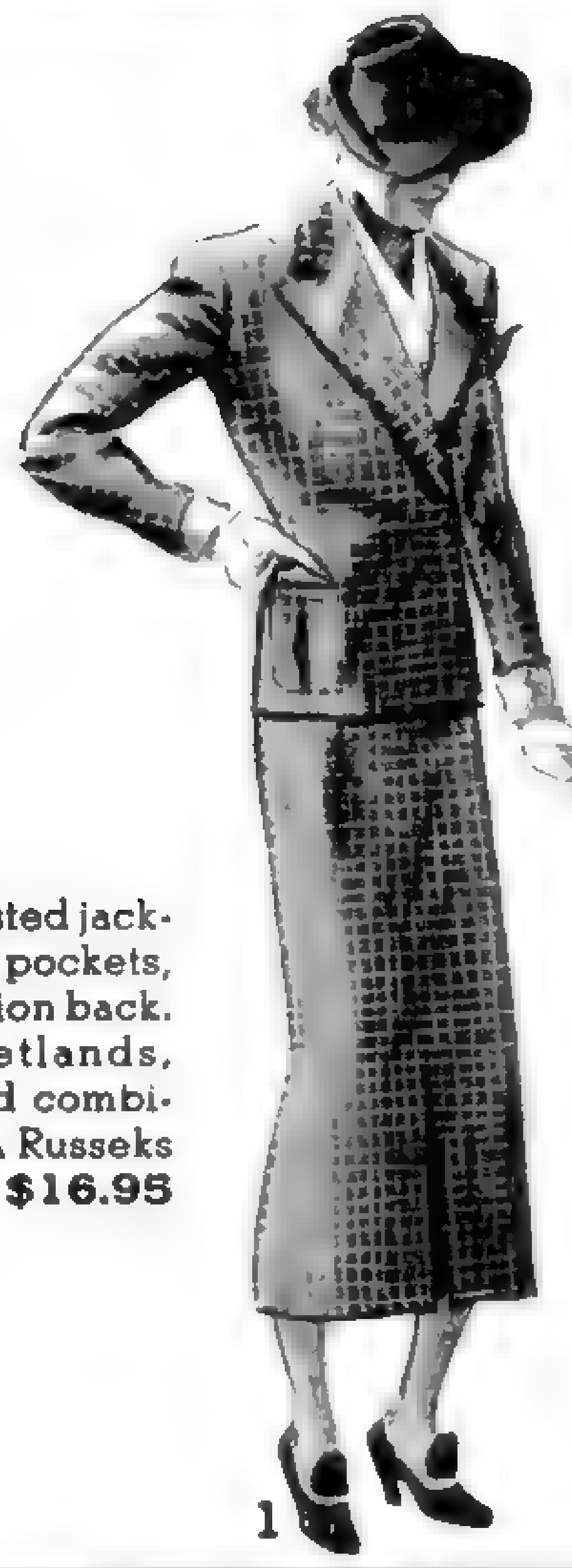
**NEW YORK**

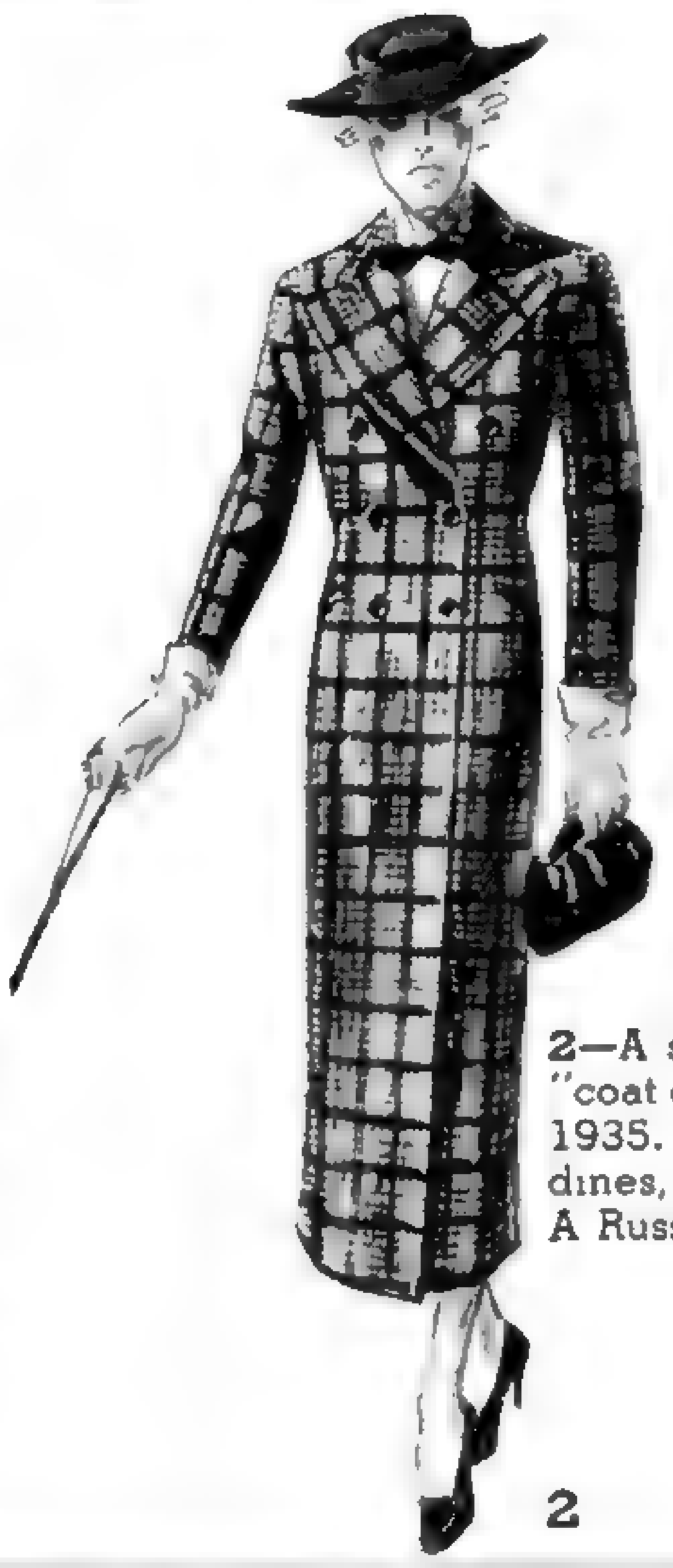


1

1 — A double breasted jacket suit with 3 patch pockets, and half belted action back. In flannels, shetlands, checks, plaids. and combinations of these. A Russeks "Glenbrook" at **$16.95**

Many a smart woman this Spring will take a leaf from the pages of men's fashions and wear man-tailored clothes in the true masculine manner. RUSSEKS, ever on the alert for the new and smart, are ready with a complete collection of man-tailored coats and suits for women—manufactured by LANGBROOK, one of America's leading men's tailors . . . Russeks Langbrook garments for women have quality built right into them. The tacking of the canvas, the comfortable armholes, and special pressing assure permanent grace, fit and shapeliness—just as in a man's suit or overcoat. "Man-tailored for Women" at Russeks is a Springtime fact and Spring 1935's outstanding fashion.

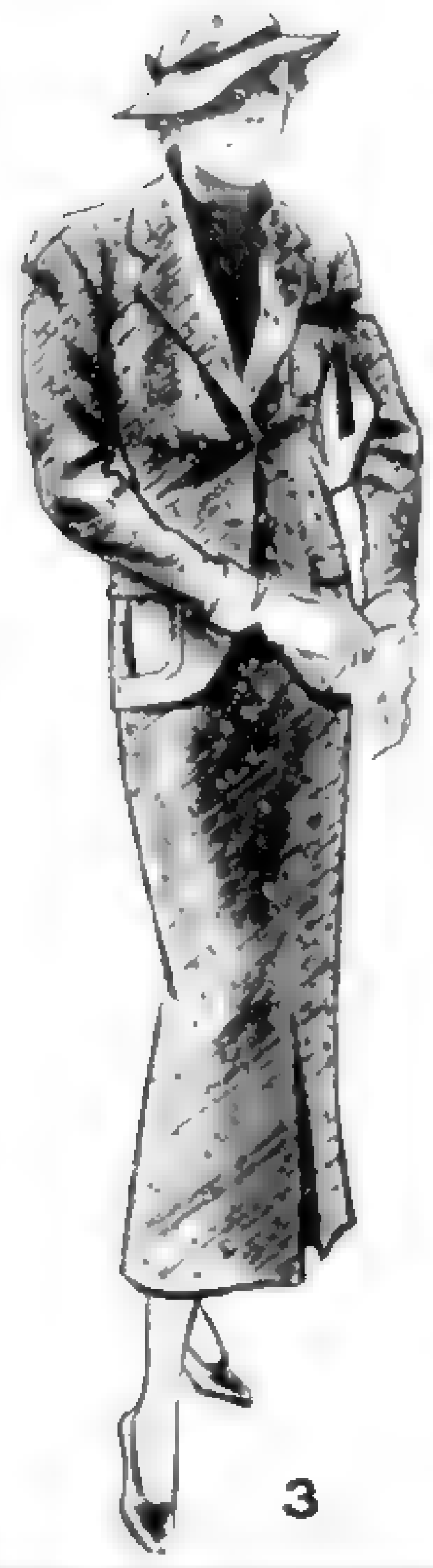
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED



2

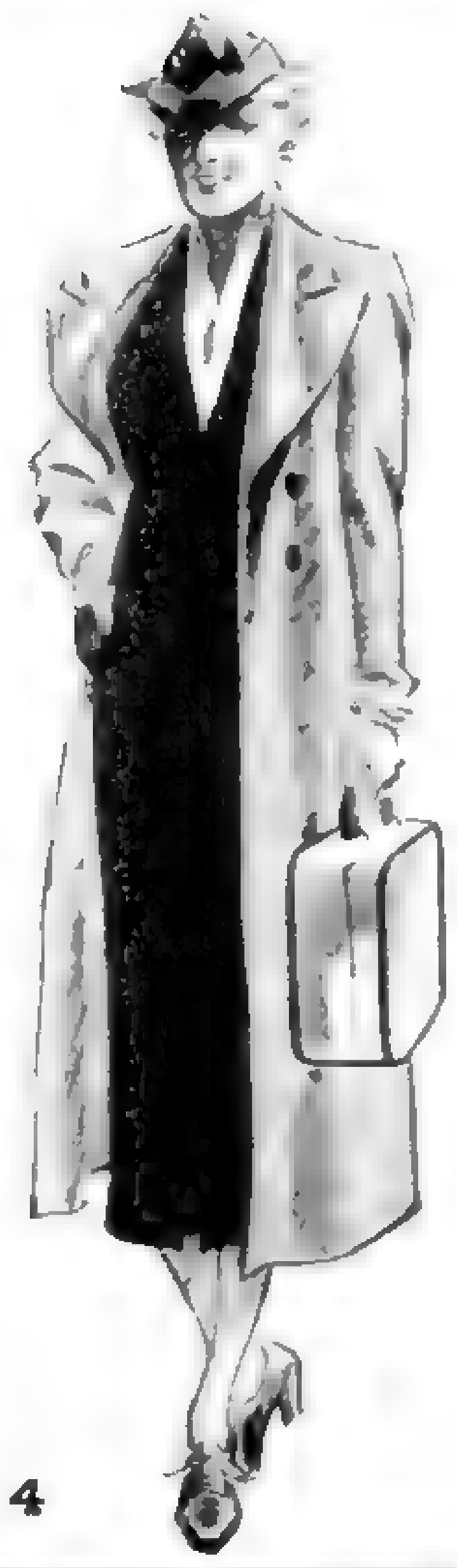
2—A six button Reefer, the "coat of coats" for spring—1935. Shetlands, gabardines, and Donegal tweeds. A Russeks "Glenbrook" at **$16.95**

## MORNING AND EARLY NOON



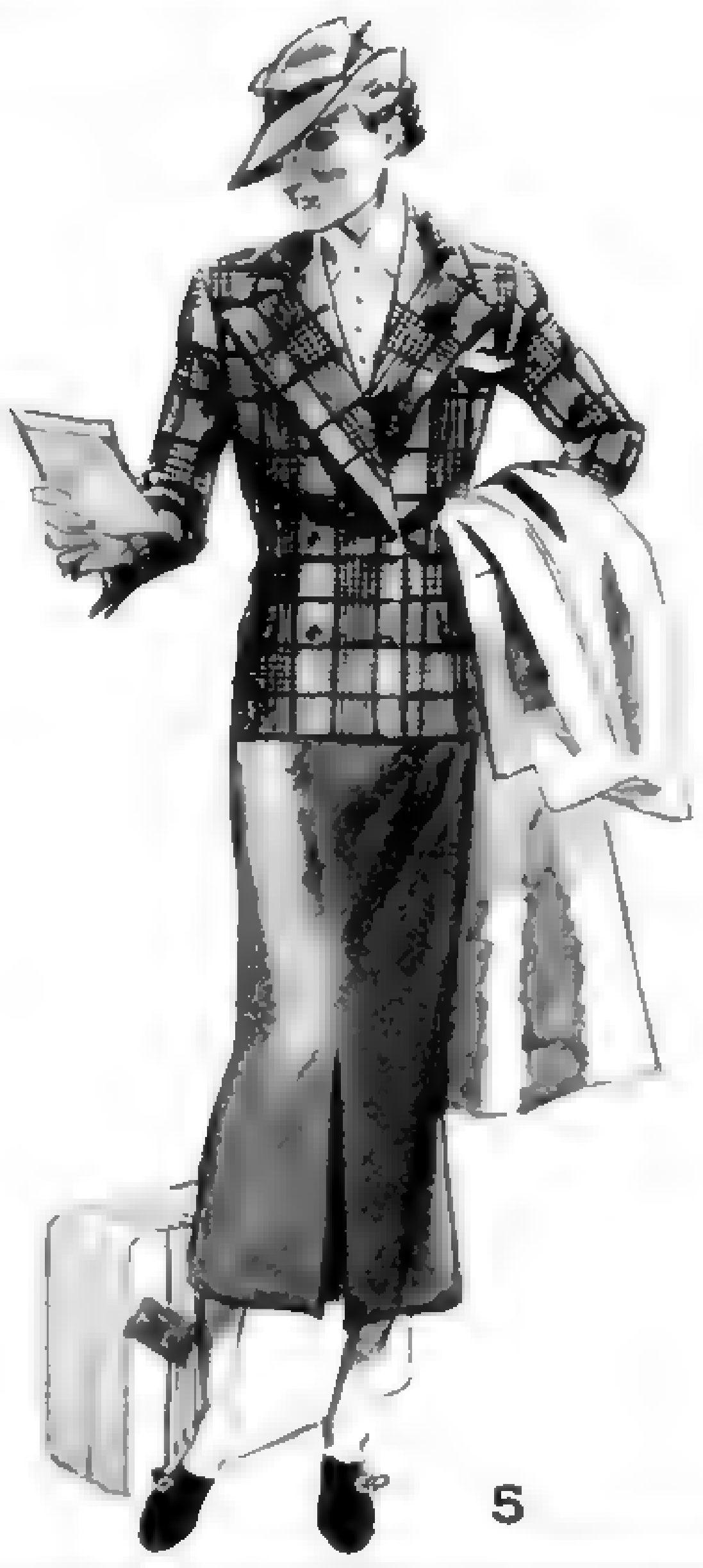
3

3—A single breasted jacket suit with three inverted pleat pockets and Yoke back with inverted pleat. In gabardine, shetlands, checks, plaids, and combinations of these. A Russeks "Tweedcraft" at **$25**



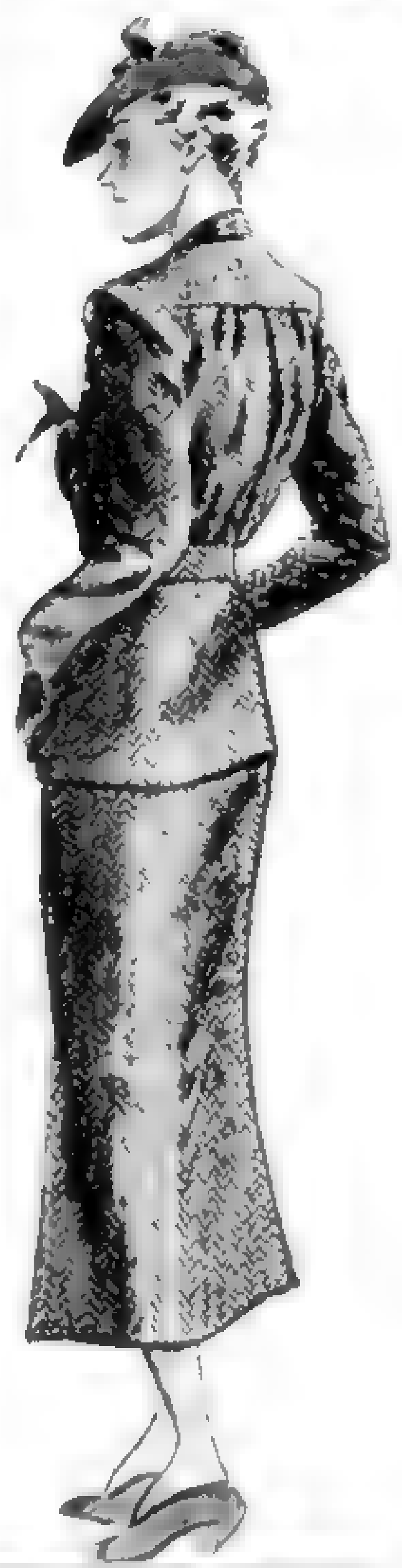
4

4—A three-piece suit consisting of a double breasted reefer coat and a single breasted jacket suit In flannel, shetlands, checks, plaids, and combinations of these. A Russeks "Buckingham" at **$29.75**



5

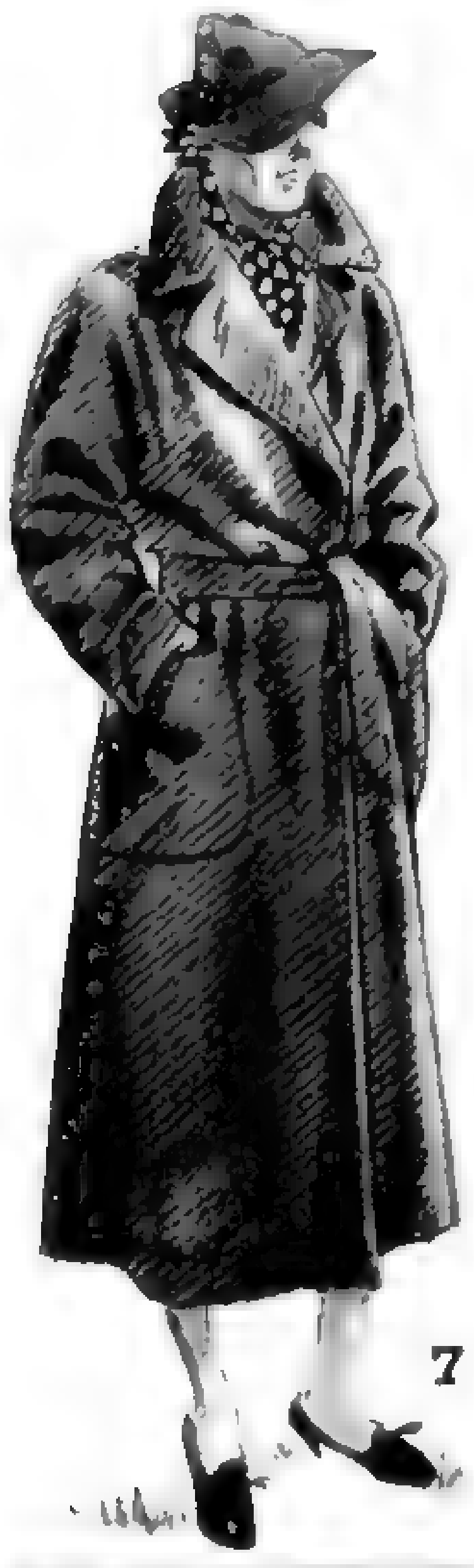
5—A three piece travel suit of imported tweed—a raglan swagger coat and double breasted jacket suit with plaid jacket and plain skirt to match the topcoat. A Russeks "Tweedcraft" at **$49.75**



6

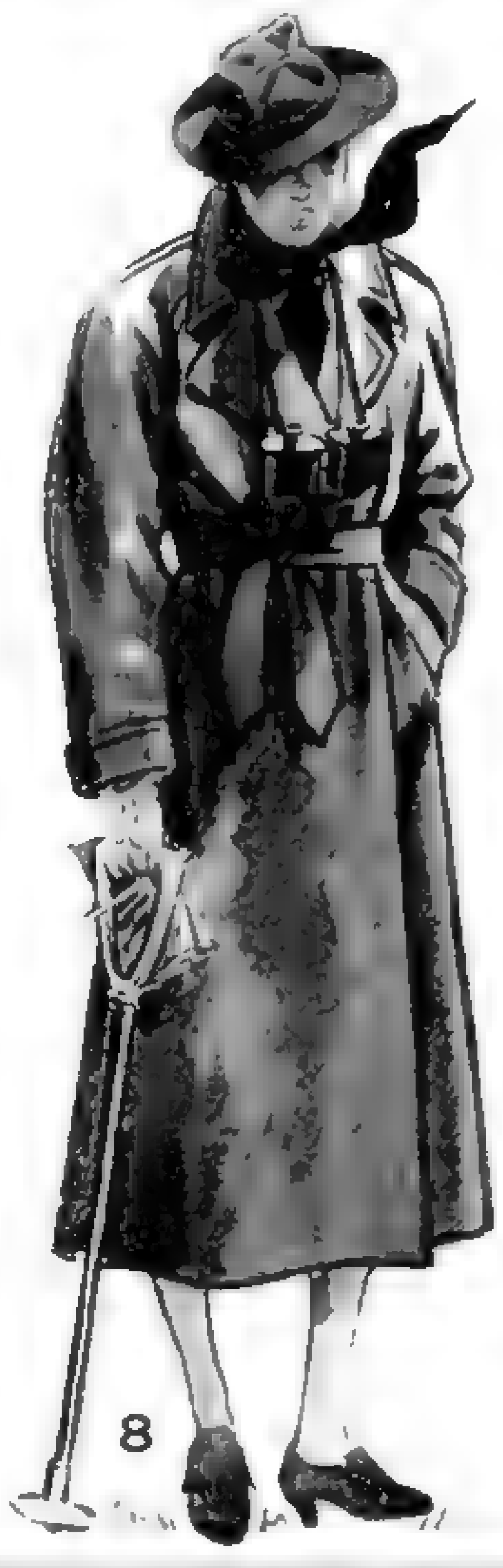
6—A single breasted suit with action back and half belt; of herringbone or gabardine. In brown, navy, grey, and tan. A Russeks "Tweedcraft" at . **$25**

## TOWN AND TRAVEL



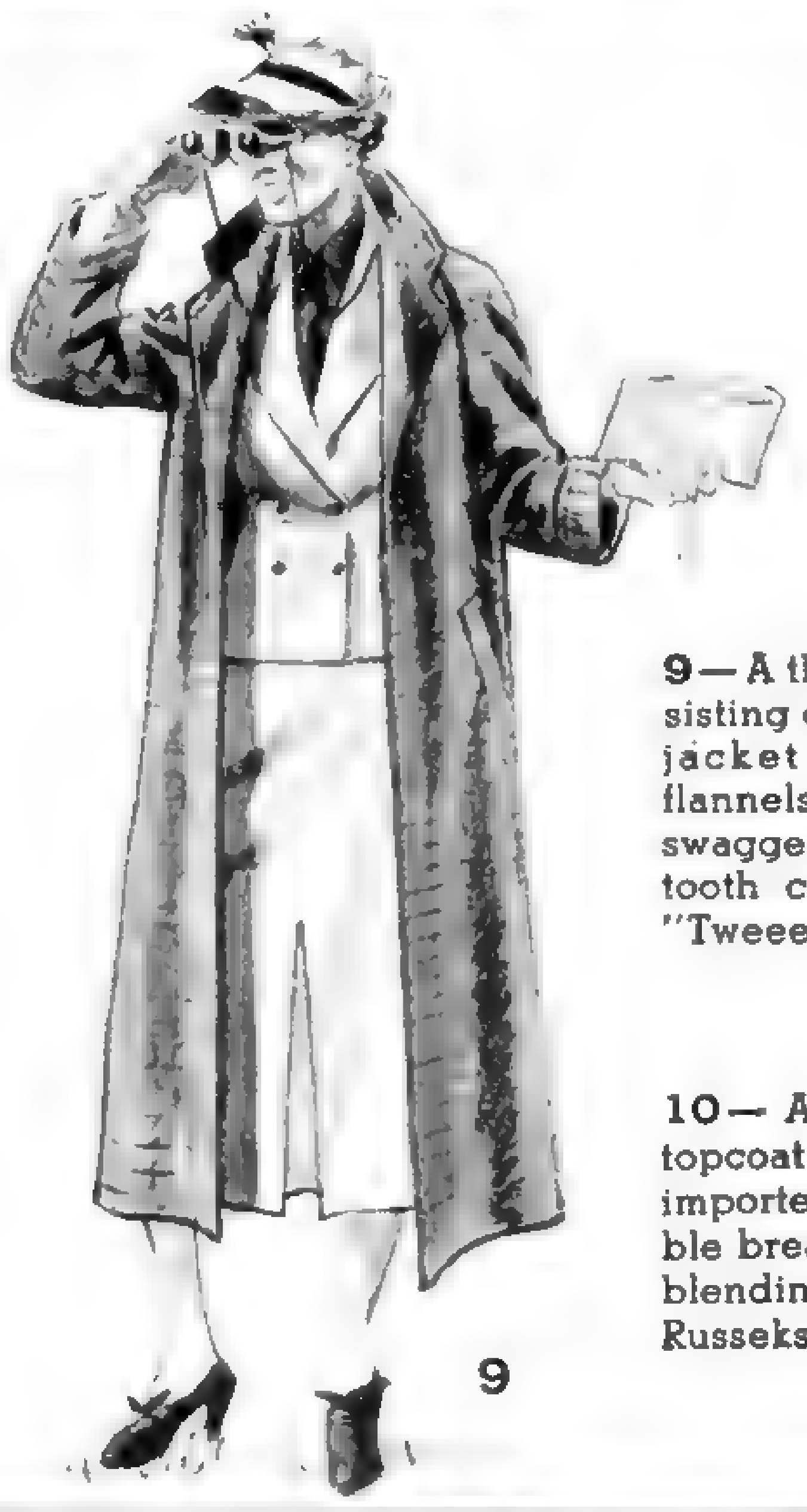
7

7—A roomy double breasted swagger coat with wide belt and large patch pockets. In imported tweeds. A Russeks "Tweedcraft" at **$29.75**



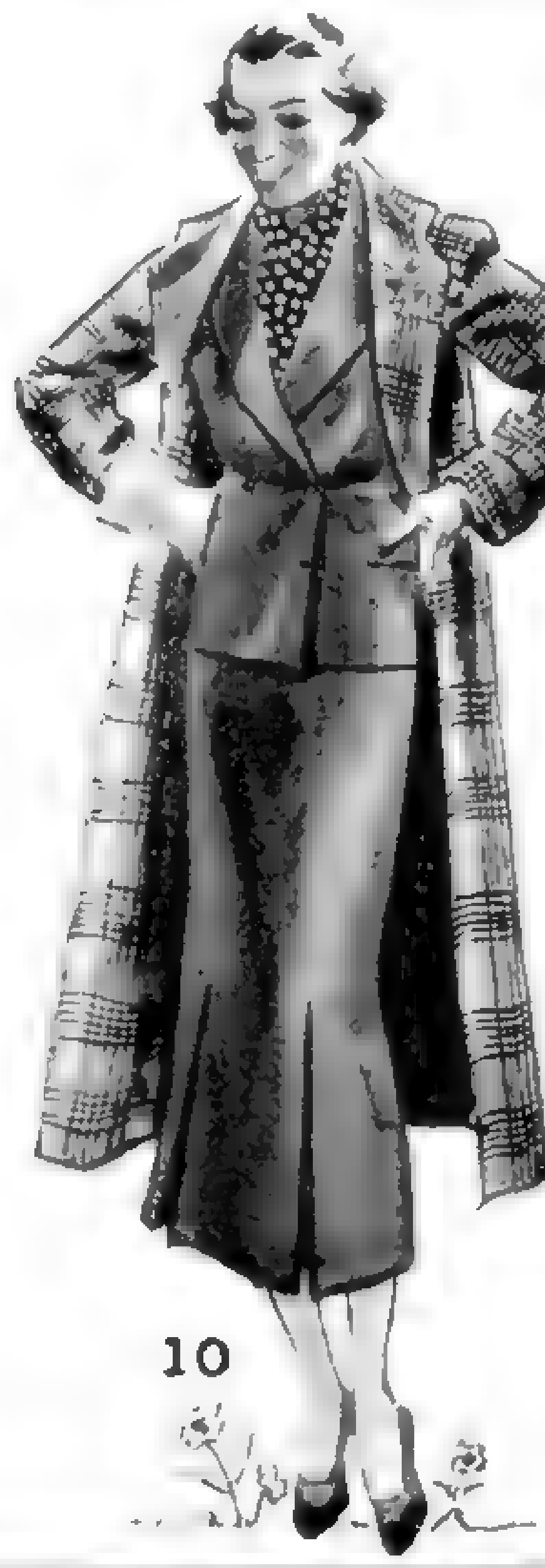
8

8 — The indispensable camels' hair coat in the popular wrap-around fashion with tie belt. In natural only. A Russeks "Tweedcraft" at . . . **$29.75**



9

9—A three-piece suit consisting of a double breasted jacket suit in solid color flannels or shetland and a swagger topcoat in houndstooth checks. A Russeks "Tweeecraft" at . **$39.75**



10

10— A country suit — a topcoat of glenurquhart imported plaid and a double breasted jacket suit of blending solid color. A Russeks "Tweedcraft" at **$49.75**

## COUNTRY AND SPORTS

# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

**Ernest Hemingway** is back in Key West after ten days of quail shooting in Piggott, Arkansas. Or rather, eight days of rain and two days of quail shooting. The season was none too good this year, at best, the drouth having killed off something like a quorum of the birds.

•

**Thomas Mann** is Thomas Mann. (What else can you say about the big shots after the Nobel Prize has raised them to semi-legendary stature?)

•

**Theodore Dreiser's** *Five Moods*, on page 25, will appear in his new book to be issued by Simon & Schuster some time this Spring.

•

**J. D. Beresford** is English. Sixty-six years old. His first book was published in 1906 after which he became literary adviser to Collins, Publishers. It was he who inaugurated the idea of publishing Collins' series of first novels. He is especially interested in the work of Dorothy Richardson. Notable among his many books are *Jacob Stahl, God's Counterpoint*, and *Monkey Puzzle.*

•

**John Wilstach** is known to readers of Walter Winchell as the great gatherer of similes. He was one of the "bright young men" for which the old New York Sun was famous. He specialized in circus, crime, and Broadway reporting. He has written two novels, one of which, *Under Cover Man*, was sold to Paramount. He is working on another play at the moment. He lives in Rhinebeck, New York.

•

**Arthur F. Kraetzer, M. D.,** the author of *Don't Eat What's Good For You*, appearing in this issue, was graduated from Princeton University in 1912 and from Cornell Medical College in 1916. He served as Medical Officer in the United States Army during the War and has practised and taught medicine ever since. His hobby is attacking dietetic fads and he has done considerable writing and broadcasting on this subject. One of his books, *Your Long-suffering Stomach*, is an ironic attack on food cultists.

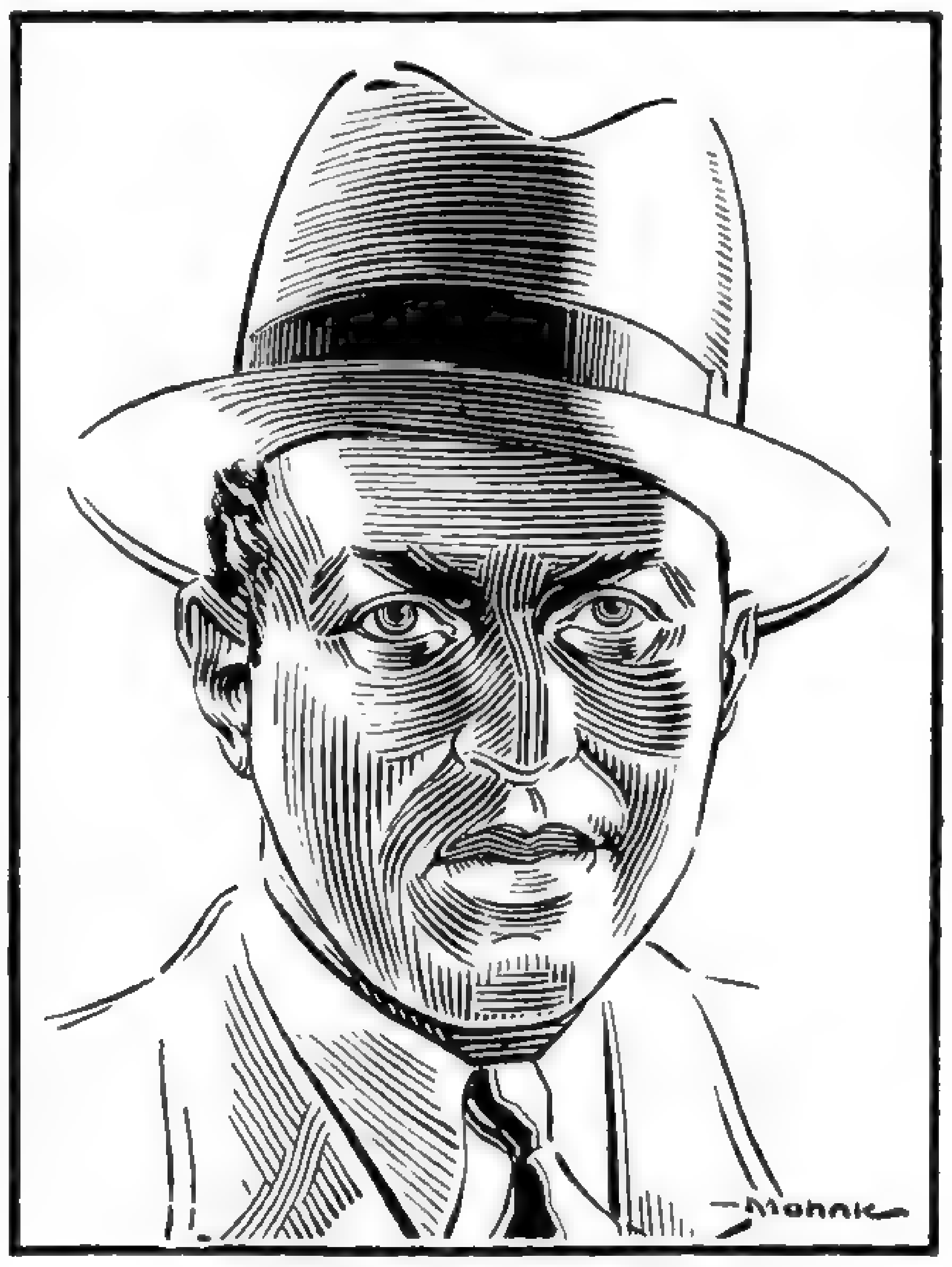
•

**Louis Paul,** our discovery of last March, is going great guns at the moment and, like a Boy Scout, does something every day to make us prouder of him. Next month, on this same page, we expect to be able to make an announcement of interest concerning his new novel, *The Pumpkin Coach.*

•

**Emmett Gowen** served eighteen months in the marines. One night he and some other marines thought it would be a good idea to lock up the police force of Charleston, South Carolina. The idea wasn't as good as it looked, so he served the next two years in the U. S. Naval Prison at Parris Island, South Carolina. He had plenty of time to write and he began then. He has had stories in *Scribner's Pictorial Review, Story* and other magazines. He lives in New York.

Emmett Gowen



Robert Herman Torres

**Robert Herman Torres** is our Discovery of the Month, *Mutiny in Jalisco* on page 37 being his first piece of published prose. He was born in 1909, was a gradute of Syracuse University in 1930, and lives in Carmel, California. He knows seven languages and unless his luck has changed since we last heard from him, would cheerfully use all seven to ask for a job.

•

**Garnett Laidlaw Eskew** is a transplanted Southerner now living in Chicago where he is a friend and neighbor of Opie Read. (Incidentally, although Opie Read is 84, he is now working on another book—his nineteenth.) Mr. Eskew is the author of *The Pageant of the Packets*, an authoritative volume on Mississippi steamboats and steamboating.

•

**Clayton Knight** was among the first of the American aviators to be sent to England for training during the World War. At that time there was a shortage of American planes and he was assigned to a British squadron. His luck held until October 5, 1918, when he was brought down, wounded and with his plane afire, on the German side of the lines. Writing is his hobby; magazine illustrating, chiefly of air subjects, is his profession. He made a twenty thousand mile flight around South America for the Cosmopolitan to produce a portfolio of thirty-six drawings. He lives in New York.

•

**Howie Morenz** wrote the article on page 59 in collaboration with **George Dunscomb,** meaning that, if this collaboration ran at all true to the usual form, Morenz may have done the talking but Dunscomb did the actual writing. Mr. Dunscomb was gyped out of a credit line on page 59 for no better reason than that our editor happened to go fishing the week this particular form went to press. You may recall Mr. Dunscomb as George Lott's collaborator on a tennis article in an early issue of Esquire. He also collaborated with Red Grange on articles for various magazines. He lives in Chicago, where he works in an advertising agency.

•

**Creighton Peet** says: "I was born in New York City, skipped grammar school, went to high school in Denver, Colo., and college in Philadelphia and at Columbia. For seven long years I reviewed movies on such publications as the *New York Evening Post*, the old *Outlook* and the *Stage Magazine.* The only thing which sustained my courage during this session in the mines was the appearance of radio as an important amusement. When I remembered that Hollywood had a Little Idiot Brother who was getting bigger every minute I could face my friends with a degree of self-respect. Last July I brought out a photographic book for children, *Mike the Cat*, and I have another one under way. I believe that pictures, either moving or still, are much more powerful than printed words. Maybe some day words will only be used for captions under pictures."

*(Editor's note: There's a noisy contingent among the Sound and Furors who seem to share this last idea, only they express it as a hope.)*

**Duane Decker** lives in Bridgeport, Connecticut, but works in New York, commuting daily. He has never tramped around the world or any of that stuff but still, he says, his literary intentions are both honorable and serious. He is 24 and unmarried by special permission.

•

**John R. Tunis,** aside from being a good writer is a better radio announcer than most. Without so much as a stutter, and with a minimum of ecstatic word-painting, he made the professional debut of Lott and Stoefen very real to those of us who couldn't get to see it.

•

Biography of **Herbert Corey,** the big stiff. Fired out of Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, for playing seven-up. Faculty later discovered he was not a student of the University. Regrettable irresponsibility on part of professors thus disclosed. Entered business life as a cowpuncher on Sundance round-up, Wyoming and held on until offered fine opportunity to drive a ten horse freight team for the old Niobrara outfit. Became a newspaperman because the editor of the Bonanza Rustler wanted to spend his time with a Winchester, looking for Mr. Collins, the local lawyer. Later saddened lives of other editors, wrote a New York column for years, and served as war correspondent in Europe for the Associated Newspapers of New York, 1914-1919. Now chairman of the Overseas Writers of Washington, D. C. Digestion unimpaired, arches slowly softening, doubtful about Santa Claus and practically useless with a shotgun.

•

**Clendenin Williams** lived on Chicago's Near North Side for several years, during the Coolidge and early Hoover era, while he held a publicity job for a trade association. The job was distasteful to him and he has reason to believe that the distaste was mutual. At any rate, he left Chicago to live in Europe. Back home since the fall of the dollar, he has stayed in New York and, to put a new twist on the unemployment problem, says he has spent his time "bravely resisting the blandishments of regular jobs."

•

**Edward Lasker** is the well-known chess player, although he has of late abandoned chess for the new game of *Go*, which he describes in an article on page 85. Although he is famous as a chess player, chess was never a profession with him. He is an engineer.

•

**C. Clyde Myers** is a Kansan born in 1885. He was a farmer in early life, then taught school. He has been a lawyer since 1913, practicing in Kansas City, Kansas, for the last fourteen years. He has been County Attorney, Judge, and Assistant U. S. Attorney. He is married and has, if we can read his writing, a wide and small daughter, Nancy Ann. His writing is a hobby. For the past five or six years he has written at night, for fun, practicing law by day for a living. He is now working on both short stories and novels.

C. Clyde Myers

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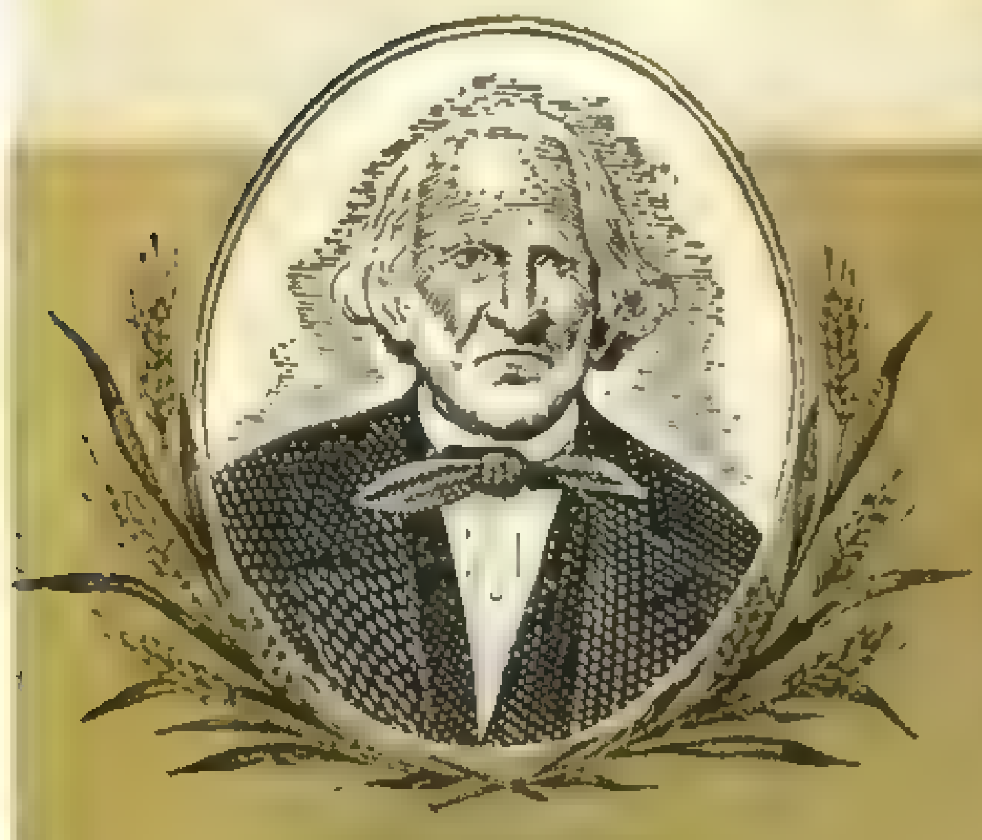
And sweet hill water

These are the only ingredients
In Old Overholt rye
They explain its wholesome goodness

They explain also
Why gentlefolk
For a century and a quarter
Have uncorked this regal drink
With pride
For guests of quality

Try a taste!



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# Sailfish Off Mombasa

## A Key West Letter

### by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

This time last year we were fishing for sailfish off the East coast of Africa up around Malindi in a lousy boat called the Xanadu with an engine that was gone; the rings were bad, the valves stuck and the boat's bottom was so foul the motor would not drive her four miles an hour even when it was hitting well. Just about then she broke down again and we drifted. Every time she stopped, the Hindu, who had shipped as engineer, would take the carburetor off and blow in it.

We had a plank nailed across the stern and two dining room chairs with their legs sawed off nailed onto the plank. We had fitted these with rod sockets. There was no shade and it was quite close to the equator and supposed to be the height of summer there. It was so hot, when we would be broken down in a calm, that the only way you could keep your head cool was to dip up a double felt hat full of sea water and slop it on your head, letting it run down the back of your neck and over your face.

The boat never ran for more than twenty minutes at a time and never at decent trolling speed and we used to discuss what we would like to do to the man who had chartered her to us by wire as a thirty-four foot, seaworthy, cabin-cruiser in excellent condition, guaranteed to do eight miles an hour, while we, with the motor broken down for the eightieth time, watched a sailfish chasing a school of bait into a sudden silver rain on the dark swell of the Indian ocean or saw a school of dolphin swimming around the stern. We had a paper sack full of fresh caught sardines so we could catch the dolphin even when broken down and sometimes three would be tumbling in the air at once, but then we would see another sailfish crash out of water only a couple of hundred yards away and all fall to cursing the man who had found us that boat.

One day we hit on a completely satisfying form of revenge. We had seen a strange red patch in the water at the edge of the dark current and the Xanadu, in spurts of running and breaking down, had reached it and broken down. As we looked into the water we saw the sea moving alive with billions of worms, grey and red, spiralling rapidly, slowly and sometimes madly in nuptial dance, while we watched the red color spread out through the sea and as far as we could see it was a red gray with the horridly moving worms.

"How does that make you feel?" one of us asked.

"If you dipped up a bucket it would have three hundred in it," said someone else. "Look at them move."

The worms were the size of large angle worms, were sharp pointed at the ends, and none of them was ever still. They were a truly horrible sight.

"You know if we had him out here now we could push him overboard and let him swim a little," someone said.

The competition of what we would like to do to him was over.

In spite of the Xanadu we caught kingfish, very big jacks that seemed like our jack crevalle but were grey with purple spots, a big, red, snapper-like fish that looked rather like a hog-fish, two kinds of groupers and Alfred Vanderbilt caught a sailfish that weighed ninety-seven pounds after the fish had been in the sun for five hours and we had sailed the Xanadu, broken down definitively, in through a gap in the reef below Mombasa, anchored her inside the reef where we dove overboard to swim and saw a flock of about five hundred curlew along the sandy beach, and finally brought the fish in to Kilindini harbor in an outrigger canoe belonging to a passing native fisherman; sailing in with Philip Percival steering in the stern, (let her come up a bit, Captain Bligh) the Arab and the Nigger crouching forward, we all soaking wet and the old slab-sided sail, long and dark, his color coming up again as the spray wet him, looking damned handsome in the bottom of that canoe.

We saw very big sailfish off Mombasa and smaller ones off Malindi and you could catch plenty of them with time and a decent boat. We saw one huge one behind the teasers that looked twice as heavy as the one Alfred caught but we did not have the speed to make him strike. There were other very big ones jumping. Out there they call a sailfish Suli-Suli and the natives do not like them because they break their lines and they are afraid of the big ones when they jump.

There is a fine reef; much better than the Florida reef and a great run of kingfish in December that are as big as the dream kingfish that run in the channels of the Dry Tortugas in March. There are lots of dolphin off the East African coast and plenty of yello-fin tuna and albacore and the current runs as strong as the Gulf Stream, differing in its direction when the two different Monsoons are blowing. The climate of Mombasa, Malindi and Lamu is about like that of Key West and it is as healthy.

The natives are poor fishermen, primitive, with much fear and little knowledge, yet they make a good living as fish sells well in the markets. Many of them described marlin and broadbill but in the two weeks we were fishing we saw none, but the natives said they ran with one Monsoon and the sailfish with the other. We heard marlin described as far north as Aden and hope to try for them there some April when they say they run, then fish the Red Sea down to Port Sudan and put a full winter season in off Mombasa and Zanzibar. They say there is a channel where the current runs between the island of Mafia and the Tanganyika coast where all the migratory fish pass and you could make a camp on Mafia and fish out from there. From the size of the sailfish we saw it seems very probable they reach two hundred pounds. The natives claim they run much bigger but they may confuse them with the marlin.

Bait is easy to get in the markets. The natives catch mullet, squid, balaos and pilchards and while we were there we always saw plenty of fresh sardines. A good boat could easily pay for its gas and oil by selling the fish it caught. A boat like the Pilar that we fish in off Cuba and Florida would be comfortable there in any season as the sun is the worst thing and in any boat with an intelligently worked out protection against the sun, without obstructing the free passage of the breeze, you could not notice the heat.

There is much nonsense about the tropical sun. I have fished bareheaded a month at a time in July off Cuba which is nearly as far south as Senegal and again, in June, in those latitudes I have seen days when the sun seemed deadly and you needed a wet straw sponge fisherman's hat or even a pith helmet to keep it off. Going out to Africa a year ago November on a Messageries Maritime ship the French all donned pith helmets at Port Said and the crew lowered canvas storm curtains around the deck to keep the sun off. One day Charles Thompson and I were playing checkers at a table on the deck opposite a gap in the canvas and a thin bar of sunlight came through and shone on Charles' back.

Continued on page 156

# The Hungry

### A masterful study of the kinds of longing that make kin of the man of affluence and the beggar

### by THOMAS MANN

• FICTION •

At a moment when Detlef felt overwhelmed in his inmost being by the sense of his superfluity, he let himself be swept on, as if unawares, by the gay throng and disappeared from the view of his two companions without taking leave of them.

He gave himself up to the current that carried him along one of the sides of the sumptuous hall of the theater without resisting the crowd nor attempting to stand still till he knew he was far out of sight of Lilli and the little painter. He took up a position near the stage and leaned against the curve of a proscenium box covered with gold, between a bearded baroque caryatid, bending beneath his load, and his feminine counterpart, whose swelling bosom projected into the hall. He assumed, as well as he could, the attitude of one observing the scene at his ease, as he raised his opera glasses to his eyes now and then, while his wandering glance avoided only one spot in the glittering circle.

The festival was at its height. People sat eating and drinking at little tables set in the rear of the bulbous boxes, and along their ledges gentlemen in black or gay-colored evening coats, with enormous chrysanthemums in their button-holes, leaned over the powdered shoulders of ladies fantastically arrayed and adorned with extravagant head-dresses. Chatting lightly, they glanced at the motley crowd in the hall, as it divided into groups, drifted along with the current, stopped, whirled together in circles and separated again in a swiftly changing play of colors.

Jesting remarks were flung animatedly up to friends and acquaintances in the balconies who raised their champagne glasses in greeting. Others on the floor, with heads thrown back, pressed eagerly towards the stage where some sort of eccentric number was being performed in a riot of color and sound. When the curtains swept together again, they all started back amidst applause and laughter. Then the orchestra blared forth once more, while the audience, crowded close together, began to promenade. And the golden light that illumined the stately hall, far brighter than the light of day, lent a glowing radiance to all eyes while all, drawing faster breaths and filled with a vague longing, inhaled the warm, exciting fragrance of flowers and wine, of food, dust, powder, perfume, and human bodies flushed with the dance.

Suddenly the orchestra broke off. People stood still, arm in arm, and glanced laughingly at the stage where a new number was beginning with much squeaking and sighing. Four or five persons in peasant costume were playing a parody on clarinets and whining string instruments of the chromatic throes of the music of "Tristan und Isolde." Detlef closed his burning eyelids for a moment. His spirit was so attuned that he could not but hear the passionate longing for oneness that sounded through these tones even in their wanton distortion, and suddenly there rose in him anew the stifling melancholy of a lonely soul who has given himself over in envy and in love to a radiant, commonplace child of life.

Lilli . . . His spirit whispered her name in supplication and tenderness; and now he could not, after all, keep his glance from straying secretly towards the distant spot he had been avoiding. Yes, she was still there, still standing back there at the same place where he had left her. Now and then, when the crowd parted, he could see her whole, as she leaned against the wall in her creamy white dress embroidered in silver, bending her head slightly to one side and clasping her hands behind her, while she chatted with the little painter and gazed into his eyes, gazed roguishly straight into his eyes that were just as blue and frank and untroubled as her own.

What were they talking about, whatever were they still talking about? Oh, all this small talk that flowed so lightly and easily from the inexhaustible fountain of simplicity, modesty, innocence and gaiety—in which he could not join, he who had been made serious and slow by a life of dreaming and intellectual understanding, by the paralyzing effect of discerning insight and the torments of creative work! So he had gone away, had stolen off in a sudden fit of obstinacy, despair, and generosity, and had left the two alone together; and then, with this choking jealousy still in his throat, he felt aware from a distance of the smile of relief and of sympathetic understanding with which they saw themselves freed of his oppressive presence.

Why had he come, why in the world had he come again today? What drove him, to his own torture, to mingle in the crowd of artless human beings who surrounded him and excited him, without ever really receiving him as one of their number? He knew it well, this craving!

"We lonely souls," he had once written somewhere in an hour of quiet self-avowal, "we dreamers standing apart, disinherited by life, we who pass our brooding days in an artificial, outside world, aloof from others . . . we who spread around us the chill breath of an invincible strangeness as soon as we show our foreheads, marked with the brand of knowledge and insight and of despondency, among living beings . . . we poor ghosts of life whom others treat with fear and respect and then leave to themselves again as soon as they can, so that our hollow, penetrating glances may no longer disturb their joy . . . we all cherish within ourselves a secret, consuming longing for what is simple, innocent, and vital, for a little friendship, devotion, and human happiness. 'Life', from which we are shut out, does not appear as a vision of bloody grandeur and wild beauty, not as something unusual to us, who are ourselves unusual; on the contrary, the normal, the decorous, the charming make up the realm of our longing, they mean life to us in all its seductive banality . . ."

He glanced over towards the two still chatting, while the sound of good-natured laughter, ringing through the whole hall, interrupted the playing of the clarinets which distorted the tragic, poignant love song into screaming sentimentality. You are life. You are warm, lovely, foolish life, standing in eternal contrast ever opposed to the intellect. Do not believe that the intellect despises you. Do not believe in even one of the disdainful attitudes that the intellect assumes towards you. We steal after you, we dark hobgoblins and monsters who are silent because of too much knowledge, we stand apart while in our eyes burns the greedy, searching longing to be like you.

Sometimes pride stirs within us and we would fain deny that we are lonely. Pride boasts that the work of the intellect assures to love a higher union with living beings in all places and at all times. But ah, with whom? With whom? Surely only with those who are like ourselves, always with those that suffer and that long and are poor, and never with you, ye blessed, blue-eyed mortals, who have no need of the intellect!

Now they were dancing. The performances on the stage were over. The orchestra pealed and sang. On the smooth floor, the dancers were gliding, whirling, and swaying. And Lilli was dancing with the little painter. How daintily her charming little head grew from the chalice of her stiff collar, embroidered in silver! They moved about within the narrow space with easy, elastic steps and turns; his face was turned towards hers and they continued to chat smilingly while they surrendered themselves gracefully to the sweet triviality of the dance rhythms.

Suddenly an inner agitation gripped his lonely spirit as if invisible hands were seizing and molding him. But you are mine for all that, he felt, and I am above you! Do I not smilingly see quite through your simple souls? Do I not note down and preserve with mocking love every naïve impulse of your bodies? Face to face before your unconscious instincts, the power of the word and the force of irony struggle in me to express themselves till my heart beats with eagerness and a pleasurable sense of power in copying you imaginatively and in exposing your foolish happiness to the world to gain its sympathy by the light of my art.

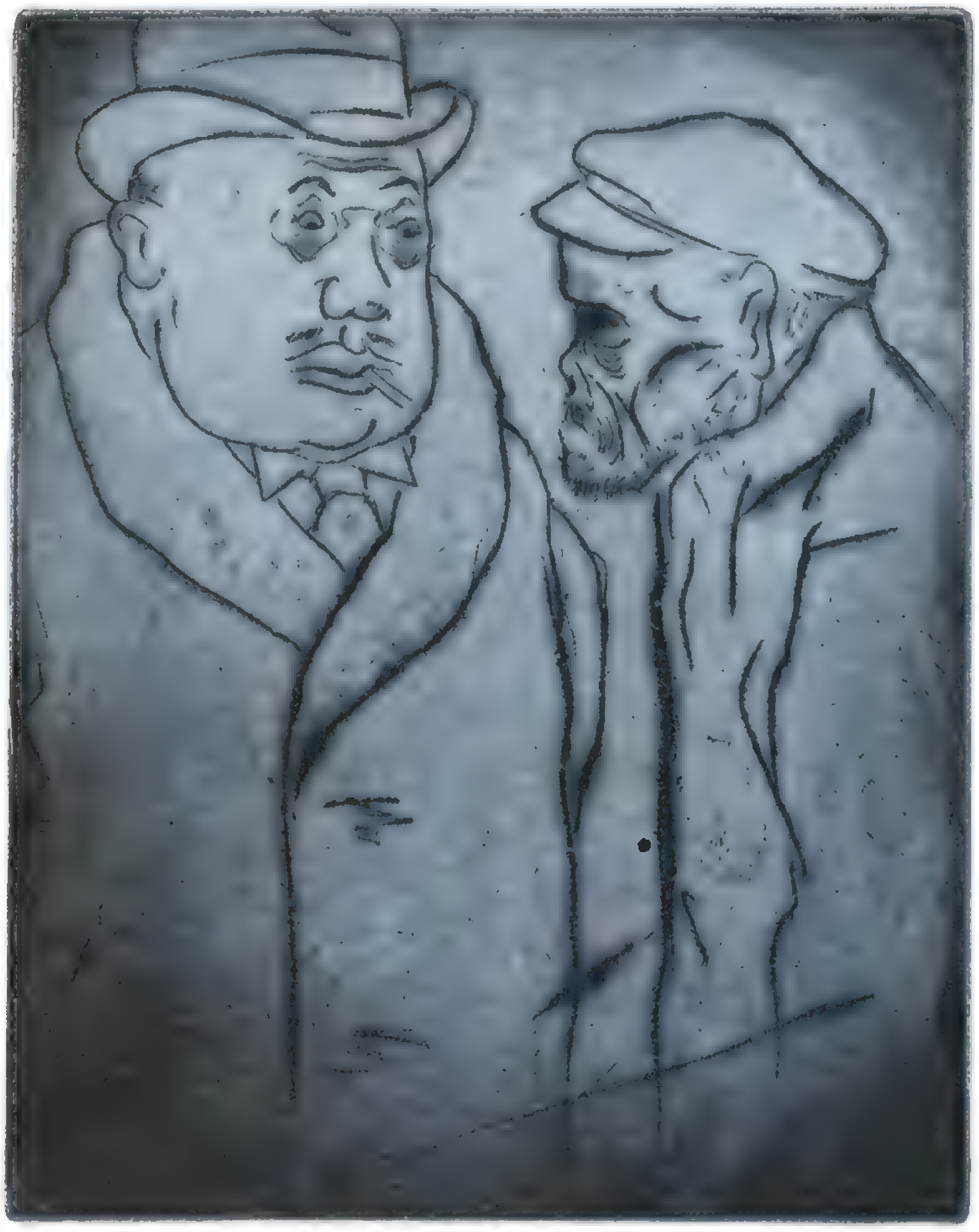
And then all the self-assertion that had risen so defiantly in him sank down again feebly and yearningly. Oh, for once only, for one night like this, to be not an artist, but a human being! To escape for once the curse which pronounces inviolably: Thou shalt not be, thou shalt observe; thou shalt not live, thou shalt create; thou shalt not love, thou shalt know! For once only to live, love, and praise wholeheartedly with simple, honest human feeling! For once to be among you, to be of you, to be you, you who really live! For once to quaff you in intoxicating draughts, you joys of the commonplace!

He started up and turned away. It seemed to him as if searching, hostile expressions appeared on all these pleasant, flushed faces whenever they became aware of him. The desire to beat a retreat, to seek quiet and darkness, suddenly grew so strong in him that he did not resist it. Yes, he would go away, would withdraw entirely without taking leave, as he had left Lilli's side before, and would bury his hot head, whirling with wretchedness, in his cool pillow. He stepped to the door.

Would she notice his leaving? He knew it so well, this going away, this proud, silent, despairing escape from a hall or a garden, from any place of gay good-fellowship, with the secret hope that he might cause the radiant being, whom he longed to possess, one brief momentary pang of regret, of startled reflection, of sympathy. He stood still and glanced over toward her once more, silently imploring her. Should he stay on, hold out to the end, remain by her, even if from afar, and await some unforeseen happiness? In vain. There was no approach to her, no understanding, no hope. Go, go out into the darkness, lean your head in your hands and weep, if you can, if there are tears in your world of frozen emotions, of solitude, of ice, of the intellect and of art!

He left the hall.

A secret burning, boring pain filled his breast and at the same time a mad, unreasonable sense of expectancy. Surely she must see this, must comprehend, must come and follow him, if only from pity, must stop him halfway and say to him: "Stay here, be happy, I love you." And so he walked out very slowly, though he knew, knew so certainly that he almost laughed at himself, that she would not come by any means, his little dancing, chatting Lilli.



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

It was two o'clock in the morning. The corridors were deserted and behind the long tables of the dressing-rooms the attendants nodded sleepily. No one else had thought of going home so soon. He drew on his overcoat, took his hat and stick, and left the theater.

Outside in the square, in the whitish, gleaming mist of the winter night, long rows of cabs stood waiting. With heads drooping, their backs covered with blankets, the horses stood before their carriages, while their drivers, muffled up to their ears, had gathered in little groups as they stamped on the hard snow. Detlef beckoned to one of them and, while the man was getting his horse ready, he remained in the entrance of the lighted vestibule, letting the sharp, cold air play about his throbbing temples.

The flat aftertaste of the champagne he had drunk made him feel like smoking. Mechanically he drew forth a cigarette, struck a match, and lighted it. And then, at that instant, as the little flame was dying down, something occurred that he could not at first understand, before which he stood helpless and horrified, something that he could not get over, could not forget . . .

Just as his eyes were recovering from the temporary dazzling caused by the tiny light, a face rose out of the darkness, brutalized, hollow-eyed, red-bearded, whose inflamed eyes, with pitiful dark circles, stared into his own with an expression of fierce contempt and a kind of greedy scrutiny. Only two or three steps away, the man with this tortured countenance stood leaning against one of the lantern posts that flanked the entrance to the theater, his hands buried deep in his trousers pockets, the collar of his ragged coat turned up around his neck. His glance travelled up and down over Detlef's whole figure, over his fur coat and his opera glasses down to his patent leather boots, and bored themselves into his eyes again with that greedy, covetous probing look. After that he gave one swift, scornful snort—and then his body shivered with the cold, his sagging, hollow cheeks seemed to sink in even deeper, while he closed his trembling eyelids and drew down the corners of his mouth with an expression that was at once sardonic and gloomy.

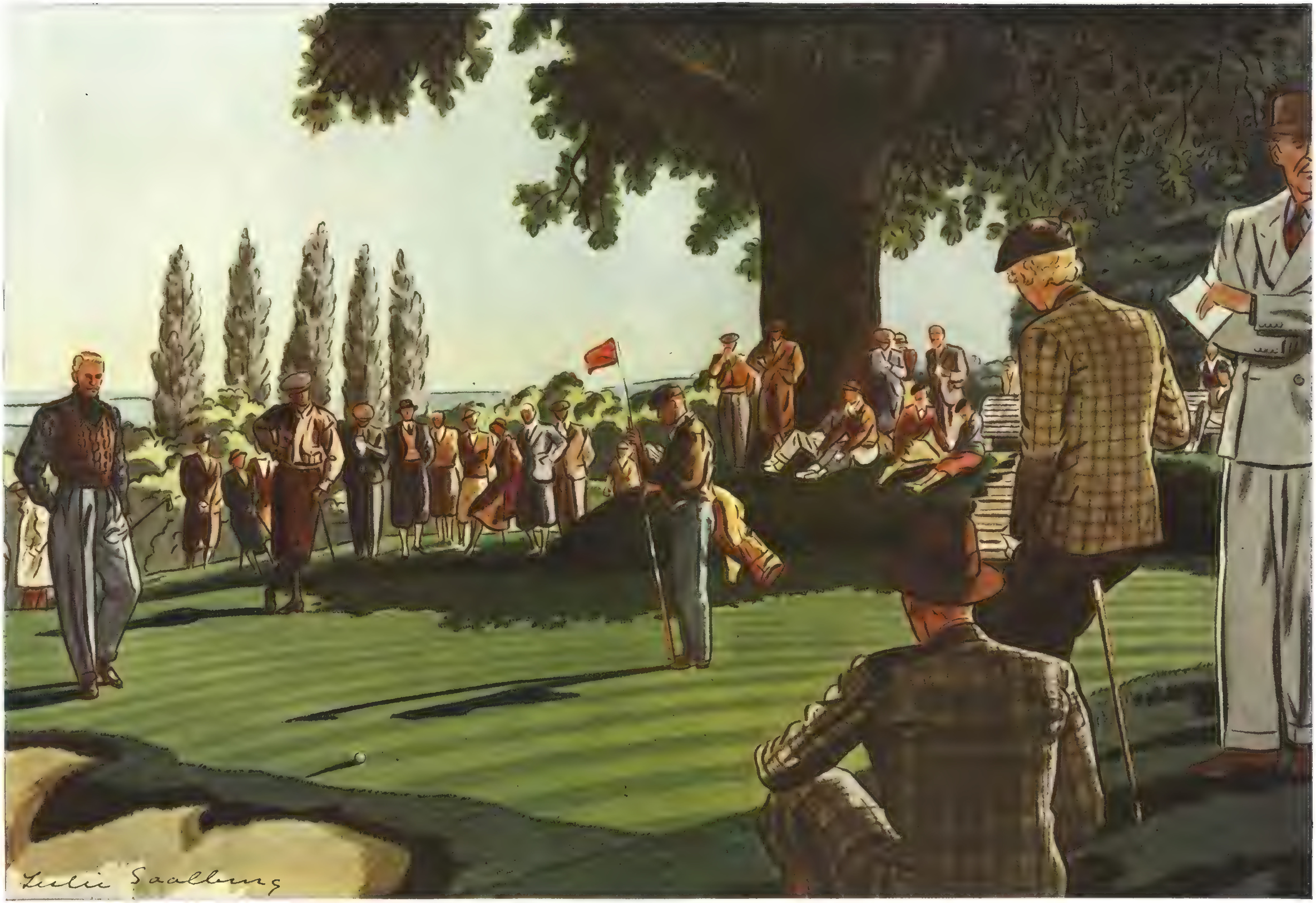
Detlef stood frozen with horror. He struggled to grasp the situation. Suddenly he became conscious of the air of comfort and well-being with which he, one of the guests at the festival, must seem to have left the vestibule, beckoned to the driver, and taken his cigarette from his silver case. In utter amazement, he raised his hand involuntarily to his forehead. He took a step towards the fellow and drew a deep breath, to speak to him, to explain. . . . And then, after all, he stepped into the waiting carriage without a word, almost forgetting to give the driver his address, disconcerted, quite beside himself over the impossibility of clearing up this matter.

What a mistake, good heavens—what a monstrous misunderstanding! This starving wretch, shut out from happiness, had looked at him with greed and bitterness, with that violent scorn which is really envy and longing! He had exhibited himself a little, this hungry fellow-creature, hadn't he? Hadn't it been evident from his shuddering and his gloomy, sardonic grimace that he wished to make an impression and to cause him, dashing lucky fellow, a momentary pang of regret, of startled reflection, of sympathy?

But you're mistaken, my friend, you missed your effect; your pitiful image is no terrifying, humiliating warning to me from a strange, terrible world. *For you and I are brothers, you know!*

Do you feel a burning sense of pain up here in your heart, Comrade? How well I know that too! And why did you come, after all? Why do you not stay out in the dark, proud and defiant, instead of seeking a place beneath lighted windows behind which you hear the music and the laughter of life? I too know the feeling of sick longing that drove you there to feed that misery of yours that may be called love quite as well as hate.

But you did not recognize me as a brother.



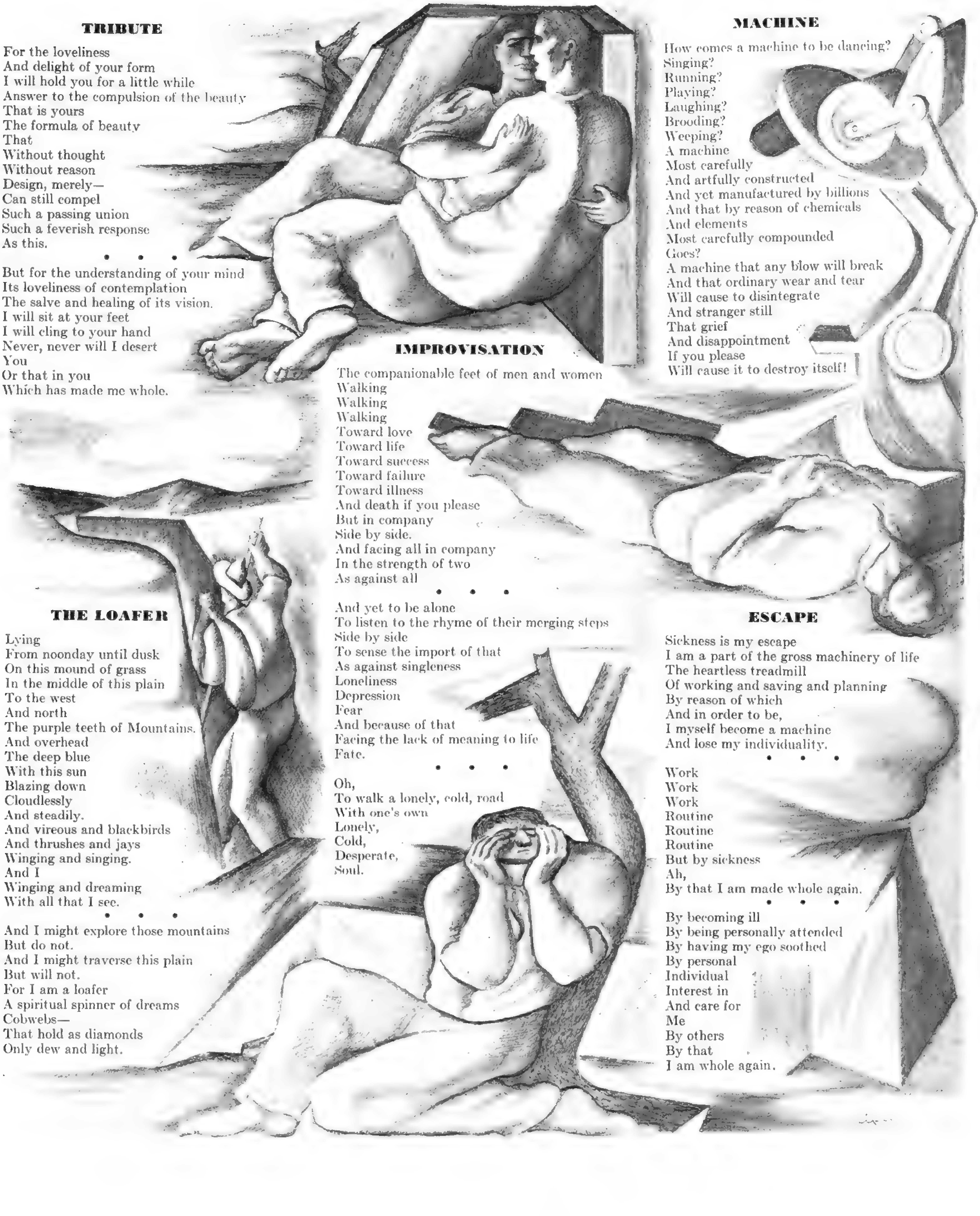
*Painted in England by Leslie Saalburg for Esquire*

ON THE GREEN - HOLE-HIGH

# Five Moods in Minor Key

**Songs of the gross machinery of life, of sickness, of loving, walking, working and loafing**

### *by* THEODORE DREISER



## TRIBUTE

For the loveliness
And delight of your form
I will hold you for a little while
Answer to the compulsion of the beauty
That is yours
The formula of beauty
That
Without thought
Without reason
Design, merely—
Can still compel
Such a passing union
Such a feverish response
As this.

• • •

But for the understanding of your mind
Its loveliness of contemplation
The salve and healing of its vision,
I will sit at your feet
I will cling to your hand
Never, never will I desert
You
Or that in you
Which has made me whole.

## THE LOAFER

Lying
From noonday until dusk
On this mound of grass
In the middle of this plain
To the west
And north
The purple teeth of Mountains.
And overhead
The deep blue
With this sun
Blazing down
Cloudlessly
And steadily.
And vireous and blackbirds
And thrushes and jays
Winging and singing.
And I
Winging and dreaming
With all that I see.

• • •

And I might explore those mountains
But do not.
And I might traverse this plain
But will not.
For I am a loafer
A spiritual spinner of dreams
Cobwebs—
That hold as diamonds
Only dew and light.

## IMPROVISATION

The companionable feet of men and women
Walking
Walking
Walking
Toward love
Toward life
Toward success
Toward failure
Toward illness
And death if you please
But in company
Side by side.
And facing all in company
In the strength of two
As against all

• • •

And yet to be alone
To listen to the rhyme of their merging steps
Side by side
To sense the import of that
As against singleness
Loneliness
Depression
Fear
And because of that
Facing the lack of meaning to life
Fate.

• • •

Oh,
To walk a lonely, cold, road
With one's own
Lonely,
Cold,
Desperate,
Soul.

## MACHINE

How comes a machine to be dancing?
Singing?
Running?
Playing?
Laughing?
Brooding?
Weeping?
A machine
Most carefully
And artfully constructed
And yet manufactured by billions
And that by reason of chemicals
And elements
Most carefully compounded
Goes?
A machine that any blow will break
And that ordinary wear and tear
Will cause to disintegrate
And stranger still
That grief
And disappointment
If you please
Will cause it to destroy itself!

## ESCAPE

Sickness is my escape
I am a part of the gross machinery of life
The heartless treadmill
Of working and saving and planning
By reason of which
And in order to be,
I myself become a machine
And lose my individuality.

• • •

Work
Work
Work
Routine
Routine
Routine
But by sickness
Ah,
By that I am made whole again.

• • •

By becoming ill
By being personally attended
By having my ego soothed
By personal
Individual
Interest in
And care for
Me
By others
By that
I am whole again.

# The Other Way

### There are rules by which men will kill each other rather than do each other small harm

### by J. D. BERESFORD

FICTION

Police-Constable Harrison had been after young Joe Batley for months. He was sorry for Joe, who was a good fellow in most ways, and a capable workman, and his raids on the Squire's preserves were evidence of high spirits rather than of any criminal tendencies.

Joe, like most other people in the village, had a grudge against the Squire. He was one of those hard, selfish men who believe it to be their duty to keep the villagers in "their proper place." He had old-fashioned ideas about property and the rights of the landlord, and on the Bench he was positively vindictive when he was trying any offense against property, more particularly poaching, which he seemed to regard as a crime that should be punished by penal servitude.

Wherefore, although Harrison had been after young Joe for months, he had not been best pleased when one of the Squire's gamekeepers came to say that he had positive evidence against him. Joe, in fact, had been clearly seen in the Squire's woods by himself and another keeper, and in getting away had lost his cap, which was now produced in evidence, together with a trapped hare and two shot pheasants. In August, if you please! Well, there was no going against that. Young Joe must be arrested. If he were not, Harrison's chances of promotion would be gone for good, and, at present, those chances were distinctly favorable.

So Harrison put on his uniform, slipped a pair of handcuffs into his pocket, and went straight down to the Saw-mills where Joe worked. He learnt there that Joe had not come that morning, but obtained no other information. It was evident that no one at the Saw-mills knew the reason for Joe's absence.

Harrison returned at once to the village, a two-mile walk, and called on Joe's mother.

"No, 'e ain't 'ere, Mr. Harrison," Mrs. Batley said, looking him very straight in the face. "'E've gone to America."

"Since when?" Harrison asked drily.

"Five o'clock 'smornin', he went," Mrs. Batley said. "He'd drew out all 'is Post Office savin's day before yesterday, so's to be ready. 'E'd been thinkin' of it a long time, and 'smornin', 'e made up 'is mind all at once like."

"You can guess why, no doubt?" Harrison commented.

"'Opes to better 'isself, I suppose," Mrs. Batley replied stolidly. "'E ain't the first as 'as gone from this village. Nothin' surprisin' about that."

"Bit sudden, that's all," Harrison remarked. "Well, good mornin' to you, Mrs. Batley."

Of course he didn't believe a word of it. Young Joe was not likely to have skipped off to America at five o'clock in the morning without having made any sort of preparation. But, at a guess, he might be lying low in Hangar Forest for a day or two, until he got news as to whether or no the police were after him. The Forest had been used before by escaping criminals, and some of them had eventually escaped.

There are still many wide uncultivated tracts in the British Isles, and Hangar Forest is one of them. It was, no doubt, well timbered in the old days, but now much of it is only broad, rolling spaces of gorse-covered moor. There are still, however, several fairly dense patches of wood, more particularly in what is known as Hangar Deeps, the valley from which emerges the stream that has its source in the hidden springs of Uttermere ponds, and ultimately becomes the Ungar river.

Harrison decided that it might be worth while to go and have a look along the Deeps. He could ride his bicycle the first six miles, leave it at the Lone House Inn, and walk the rest.

Man is by nature a hunting animal, and Harrison, like other hunters, had no thought of what he was going to do with his quarry when he had run it down. His job was to track young Batley, and in the heat of the chase he experienced nothing but the hunter's eagerness and excitement.

Luck was with him. When he came to the crest of the open hill that looks down over Hangar Deeps, he went on all fours so as not to expose himself on the sky-line, and the reconnaissance he made from that position discovered a fine plume of smoke rising above the woods, half-a-mile or so down the slope of the hill on his left hand. Good enough; since it was long odds that that fire had been lighted by Joe Batley, probably to cook a trout or so he had caught in the stream. No one ever came to the Hangar Deeps. No sheep were ever pastured there and it was too far from civilisation even for the gipsies—three miles to the nearest house, The Lone Inn, and nine from the village. Harrison's excitement quickened. He was on a hot trail.

Lying on his face he made a careful survey of the spot from which that tell-tale plume of smoke was rising, then backed down again below the crest of the hill, and made his way along the slope on that side in the direction of the wood. A quarter of a mile or so beyond his objective there was a bold spur on the hill, the mark of an old landslide, and by that he would be able to descend into the valley without being seen. What course he should take when he reached the wood, he must decide when he got there.

And again the luck, or what seemed to him luck just then, was with him. On the far side of the spur, the wood had climbed the face of the hill and he was able to get fresh cover. Also, his calculation of the distance had been accurately made. He had not gone three hundred yards through the wood, walking slowly and warily, exercising every precaution against the making of noise, when he caught sight of the back of Joe Batley, not twenty yards ahead, bending towards his fire, toasting a fish on the end of a stick.

The covering of those twenty yards occupied Harrison as many minutes, and the fish was cooked and partly eaten, when Joe found himself seized from behind and half-strangled by a grip on his throat; and before he had time to recover himself, his right wrist was manacled to Harrison's left by a pair of regulation handcuffs.

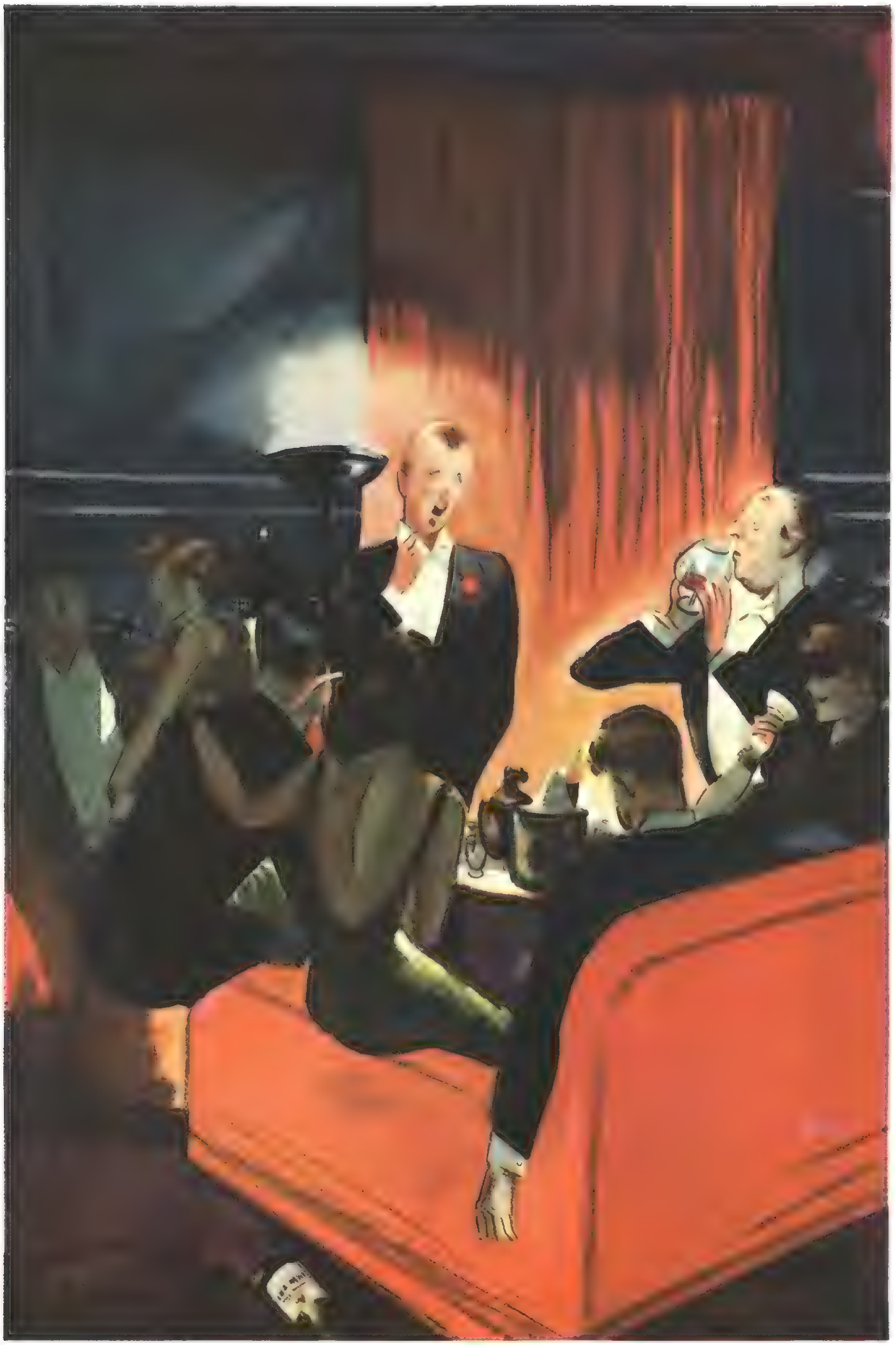
It was not until then that Harrison began to realize the weak point of his plan. He sought to disguise it by saying, "All U.P., Joe. No good making a fuss. You come along quietly, now, and it'll be the better for you."

But young Joe was not such a fool as that. "Come along quietly," he repeated with a sneer. "Likely, ain't it? You know as well as I do that I'll get three months hard, for that job, with that . . . old Squire on the Bench."

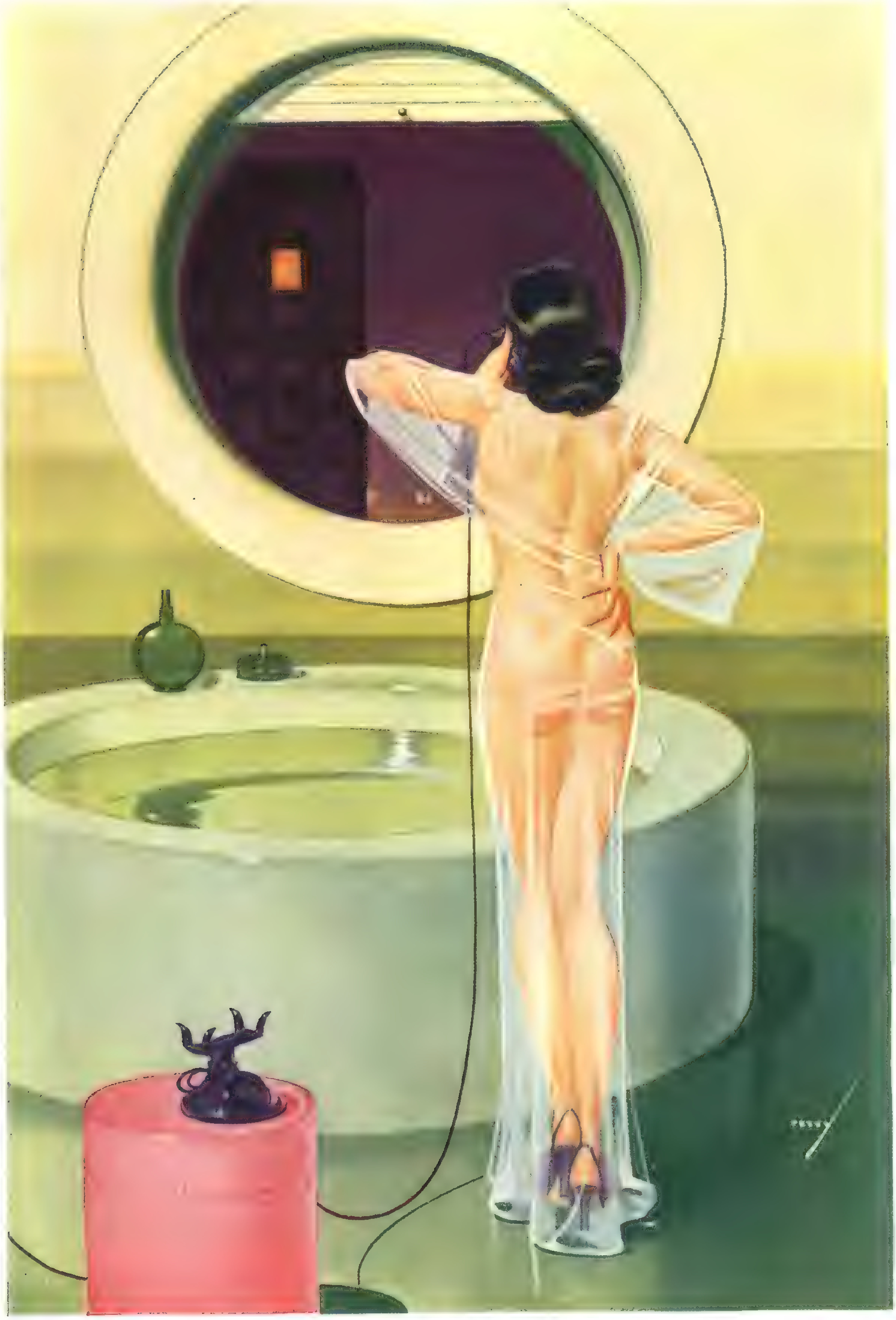
"I got to warn you, you know, Joe," Harrison began.

"That anything I say'll be used in evidence. I know," Joe interrupted him. "Well that don't make no difference in this case. It was a fair cop, and if they get me I'm for

Continued on page 150



*"Do you folks—er—mind if I tell a clean one?"*



*"If your husband can't sleep why don't you pull your shade down"*

# The Lives of Wilson Mizner

### He dug gold out of gold diggers, married fifty million dollars and sired immortal wise cracks

### *by* JOHN WILSTACH

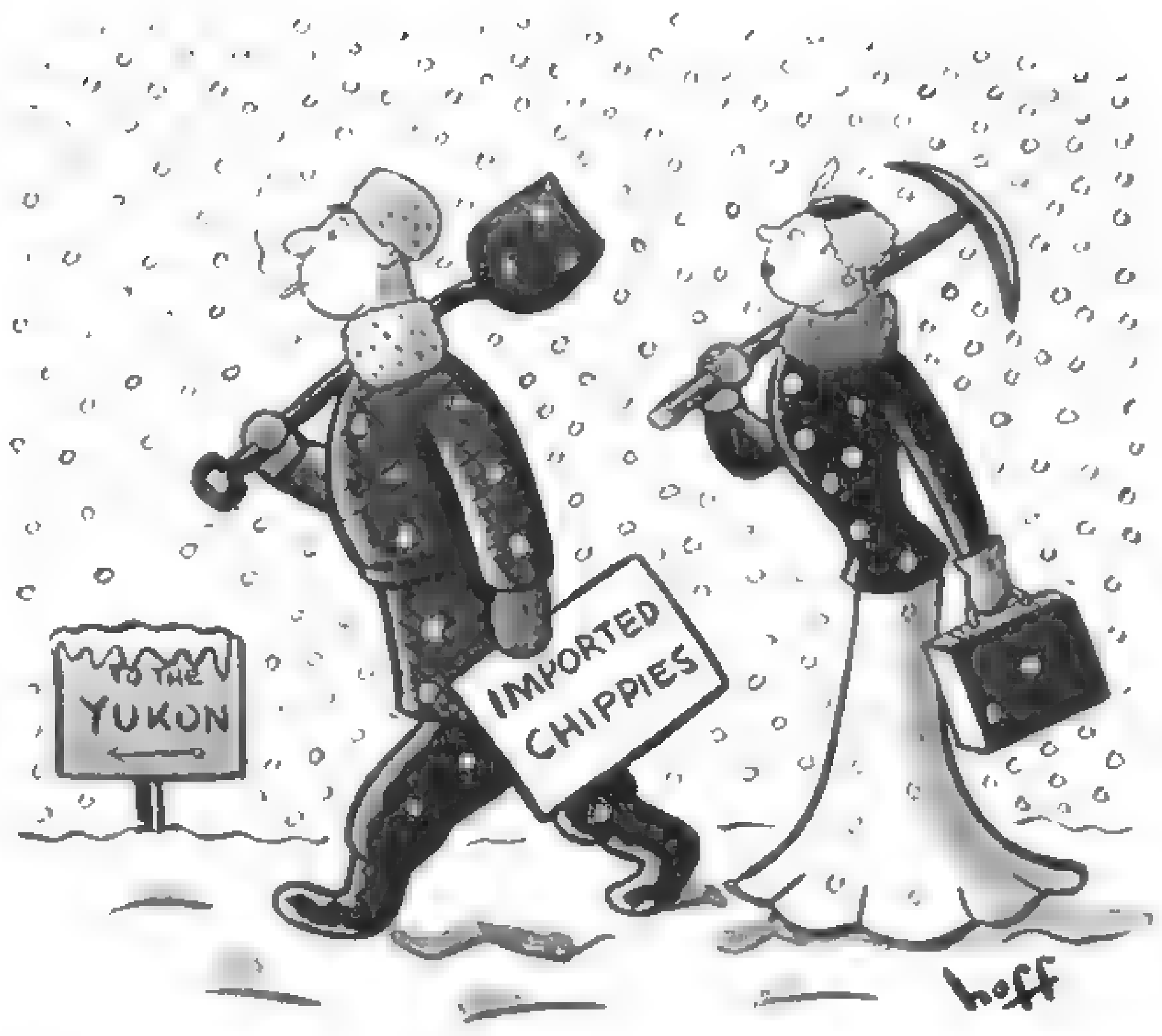
**• ARTICLE •**

An also ran, never finishing in the money, Wilson Mizner said that the dope on his past performances showed him to be a rank outsider. Yet three biographies have been announced on the master of ad lib, the strugglers with myth and fact being Gene Fowler, Mark Kelly, a coast sporting writer, and Charlie Speer of the Columbia Broadcasting Company. Jim Tully, who delivered the funeral eulogy of the genius of the spoken word, may also try to capture W. M. between covers.

The source material on the separate lives of Mizner is of the flimsiest, dealing as it does with fabulous exploits changed by friends in the retelling. The subject, a cynical romancer, was particularly unreliable when talking about himself, even though it may be admitted that was his favorite topic. He had neither the energy nor anger to refute lies, or libels; so many enemies stole his good name that it became a legend.

Well, I bite, you say, who was Wilson Mizner and why all this interest in the man? It all depends upon who answers the question. Doubtful fable proclaims that our hero discovered and managed Stanley Ketchel. Early in the Klondike gold rush, he first imported chippies and established kerosene lighted Honky Tonks in Dawson City. He received a million smackers in a marriage settlement from Mrs. C. T. Yerkes. He lived on the steer-per-cent from guiding gilded youth to Canfield's and Honest John Kelly's gambling emporium. A greater champagne salesman than either Chappell or Kessler, he never admitted that he worked as a wine opener. A dramatist with oral inspiration, Wilson left the dull task of actual writing to others; he gave Paul Armstrong, author of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" all his inside crook stuff. A host who entertained in a lavish style, on one of his larks he leased the Van Cortland Hotel, acted as desk clerk to assign rooms and suites to his guests. The only rule, posted, was: "The smoking of opium is not permitted in the elevator."

The idea, in connection with Wilson Mizner, that he was a writer, will be dismissed. He was too lazy for concentration in front of blank paper. An appreciative audience was his first necessity. No one has ever seen a page of his manuscript. Once, on the coast, he scribbled a short synopsis of "The Deep Purple," a play he had inspired, on the back of an envelope, showed it to a film mogul, who asked him to begin from there on. "Fade in. Fade out," said W.M. "I'll have to restrain myself from working so hard. I'm becoming conspicuous." Disgusted, he left for a bout of wits with Wodehouse at The Brown Derby and wasn't seen for a week around the studio.



It is odd that a man should become celebrated for his wit who never lectured, nor made after dinner speeches, and could never be lured to a microphone. The forgotten plays in which he had a hand were not noted for brilliance. He wrote no books, stories or articles. But he was a great personality, and his sayings lingered in the memory. The only character he ever created was that of Wilson Mizner. He got by, as he said, with little or no work, his instinct that of the grifter: "The majority of men, and all women, have a streak of larceny in their systems." His brother, Addison, a decorator and architect, spoke of journalists "taking down his witticisms to be used later as their own." That's untrue. Wilson was quoted, time after time, with credit given, by Walter Winchell and O. O. McIntyre, and others. His sayings wouldn't have sounded right out of anyone else's mouth. I did read a movie mag interview with George Raft in which he gave, as his own, one of the Master's gems, just a year late: "Be pleasant to the people you meet on the way up. They are the same people you are going to meet on the way down." Can you imagine that as original with the dead pan star? He heard it, remembered it, and at the proper time misquoted it to a gasping sobbie.

Such a thing as his reputation Wilson Mizner never took seriously. With George Bronson Howard at the typewriter he had authored one of the first of the crook plays, "The Only Law." Howard, who took the gas route several years ago on Hollywood, was befriended by Wilson after being arrested; he had chased one of the "Hello Girls" in "Havana," playing The Casino Theatre, around the room with a carving knife, to get back a present, and the chorine called the police. Brought before Magistrate Corrigan he was held for trial and Mizner put up his apartment as bail. The prisoner fled to England. Afterward he pictured Corrigan in "God's Man," a novel, and the publisher paid plenty and withdrew the book. He satirized Wilson, savagely, in a Smart Set novelette called "The Parasite," under the name of Milton Liznard, a pimp and blackmailer. But Wilson only smiled, and said: "The last I heard of Howard he was in a sanitarium, frothing at the mouth like a cream puff. As a writer he has a remarkable memory."

O. Henry, then the vogue, was mentioned. "Oh, yes, a southern Colonel slumming in New York with rose-colored glasses. If only an old-fashioned bartender could write stories. He sees all, knows all, and fixes up countless broken hearts. But all he can say is: 'What'll it be, gents?' Or: 'Have one on the house.' That last remark is better than anything Shakespeare ever pulled."

Wilson moved familiarly in the American scene from the underworld up to society, or down, as the case may be; bland, unflurried, always something of a dandy, and well educated, a success with the ladies from whom he always pictured himself as fleeing, he ever thought of himself as a drifter and a ne'er do well. Generally a man who talks himself down comes from distinguished stock. His father, Lansing Bond Mizner, was a prominent Californian, United States envoy to Guatemala and four other Central American countries. He drew up the treaty for the Nicaragua Canal and had it ratified. Wilson's mother's people were from County Clare. Grandfather John Watson married the grand niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The first Mizner known to the family tree was a tax collector under Henry VIII. He moved to Ireland, married there; his descendants came to this country in 1700, helped found Elizabeth, New Jersey. Wilson was sent to Santa Clara college, from which he was

*Continued on page 149*

# No Man's Dog

### A sportsman's requiem for an animal who knew the difference between hunting and killing

### by HAROLD TITUS

• SPORTS •

I'll tell you about that old pointer. I'll tell you the truth about him, which is this: He never belonged to me. He never was my dog. Not for a day; not even for an hour or a fraction of one.

Oh, I paid taxes on him and shot over him for years and he wouldn't work for anybody else and he never left the place except with me and he'd give you a growl when you came up my hill if he was here alone.

But he wasn't mine, if you understand. He wasn't mine as a dog is supposed to be a man's. I was just something he used. I counted with him about as much as this typewriter counts with me. He needed a man in his business but any other would have done as well as I. There are thousands of men who'd have served him as well as I did. He didn't ask much of the man who happened to think he owned him, Ginkgo didn't.

But he had something he belonged to and that belonged to him and I'm writing this to tell you what it was. It wasn't I or any other man. Don't you believe it. Not for a minute.

I'll tell you the kind of dog he was: He growled at me when I let him out of his crate. He'd come all the way from Georgia to Michigan in a crate and he growled at me when I let him out. He showed his teeth and his hackles stood up and his eyes went green when I let him out. It's a fact and you can't beat it.

I figure I've made half a dozen dogs mine by letting them out of a crate after a long trip, but not Ginkgo. Not by giving him his liberty nor by anything else, did I make him mine. In that special sense that a dog is supposed to be a man's, I mean.

And then, next thing, he made a pass at John, who was at the creeping-and-falling age. I took him into the house—after he'd made up his mind to quit the crate and get into the car—and John was on the floor and let out a yip and wallowed toward the dog and he went all stiff and his lip twitched back and I figure I got between them just in time. John sat up on his little bottom and looked bewildered the way a kid that age will when something goes wrong and Ginkgo walked away stiff legged, muttering to himself and licking his chops as if to say that nobody, not even babies, had better get familiar with him.

That kind of dog, if you get me . . .

He didn't mind being kenneled. He didn't care much about being taken for runs. If he was in the yard and I called him and he felt like coming he'd come; if he didn't, he wouldn't. And if I tried to make him he'd bristle up and call me names and using a choke collar didn't do any good. He was middle-aged when I got him, understand. He'd come as long as you used the collar but the minute you took it off and called him he'd tell you to go jump in the bay.

I began keeping him in the study during working hours. I figured he'd warm up, once he got well acquainted. He liked the study, especially in cold weather. He'd curl up behind the stove and stay there for hours. When I spoke to him he'd raise his head and give me a bleary look. Once in a coon's age he'd flop his tail a couple of times but if he thought I wanted him to go out and he didn't want to go out he'd stick out his neck and turn his head away and mumble.

When I put him out before he was ready it was with a broom. He was a quick devil and he'd get your hand before you could get his collar. So I used a broom.

Now, that's a funny thing. That's an unusual thing. I never saw a dog before that wouldn't go at least part way if you broke your neck to win him. You'll go a long ways to find a dog that doesn't have affection for or need of somebody. It's almost as necessary as food. But with old Gink, I wasn't needed and none of the family—all of 'em pretty much dog-crazy, too—was needed; no other dog was needed, because he hated 'em all. I didn't really get it until the day I buried him.

He came in the spring and I couldn't work him on birds then and when early fall got here I was too busy and, being what he was, I wouldn't turn him over to anybody else to teach him about our ruffed grouse.

We only had a week's open season, then. If you're a grouse hunter, you know what that means. If you're not, but if you're in love with a swell gal you can get to see only a week out of the year, you'll have some idea. *Some* idea. A part of the idea.

And the morning of opening day I got up to see the ground white! Yes, sir; snow! Try to let that sink in, mister. It meant, maybe, that the week I'd lived and waited and dreamed for was going to be a dud. (Like finding that gal just coming down with flu, or something.) It might warm up, of course, and it might get colder and put the birds all into the deep swamps.

Well, I'd have gone if the snow'd been three feet deep and blowing a gagger. And I got to the Place and finally got the gun together (your hands 'll shake like nobody's business that first morning) and put the dog down for his first try at grouse.

He'd never seen a grouse in Georgia, understand; he'd worked quail only. And he went right by the first bird. He never gave that bird even a blink. The bird was sitting on the ground and Ginkgo went right by with never a turn of his head. He stopped when the bird hopped up into a tamarack and looked around at me with his ears cocked, sort of surprised, and I stood there making one of those decisions.

I tell you what I was up against: He'd been touted to me as a finder. I figured maybe he didn't know what we were after and that if he was going to do me any good at all that year he had to get the idea straight right off the bat. I figured that for the good of his education and my fun, I had to kill that bird because, maybe, we weren't going to have more than three-four hours of any kind of shooting and he just *had* to get the idea.

Honest to cripes, I hadn't shot a bird sitting since I was a kid. It's unfair. It's almost obscene. I'll lie and cheat and steal and not be bothered much in the head. But honest to cripes, I can't shoot a grouse sitting and be comfortable.

But there this one was, sitting on a branch with his neck stretched out thin ready to take off; and when he went he'd be in safe cover before I could twitch a finger and maybe we weren't going to be able to get up on half a dozen birds all season and . . . Call it rationalizing, if you want to, but I

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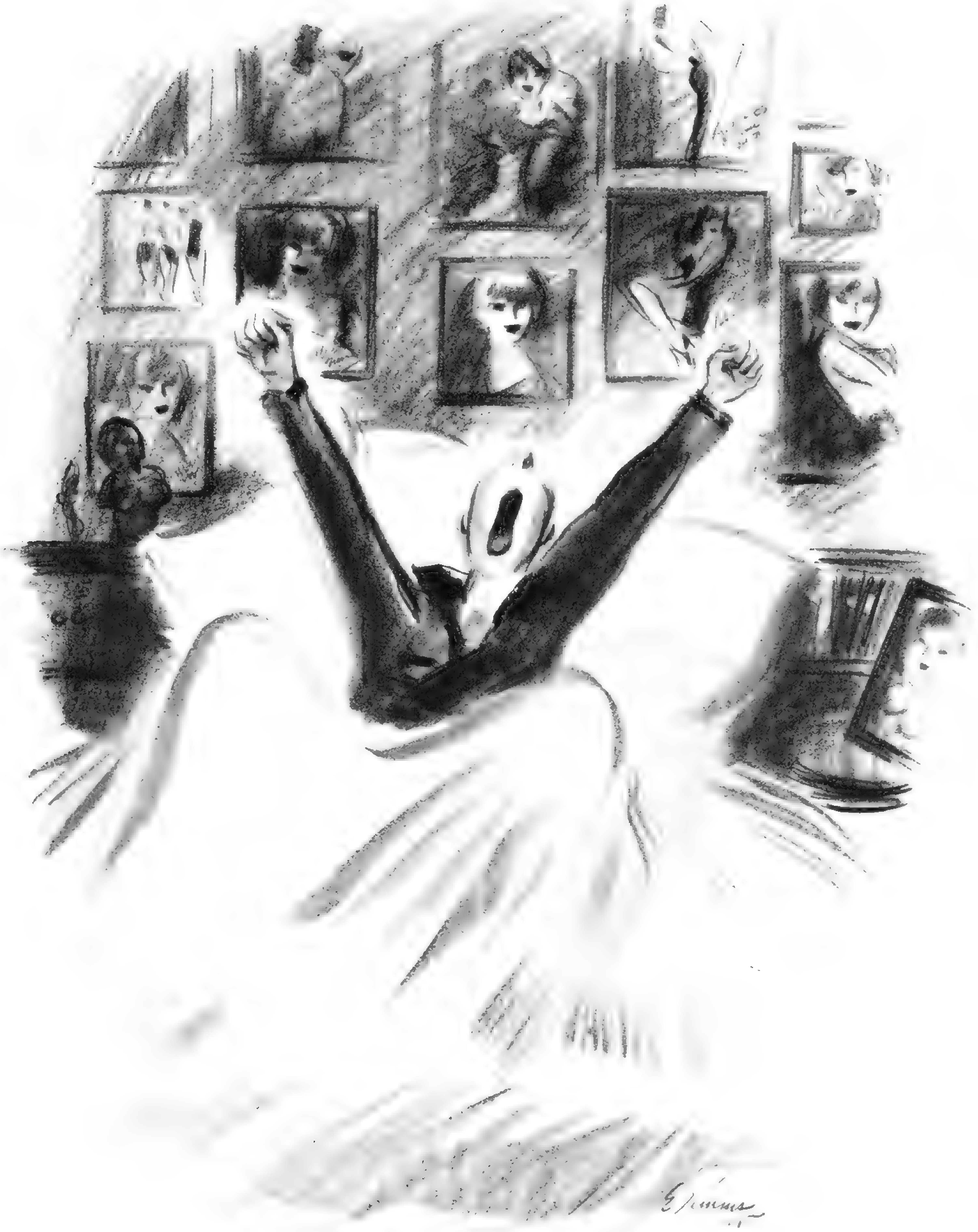

*"Thank God I'm a bachelor"*

# Don't Eat What's Good for You

### You don't have to know a thing about this art so long as you know what you like and eat it

### *by* ARTHUR F. KRAETZER, M. D.

• ARTICLE •

This title is not to be given the comfortable interpretation that you should eat what's bad for you. Nor is it to be taken literally. By all means eat the things that are good for you, BUT, don't fuss about it.

We Americans have become health-conscious and in a subtle way it is a psychologically bad point of view. In the first place we are losing interest in the taste of food and in good cooking. All we think of is whether our food contains the right number of calories; whether it is sufficiently endowed with vitamins A, B, C, D, and sometimes W and Y; whether it has enough minerals and roughage; whether it is correctly balanced, whatever that means; whether, in other words, it's good for us. We have come to think of food in terms of diets, not in terms of dinners.

It is a dismal point of view to sit down at the table and say to oneself, I must order this because it contains vitamin XYZ, I must choose that because it will give me my daily dose of iron and if I don't get it the Lord knows what dire thing may befall me in the future. I must not fail to get a half a peck of roughage lest the well-known colon fail to do its duty. In other words, this ordering of my dinner, which should be a joyous affair, is really a perilous and risky venture with all kinds of chances of making a serious technical mistake.

This is slightly exaggerated but it is near enough to the truth to do. Too much introspection is a bad thing and we have certainly become too introspective on the subject of food. I remarked above with some regret that we are losing interest in the taste of food and in good cooking. I am aware that there are supercilious souls who will say that we should be above such vulgar predilections as being interested in food, that we should put our thoughts on a higher plane, on better things. I disagree entirely. There are many things in this vale of tears that are as good as good food, such as good work, good talk, good books, good ideas, good music, good contract bridge, and pretty girls whether good or not. But there's nothing any better. It is an unforgivable sin to despise the Arts. Art is an emotional faculty backed up by a desire to create, that makes the good better, that discovers good where none before had suspected its existence. And good cooking is an art among arts for it does all these things.

What chance have the Arts in the soul of the gloomy unhappy devil who orders his dinner as if he were a doctor writing a prescription? None whatsoever. And be quite sure that if he denies good food, the moroseness of his ungenial soul will make him radiate his spirit onto other good things too, and, steeped in hypochondria, he will deny work, love, fun and happiness in general.

There are two verses in the Bible which have always had a curious appeal to me. "No man can by taking thought add a cubit to his stature," and, "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign and there shall no sign be given unto it." If I, a doctor, may take unto myself the role of amateur expounder of the Scriptures, I should interpret them as follows: "Taking thought" is that impertinent interference with unconscious processes of natural law and natural growth, with which the intellectual fatality and futility of the prohibitionists and the professors—good earnest souls who believe they can lift themselves up by their bootstraps—have thrown the country into confusion. To seek after a sign is that curious propensity of the human race, understandable, therefore forgivable, to seek some cheap and easy formula for strength, love, money, happiness, personality and, which is what we are now discussing, health. To beat the game, in other words. These so valuable things, if we get them at all—and most of us get a portion of them else the world could not exist—usually come to us with the untampered events of everyday life, almost spontaneously, largely unconsciously, without our taking thought and without our seeking after a sign. As soon as we take thought, as soon as we seek deliberately for a sign, at that very moment do these good things slip out of our grasp.

But if Art is real, so also is Evil and in the matter of health the taking of thought and the seeking after a sign have given bad ideas a chance to multiply themselves. Roughage is one of these bad ideas. We worry terribly about it. And yet, curiously enough, roughage will frequently cause and perpetuate the constipation it is supposed to prevent. Constipation is not due to weakness of the intestine as so many seem to think. It is due to strength of the intestine, or rather, to strength wrongly applied. If the lower colon is irritated from within by too much coarse vegetable fiber, it clamps down tight just as the eye winks shut when a cinder gets into it, and the onward passage of its contents is impeded. This is known as spastic constipation and it is the usual type. As a result of eating too much roughage because "it's good for us," spastic constipation we get. And then naturally we take a little more thought, eat more roughage, and the vicious circle continues. So deeply ingrained is the prejudice that roughage is good for them, that it is the hardest thing in the world to persuade patients that it really is bad for them. A great many unkind remarks have been made about doctors. Some day I shall tell the real truth about the cussedness of patients and shall probably have to leave town.

Another thing that we eat because "it's good for us" is fruit. We eat it for three alleged reasons, for vitamins, for roughage and to cure intestinal toxemia and constipation. There is a fallacy behind all these reasons, a fallacy which frequently leads to harm where we are persuaded it should lead to good. So far as vitamins are concerned the average American diet, except amongst the very poor, has plenty of them. We are mistaken to worry about vitamin-deficiency:

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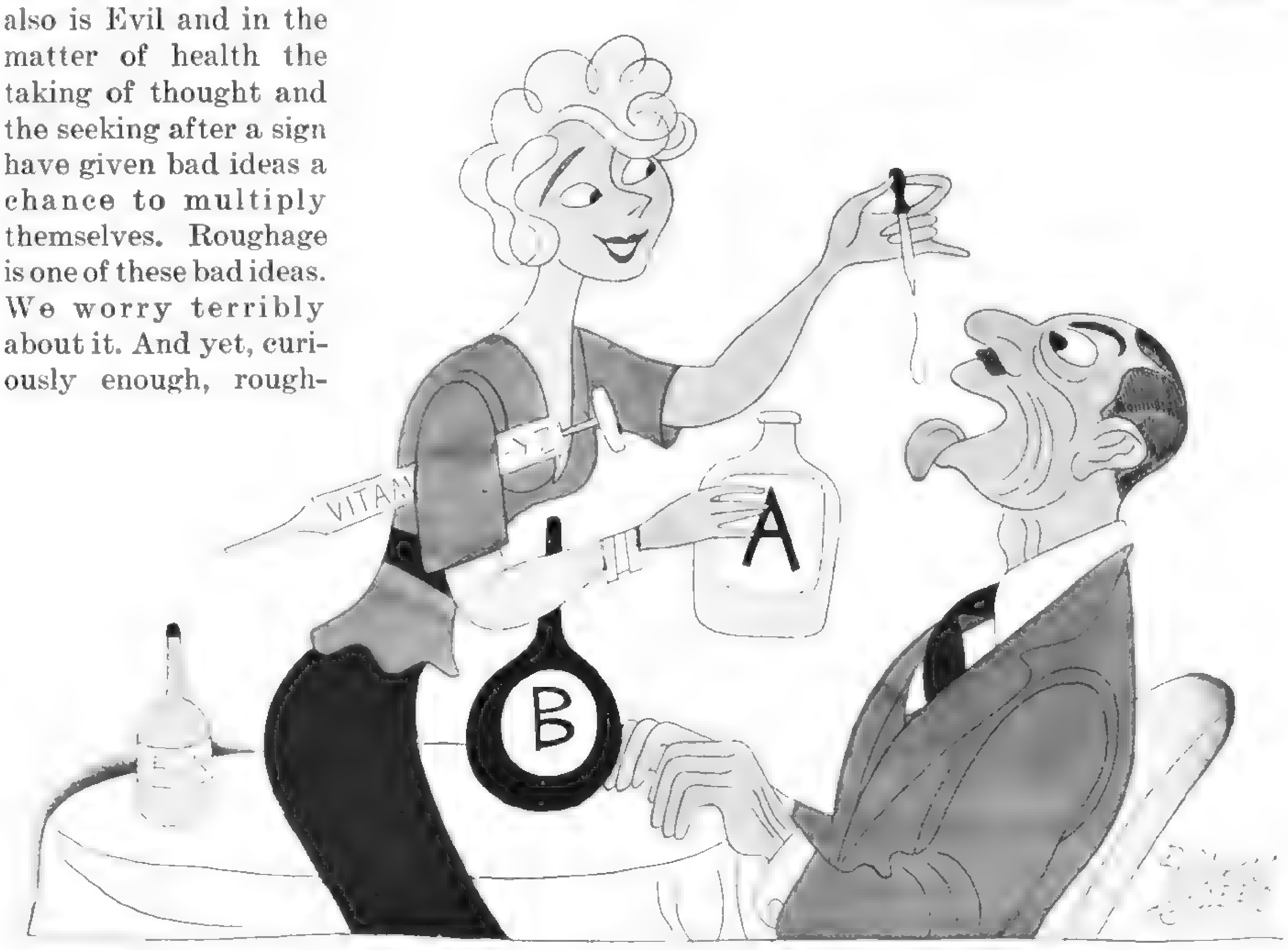
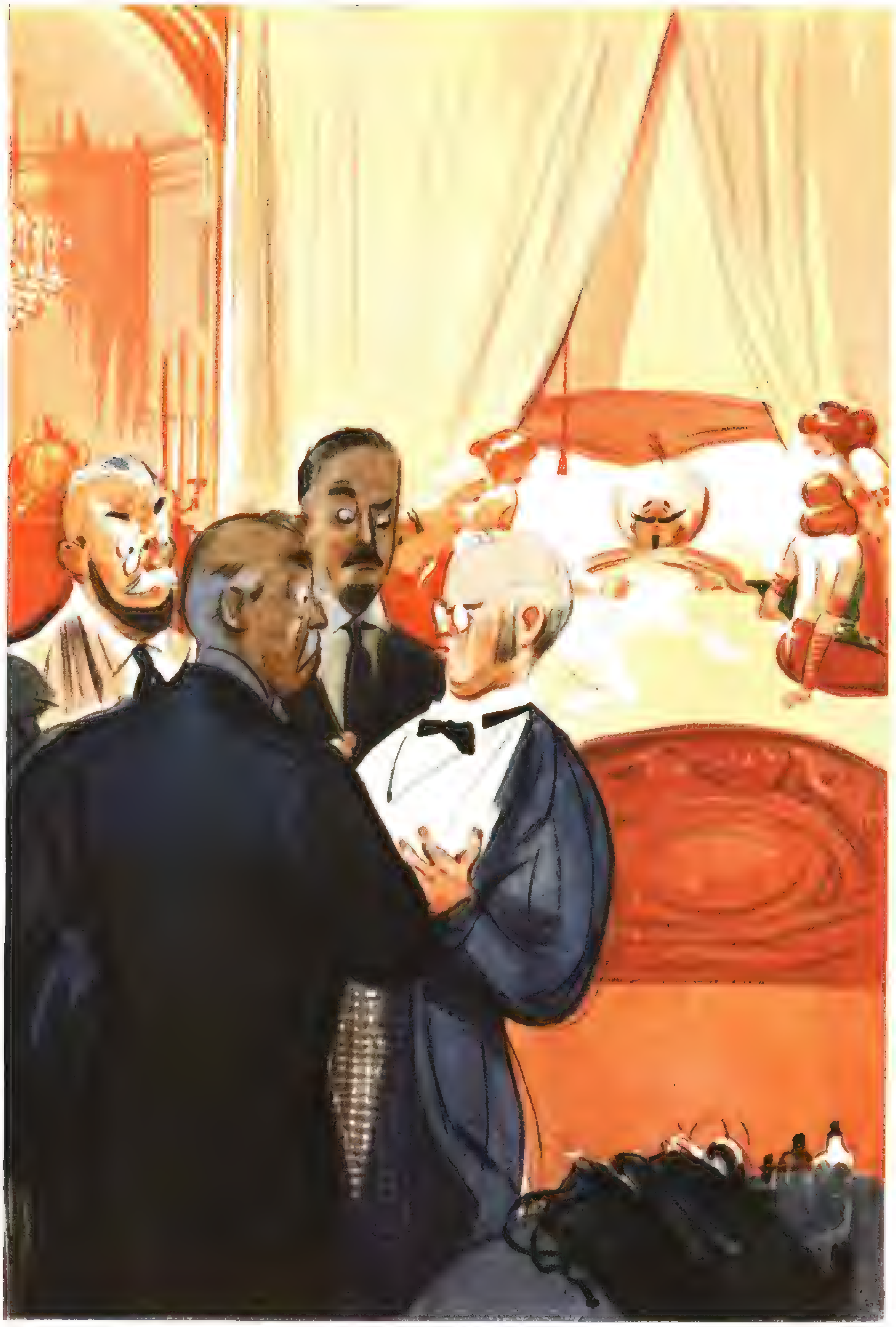
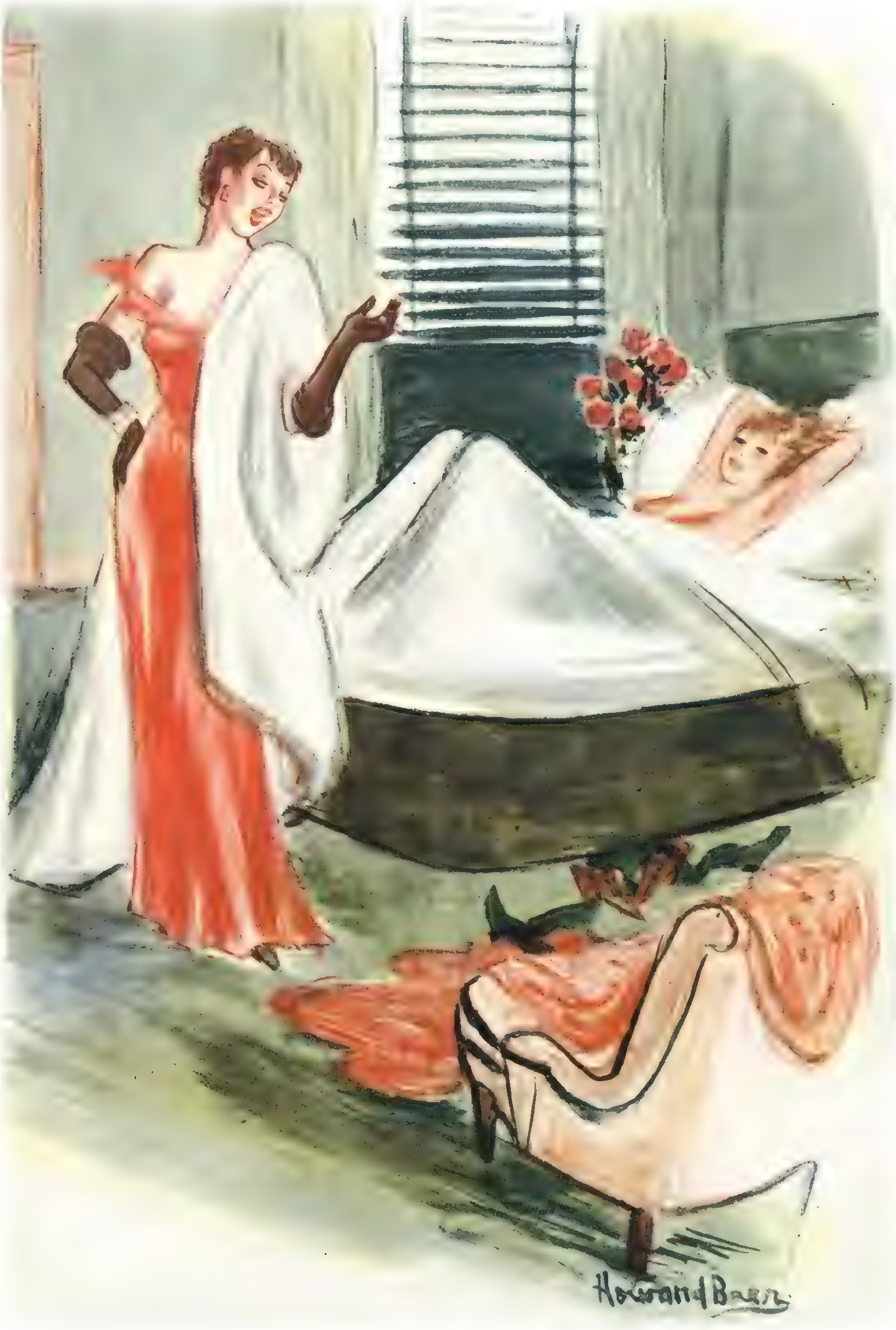




*"Personally, I'd say it was too much smoking"*


Howard Baer

*"I turned over a new leaf tonight like I said—and did Mr. Jesselman burn up!"*

# Renaissance Mécanique

### The human race is forfeit when Horace Crawford III plays a game of refine and super-refine

### by CREIGHTON PEET

• HUMOR •

Old Crawford's grandfather had been known to his generation as a philanthropist, a patron of the arts and a worthwhile citizen. He had endowed art museums and left huge sums to universities and libraries. His son, father of the current Crawford, had also been lucky in his investments, and he too, had become a philanthropist and an ornament to society. Having a fondness for tunes he was easily persuaded to invest part of his fortune in opera companies and symphony orchestras, and at his own expense he rebuilt the town hall and erected a lovely Colonial comfort station in the public square of his native village.

Carefully insulated from the modern world and its horrid actualities by a staff of secretaries, Horace Crawford III smugly took to himself and his ancestors complete credit for an intellectual rebirth of the New World. When he read accounts of his family's benefactions and considered how he had carried on in the noble tradition, he experienced a fine, radiating glow. Needless to say he had never encountered a tabloid, a confession magazine, a movie or a radio.

Then one day rather late in life the old man met his first cutie, a pretty housemaid with a luscious figure and a lively flair for sex. To Horace Crawford III she was extravagantly attractive, for he had been educated by tutors and surrounded by old school debutantes in his youth, and had always regarded sex as a tedious business. His wife had been a dowager from the day of her birth, so when Daisy decided to do something drastic about her future old Crawford fell with a crash.

Unfortunately for the old gentleman (but fortunately for civilization) Daisy turned out to be a child of the common people, and not very smart. Daisy loved the radio, and broke into a cold sweat when Bing Crosby came on the air, and thought Constance Bennett and Helen Twelvetrees were simply lovely. Furthermore, Daisy chewed gum with a clicking noise, and when she read the funnies her lips moved in sympathy with the words in the balloons. But, as I said, Daisy had a gift for sex which amounted to genius, and it was not long before Horace Crawford III, climax of three generations of respectability, found himself in a lush suite in one of Atlantic City's largest hotels. He ran no risk of being recognized for his picture had not appeared in the papers since he was three, when a photographer disguised as a gentleman had caught him shoveling sand into a pail. Wrapped in a purplish dressing robe and established in an orchid-tinted bedroom, Crawford learned not only about life and sex, but about Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Popeye the Sailor, Walter Winchell, six-bit gin, *True Confessions*, detachable eyebrows, Babe Ruth and "dance sets."

LOVE
MURDER
RAPE

But gifted as she was, she had no feeling for tact, diplomacy, politics or high finance. She liked jewelry because it glittered, not because it could be converted into cash. She never even suggested a checking account or a deed. Five hundred in twenties dripping from her hand bag was the limit of her imagination. On the other hand, had she been out to improve her finances, her manners, or her tastes, Old Crawford would never have been ill all over the red plush carpet in the movie Cathedral or destroyed Daisy's especially built radio with a fire extinguisher or ripped one of her more spectacular costumes from her in the lobby of a hotel, or had apoplexy on finding himself referred to as *The Boy Friend* in Daisy's Diary.

Possibly Old Crawford was a snob. Certainly he was a little stuffy. After three weeks of Daisy, her crooners, her Joan Crawford and her Georgie Raft and her chewing gum under the chair-arm and her step-ins on the furniture, the old man disappeared to his thirty-five room hunting lodge. There, with the aid of his man Roberts, he attempted to collect himself.

After some days of agonizing deliberation he brought himself to face the fact that all the efforts expended by himself, his father and his grandfather had come to naught. Universities, opera companies and expeditions to Egypt were as nothing when competing with the Kiddies' Radio Hour, the lobby of the average movie theatre or some of the more frantic front pages. To these and their like the American people clung with an indecent affection. In a panic he called his secretaries together to consult on the collapse of civilization. In a short while they had plotted a stupendous publicity campaign calculated to put good taste on the map . . . a campaign calculated to outsmart the most startling cigarette war, bond selling drive or militaristic neighbor-hating campaign. He reasoned that if the cunning devices of propaganda can be used to sell shoddy literature and entertainment they can also be used to destroy them. He would change the very nature of mankind by holding up a mirror to the face of vulgarity, and pointing out each nasty feature so plainly that some sort of spontaneous revulsion would ensue.

His publicity scheme resembled the Soviet plan for obtaining converts. He would form good taste "cells." He would bore from within. Subtly and secretly he would destroy the crowd's faith in its own judgments. Without breaking the news of this campaign to Daisy, Crawford nevertheless used her as a divining rod for the shabby and the tawdry. He was no longer interested in her for personal reasons, but he financed her for public ones.

She was given a handsome allowance and the run of the city on the sole condition that she report to him for one hour every afternoon on the things she had enjoyed most during the day. She recounted movie plots, radio sketches, and what her army of girl friends had said. All these, secretaries listening through a microphone, took down in detail and immediately relayed to the proper department. The organization was so efficient that when Daisy went into raptures over a radio hour one afternoon, agents in forty-eight states were working against it by noon the following day. In other words Crawford was convinced that anything Daisy liked was poison, and took quick action against it.

The most important division in Crawford's organization was that which trained the Choral Stooges, or fake common people. In manner of speech and dress they differed in no way from ordinary clerks, salesmen and housewives. But at the movies or at a radio broadcast or in the subway, or when conversing in loud tones at street corners they were blunt and brutally outspoken in their loathing of the sappy and the saccharine. In order to confuse and befuddle all listeners the Stooges were meticulously illiterate. No loathsome highbrow word or phrase ever passed their lips. They did not, as did the professors, lecturers and librarians sup-

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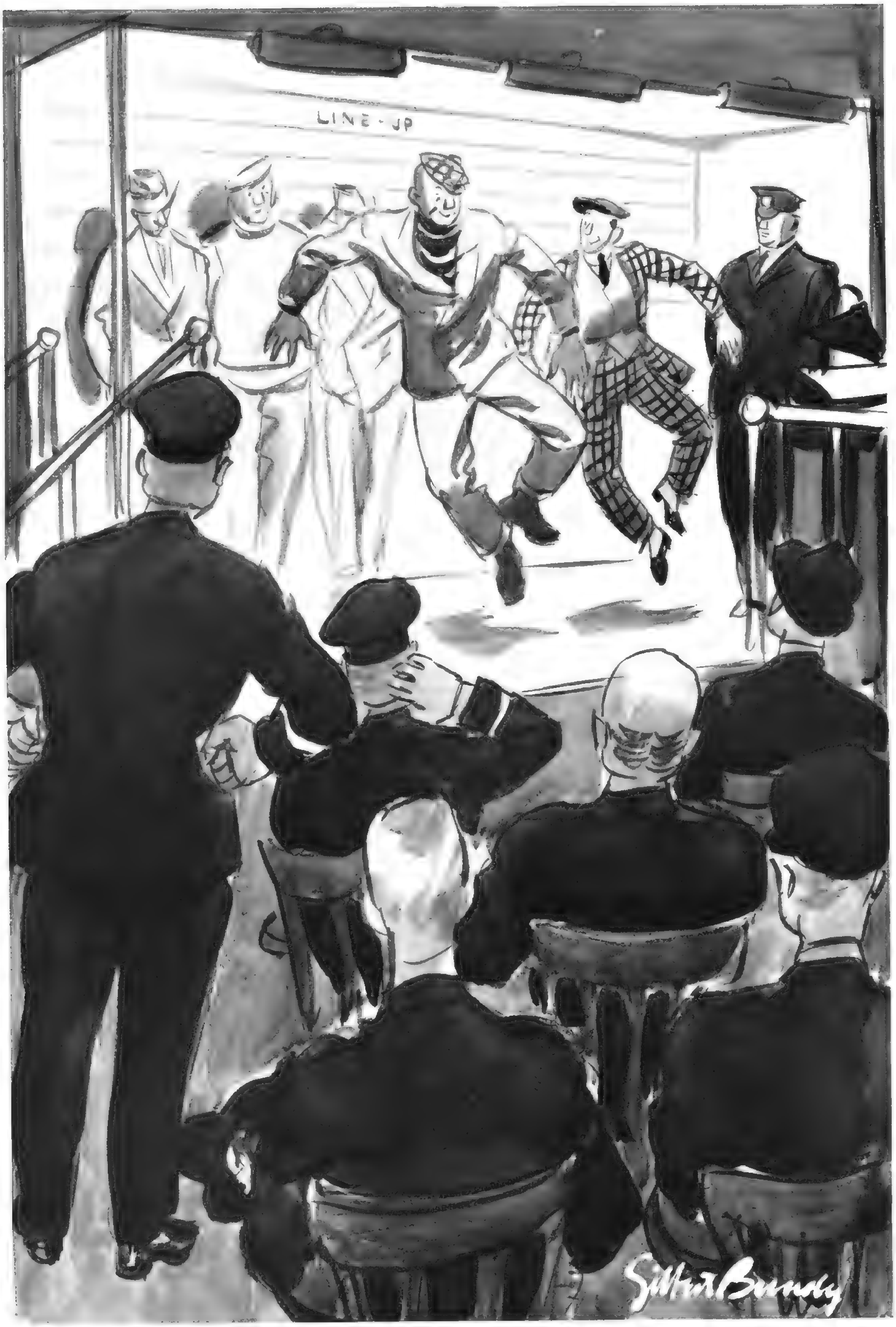

LINE-UP
Gilbert Bundy

# Mutiny in Jalisco

### A machete was ready for the martinet who thought Villa's men were machine gun fodder

### by ROBERT HERMAN TORRES

• SEMI-FICTION •

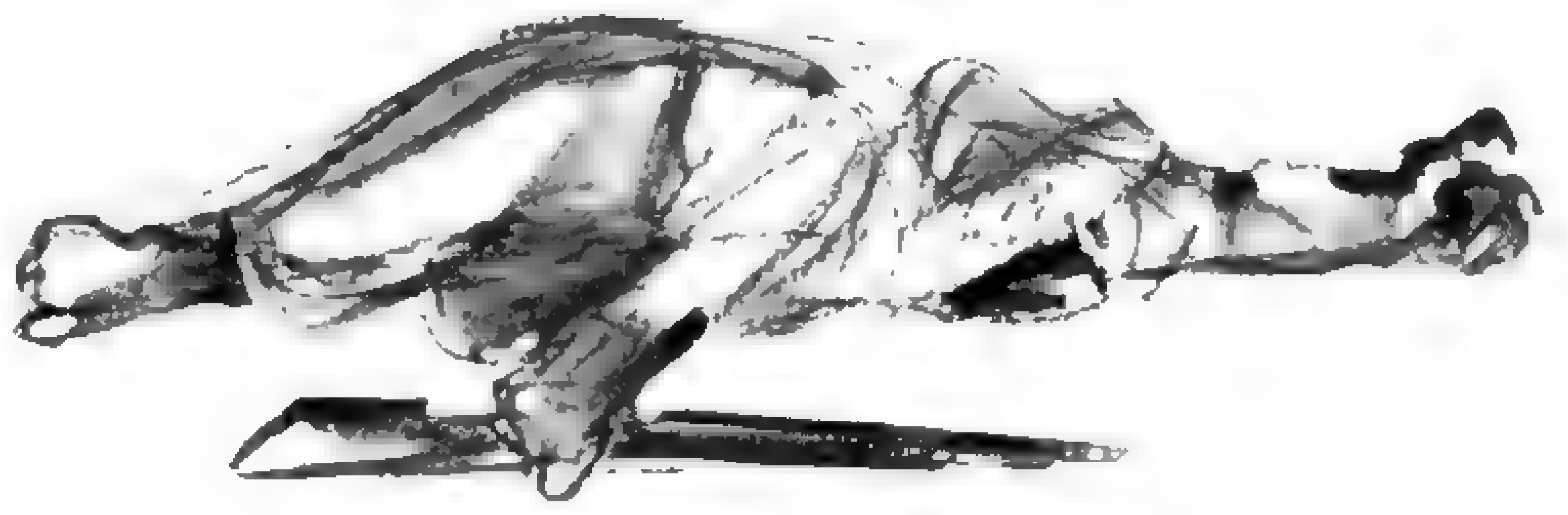
There we were, the twenty of us, lying on our stomachs in a ditch in the middle of Mexico, the sun shining down and all around us the flat scrub and the black and yellow mountains we were eating our hearts out at; and a machine gun up in front was filling the scrub with bullets that hummed in the little bushes like bees looking for flowers that weren't there. The ditch was shallow, so we had to lie flat and keep our faces in the dirt, the sun burning through our shirts and making the rifle barrels red hot; and we had been there since dawn. We had lain there sweating and cursing since dawn, and we had come up in the night and the sun had come up while we were still moving around and then all of a sudden a machine gun had started firing at us from somewhere up in front, and before we could duck into the ditch three of us were dead.

So there we were. We threw the bodies up on the edge of the ditch to make a parapet and lay down and waited for something to happen. The ditch was not even a ditch, but a crack some old earthquake had left in the plain. The walls were of sand clay and we lay in the soft sand in the bottom, and it burned our hands and got inside of our clothes.

For a long time nothing happened, and then in back of us our men tried to move somewhere but the machine gun in front of us spotted them and they ran for cover, leaving some dead and wounded scattered on the ground, very plain against the gray green scrub with their white clothes. The machine gun swept over them for almost ten minutes finishing off the wounded and then was quiet again and nothing moved on the plain. But the machine gun was nervous and every once in a while would send a burst of fire over our heads into the plain, shooting at nothing but the air, but even so we heard bullets pump into the bodies in front of us, and we flattened ourselves into the sand and lay there, not knowing where to go or what to do next.

Finally McGowan said we would have to go out and get the machine gun. There was one little cloud up in the sky then and three dead men in front of us.

It was hot, we were thirsty and there was no water left. One little cloud came up in the sky, and McGowan said, "Get your junk together, we're going to charge." We were half asleep and none of us moved a finger. "Come on," he said, "put on your hats and get ready to charge. Get going!"



We raised our heads and looked at him in wonder. Where had he gotten such sentimental ideas about warfare? He read somewhere in a book probably about a charge, and the book was written a thousand years ago, and gunpowder had been discovered since. The only things Mac had ever charged he had shot dead first, and now he was telling us to charge a live machine gun.

"But, Colonel," Felipe said, "there is a machine gun in front of us."

McGowan was busy tightening his belt and looking at his revolver. "It's an order," he said, "and no more remarks!" He got to his knees and looked at us with the jaws of his brick red face set hard and his mouth a thin pale line that cast no shadow in all the sun's brightness.

"The sun has gone to his head!" little Vasquez whispered to me.

"Come on, quit stalling," Mac said. "It's the only way out. Do you want to fry to death out here? And if we stay they'll get us in the end anyhow, so what's the difference?"

"But why make sure, Colonel?" Felipe said pleasantly. "Why do we have to die right now? If we stay here maybe we won't die, maybe we'll be able to get away in the dark."

"That's plenty. Shut up and get ready!"

We looked at the little cloud up in the sky and at the mountains and at the three dead men in front of us. We did not want to go out after that machine gun, but there was nothing else to do, so we put on our bandoliers and picked up our guns and waited to see something happen. McGowan looked around to see if we were ready, and we looked at him and forgot that the sun was shining and that Mexico lay there before us to be won. . . What with the dead men on top of the ditch and the dead lying out on the plain behind us, we were disgusted and scared with the bloodiness of this war and did not want to fight in it any more.

Then McGowan barked out all of a sudden, "Let's go!" and we looked to see who would go first, watching each other on our hands and knees with our heads in the air. McGowan yelled again, and still we stayed there watching each other. Then somebody got up and tried to look over the parapet and ducked down again. It was Pedro, who was very young.

McGowan turned on us with blood in his eyes. He motioned with his pistol. "I'm going to count three and if anybody is left in this ditch when I get through, I'll blow his head off!"

The three dead men on top of the ditch smiled at us, and the whites of our eyes rolled fearfully under our sombreros all along the ditch. Mac shoved his gun at us. "One," he said. Pedro, who was very young, started to crawl out of the ditch, but we caught him by a leg and pulled him back.

What the hell, we said to ourselves, there were twenty of us and only one of McGowan. We no longer watched each other but looked at the sun and at the ground and scratched ourselves. Something was going to happen.

"Two!" he said, as if we were already out of the ditch and lying dead on our faces in the scrub. Nothing moved on earth, not even the vultures that had been flying in circles in the sky behind us. Suddenly the machine gun started in again.

"All right, you bastards, when it stops I'll start counting again," said McGowan.

The machine gun went on awhile with its chatter and then stopped. "One," he said. We shifted about and slapped at flies.

"Two," he said. Something was going to happen, but we were not sure as to what. "Three!" he yelled, and we lay without making a move. McGowan drew his breath in with a hiss and pointed his gun at Felipe who was next to him. Felipe ducked his head and put up one begging hand. We waited. McGowan hesitated and there was a queer expression on his face. Then while he was hesitating, Herman from the South, who was behind him, got to his knees and hit him over the head with the stock of his gun, knocking him flat on his face, and we jumped on him and took his revolver away and left him lying where he was as if dead. Herman wanted to cut

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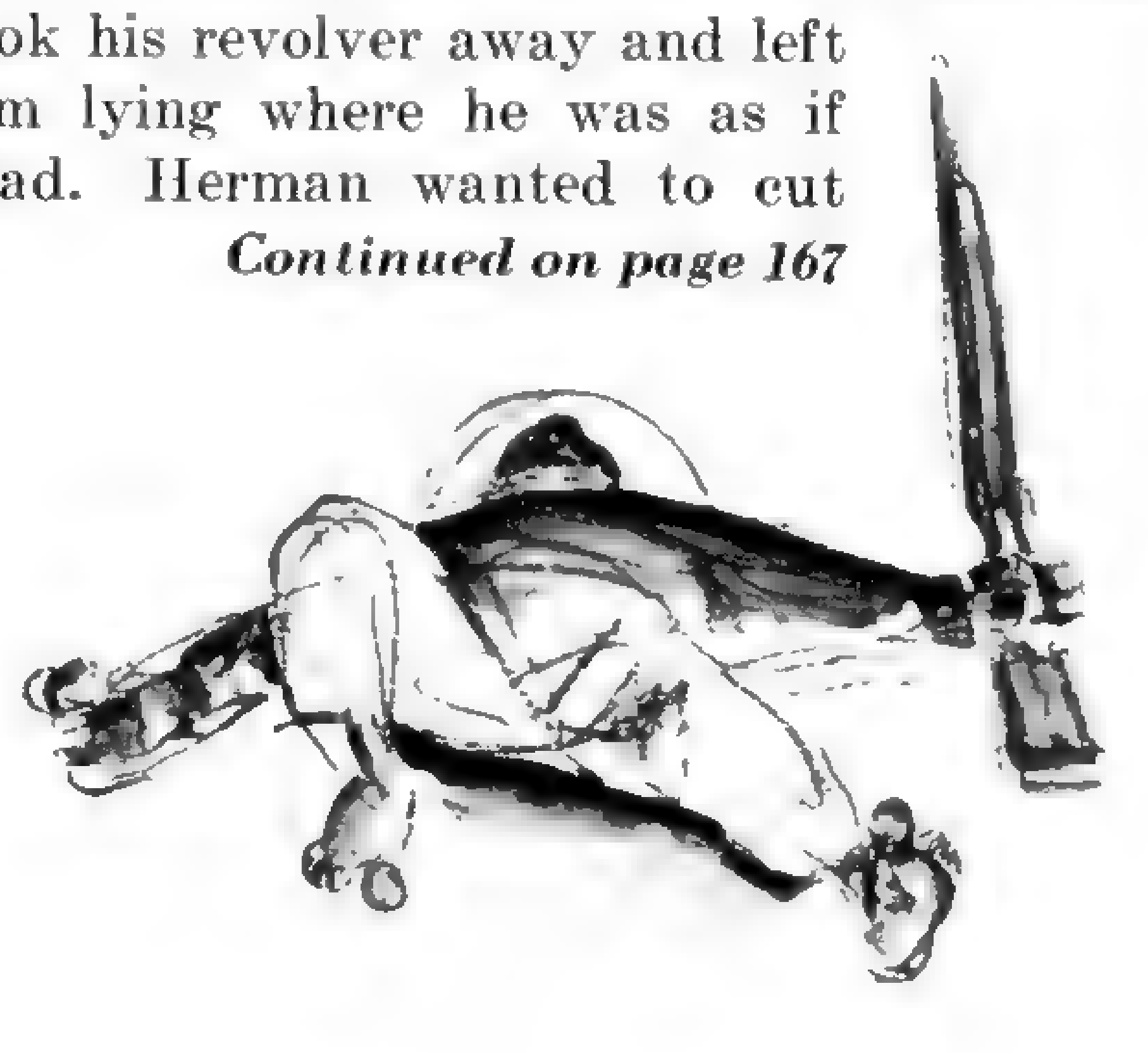


# The Friendly Spirit Must Triumph

### Prisoner 26,206 learns how to coagulate a punch in the snoot with a philosophy of tolerance

### by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

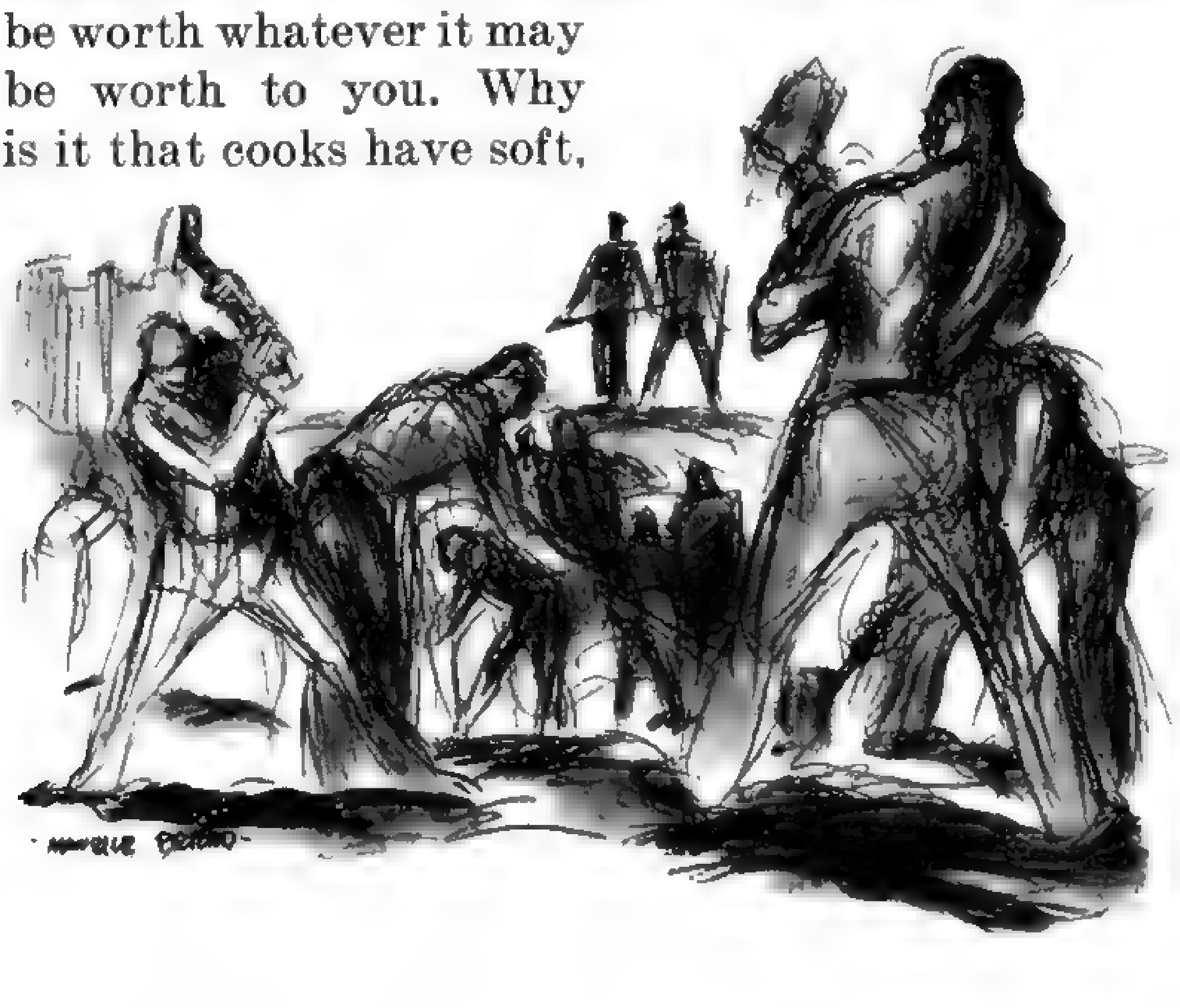
My number is 26,206, but within the familiarity of my own little circle I am called "Six." But my name is really Mortimer Krock, and I come up here to serve a ten year term for burglary. I want it to be severely understood that I don't hold no emity toward the police or the guards and overseers who, in my four years in this Hall of Tears, has not always shown a sympathetic understanding of my acts nor my philosophy toward Life. On the other hand I would not be the fearless realist did I not reiterate my belief that I was the recipient of a raw deal; and a raw deal will rankel in the breast even of one who believes he has achieved that intellectual tolerance of outlook which is so essential to the modern spirit of things.

I will never forget that inauspicious morning when the two great steel doors opened before me and I was swallowed up into the gloomy precincts of this penal colony, to be known henceforward by an anonymous non de plume, if I may be permitted to spin a quip between such serious thoughts. They slung some duds at me and bid me take a bath. I didn't need a bath, but took it anyway, fearing I might be the recipient of official censure.

To my immense lack of delight the water was stone cold. I was then ushered into the barber shop, one of who asked me politely in what fashion I desired to have my hair tonsured.

Had I studied their faces with more profit I would have known that this was but one exercise of their barbarous (to again unconsciously perpetrate a bon mott) jokes. The clipper sliced a clean swath up my skull and down the back of my neck, and I knew I had had my leg pulled, as our British cousins so capriciously put it.

This incident brings to mind a philosophical observation which you may find to be worth whatever it may be worth to you. Why is it that cooks have soft, benevolent faces, and what one might call, taken from our facetious Galls, a certain jolly enbonpoint, whereas barbers always look like they are not cutting your throat only by the exercise of the greatest self-control? Ah, well—we must let this question to be solved by more brainy philosophers and finished writers than me.



The first thing I was locked up in a cell. A screw, who is prison parlance for a guard or overseer (he was a big fat guy), come over and engaged me in conversation, asking about my rap, et ceterer. I replied in my friendliest fashion, wishing to make friends in a friendly way, thus paving the course of my stay with the bonds and willing gestures of friendship's social niceties and thus earn my good-behavior allowance and become released after the soonest possible interum. I will attempt to reproduce his remarks.

He said, "You'll get used to this here place, 206, and you'll find it ain't so bad like some people make out. Mine your own business and you will find us overseers is not the ruffians or got the hearts of stone which some would entice you to believe. Do your work good and nobody will have nothing to say to you, keep your cell clean of verminous insects, stay away from these now clicks that congregate around, obey orders, and especially don't get into no fights, and before you can say Jack Robertson you'll be out in the fresh sunshine, tasting the glorious delights of liberty."

This made me feel in a somewhat more gaier mood, as this good advice was just exactly what I had made my mind up to do. The cell I was in was on the bottom tier. There is six rows of tiers in this wing, which is the new modern wing. It was a nice cell. The concrete walls was handsomely whitewashed and the plumbing was all of brightly polished brass. Upon entering this City of Atonement the convict is given one of these up-to-date cells. Upon his commiting any disciplinery offence he is penalized by being slung into one of the crummy cells in the old wing. And they are crummy! — I spent three of my four years there. But that, after all, is the stuff out of which life is concocted, whereas we must describe the conversation of our narrative.

After the stout and friendly screw had left me to my solitude, I sat down upon my bunk and began to philosophize, as was my wont even in the long-distance past before my intellectual speculations had become christalized into the modern theory of tolerant outlook.

As was to be expected at that time, I dwelt rather bitterly upon the raw deal which I had been given. I had no more idea that those villanous bunch of roughneck bandits who had pursuaded me to keep a lookout for them was actually engaged upon the nefarious occupation of robbing that silk warehouse than a lady would have of swearing.

I thus took my simpel duties entirely too lightly, and before I could even have whispered Jack Robertson a big ruffianly bull had me by the back of the colar, and was jerking me up and down without ryhme or reason like a rat plays with a trap, much to my discomfitture.

The three criminals whom I had the misfortune to associate myself with were gave short terms in the County Jail while I, whom was more innocent than an unborn babe that walks the great outdoors in untrammelled freedom was prostituted to the extent of the law as the brains of the gang. Thus I was speculating rather in the spirit of intolerant bitterness when a man garbed in the dunnage of a convict like myself appeared before my cell door.

"So you're a burglar," he said rather flippily, apropos of nothing in particular, as the French gaily put it.

"Whom are you?" I questioned, looking up, but wishing to be friendly, as is my wont, though sometimes, I must say, as at present, I has no particular wish, you understand, to peruse the social obituaries.

"I'm 23,945," he replied nastily, and if my readers, if such there be, do not believe that the number 23,945 can be replied nastily, I will make an affidavid to same. I did not like 23,945. I did not like his voice. Yet, not knowing the customs nor rules of the establishment into which I had been so lucklessly precipitated I therefor volunteered one of the pleasantries of social interlude.

"I'm very happy to know you, sir," I said smiling.

"You are?" he asked.

"Well," I rejoindered, "yes. Of course." I detected the ironic contretemp in his

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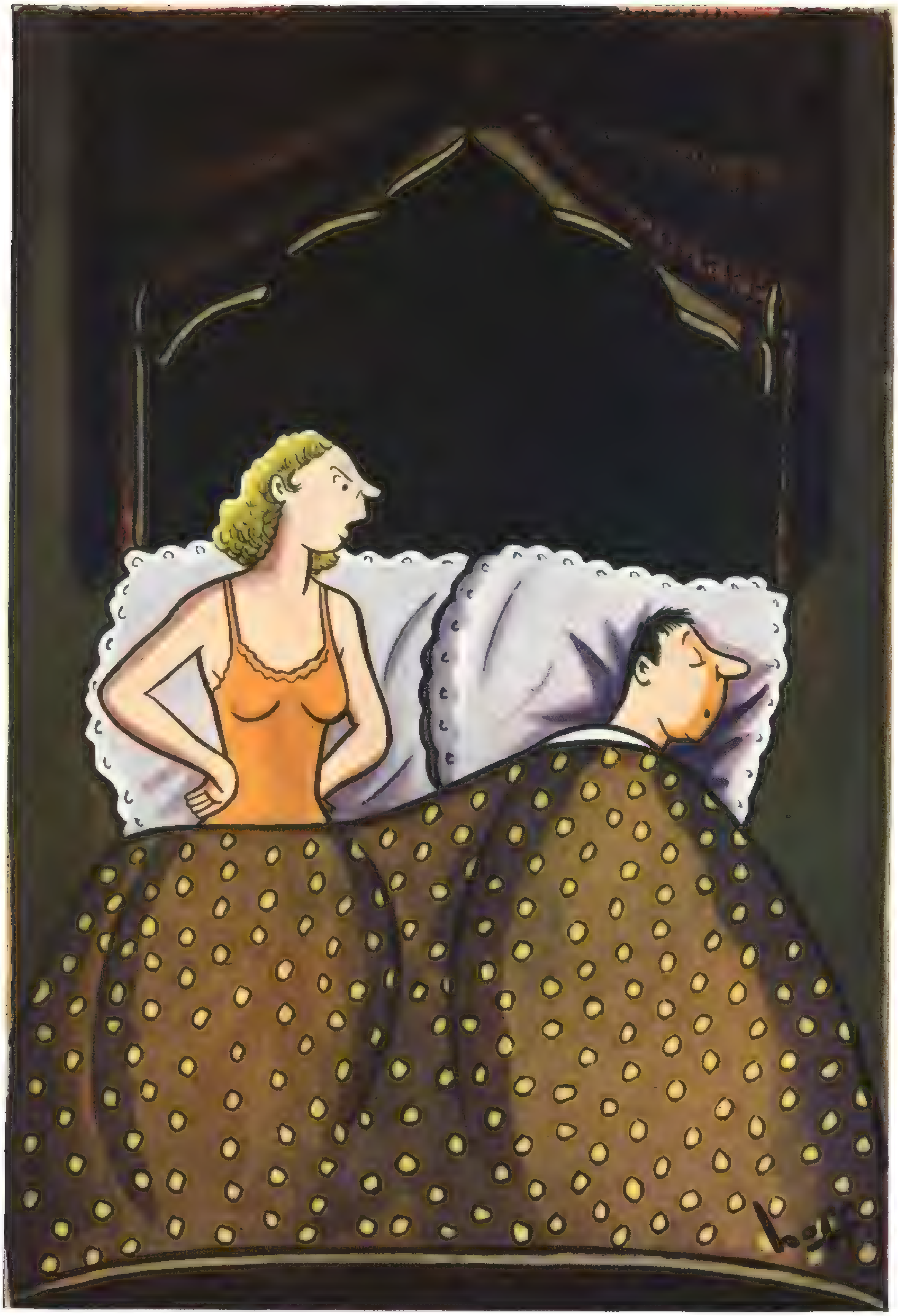
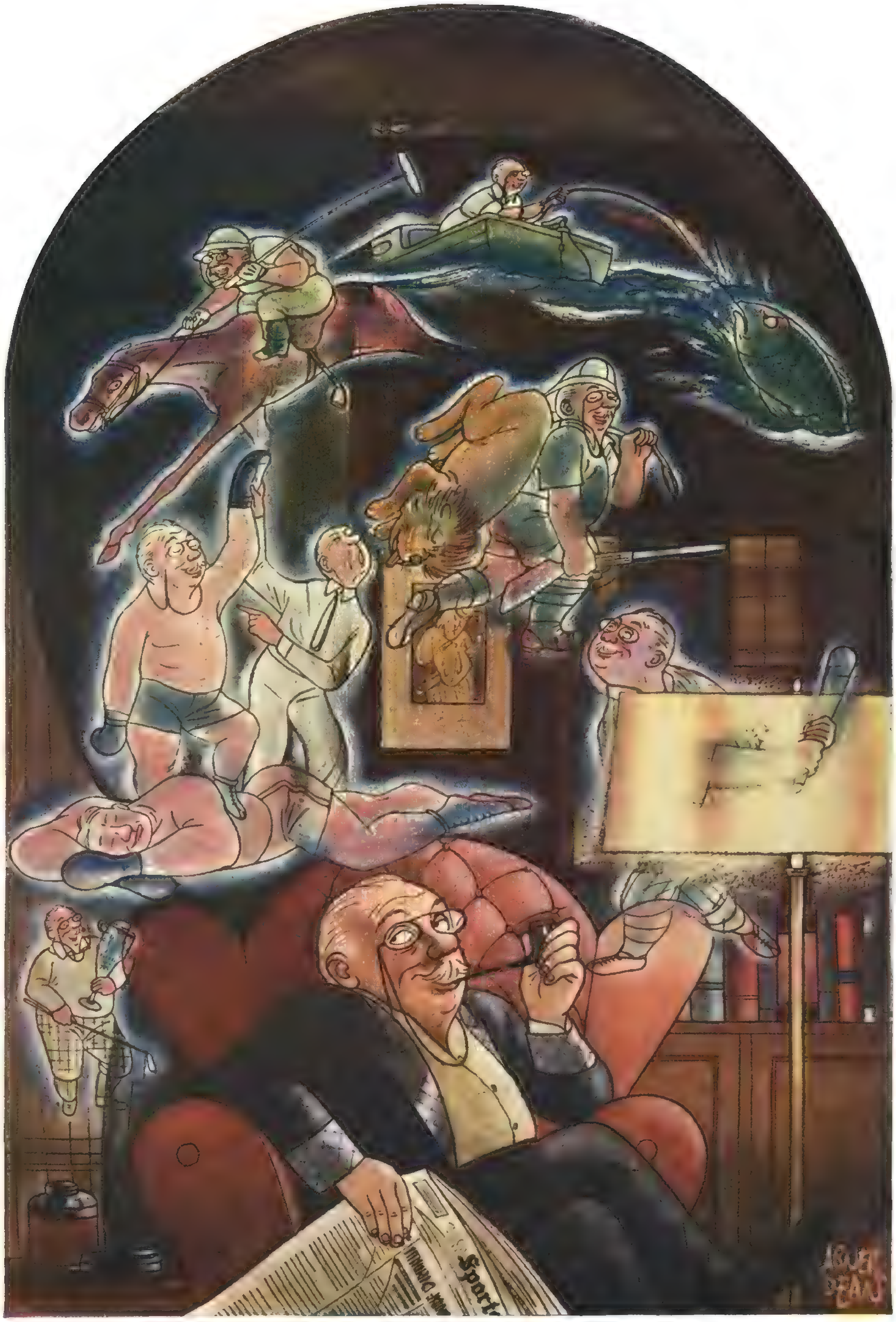


*"Boy! Is this a honeymoon!"*

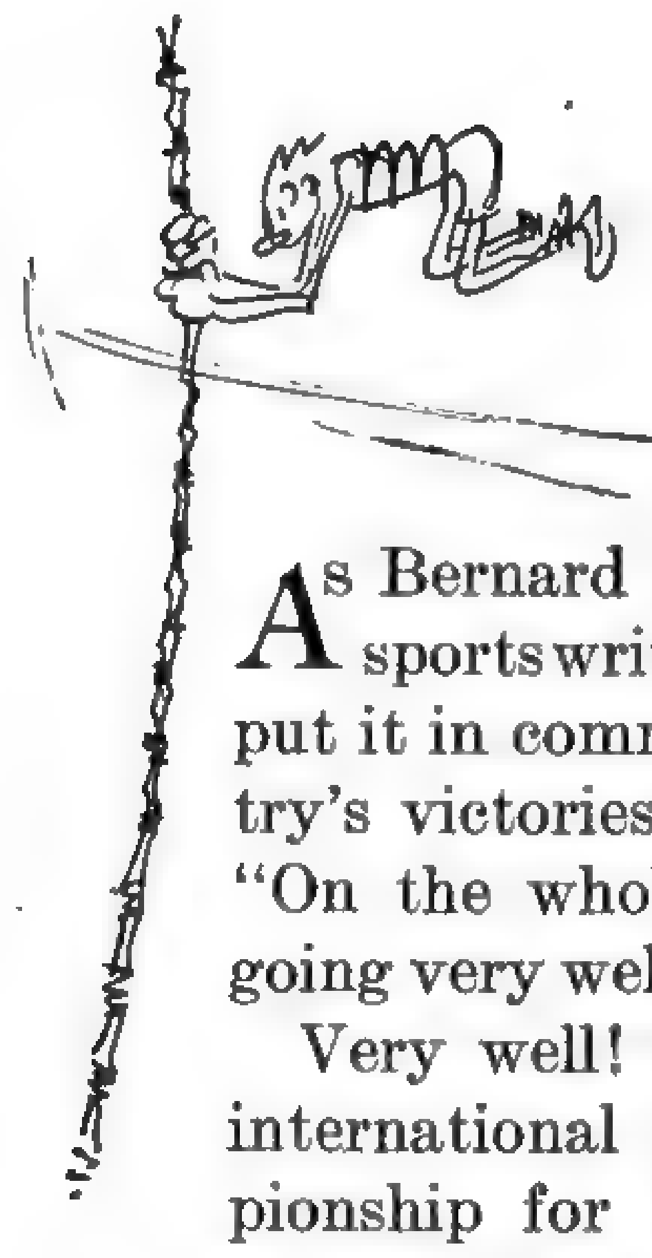

Sport
ABNER DEAN

# Star-Spangled England

### The British may be copping all the titles but they're doing it in the good old Yankee fashion

### *by* JOHN R. TUNIS

SPORTS



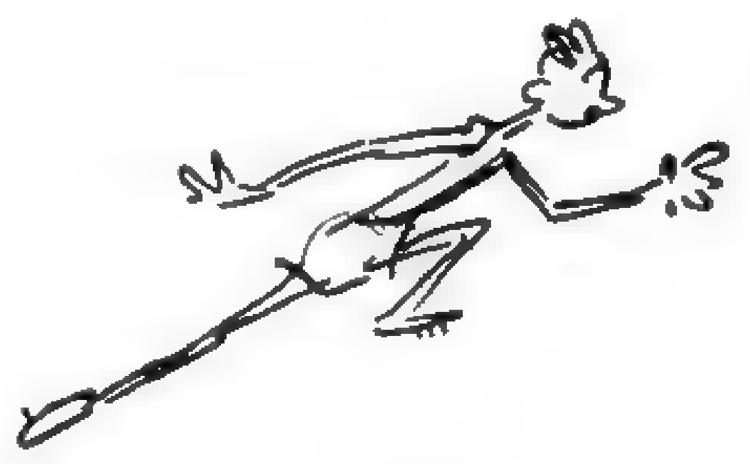
As Bernard Darwin, the celebrated sports writer of the London Times, put it in commenting upon his country's victories in sport last summer: "On the whole the world has been going very well for us in England."

Very well! Surely that takes the international understatement championship for 1934. When you consider that an Englishman was on top in nearly every form of sport from May to October, the term "very well" seems something less than exaggeration.

For after we had won the Walker Cup in May (one of the few American victories of the year), the tide of sport which had so long been running against England suddenly turned. First came Cotton's record score in the British Open at Sandwich, the only Englishman to capture the title since Arthur Havers won back in 1923. Within a month things were moving fast for the home town boys. Two English players, Fred Perry and Miss Dorothy Round, won the singles titles at Wimbledon, a feat that had not been accomplished for 25 years when Arthur Gore and Miss Boothby were triumphant back in 1909. The Leander crew won the "Grand" by defeating the Princeton eight at Henley, Kent School was also beaten there, while about the same time Sarazen and Kirkwood were falling in exhibition matches to Padgham (another coming young English golfer), and Brews. Later in July England won the Davis Cup with the loss of only a single match to the United States in the Challenge Round, and Oxford and Cambridge beat Cornell and Princeton in a track meet in which Lovelock conquered Bonthron. Finally Perry came to this country to retain his title as American singles champion, thus establishing a record by winning the Australian, English and American championships in the same year. For a nation which during the decade from 1920 to 1930 did not exist in competitive international sport, this was a change.

The decline in English sport started really previous to the war but it was not patent until after 1919. For ten years there came a period when the English were not a factor to be considered in the race for athletic supremacy. If the Americans were unable to conquer them, the continentals invariably succeeded. Not only were the French victorious in tennis, an English game, but in 1927 a young Parisienne named Simone de la Chaume came across the Channel and for the first time an English golfing title went to France. Americans not only won the British Open from 1923 to 1930; in 1926 and 1930 they won both the Open and the Amateur. Gradually French track teams began to beat the English, so did the Germans, so too did the Italians, while touring English soccer and rugger teams travelling on the continent were whacked more often than not. The excuse for all this was frequently made in English sporting circles by declaring that their best athletes had been killed in the war. This was all true enough; unfortunately it did not take into account the fact that the leading French and German sportsmen had also lost their lives between 1914 and 1918.

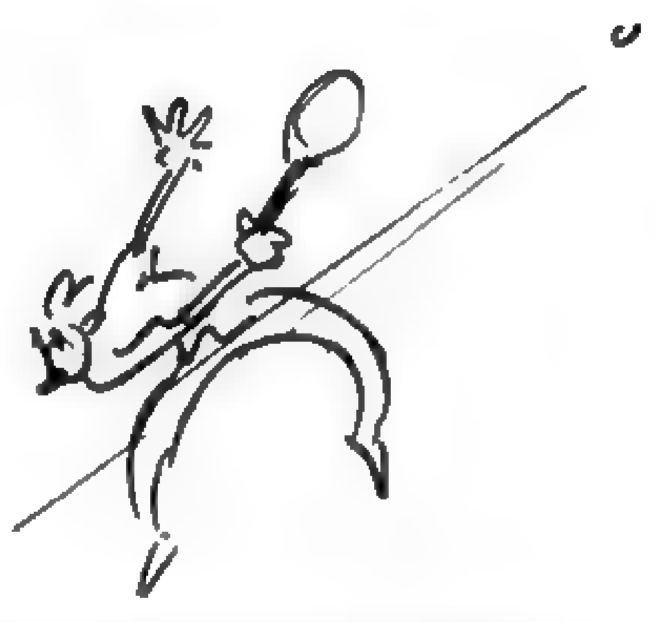
Good-bye to all that! The sporting scene has changed and changed suddenly. Within one year the English from being tail-enders in international sport, have jumped up and given everyone within reach a sound cuffing. What is the reason for this amazing shift in athletic values? For it is a transformation not likely to be of short duration: the tide has turned and England is no longer an athletic rag doll kicked about by Americans and continentals as she was after the war. What has happened? Have American athletes fallen away in the past twelve months, or have the home town boys come on? Both, probably. There is, however, a much deeper significance to this renaissance in English sport. Its real cause lies in the changing attitude toward games in the British Isles.



Generally speaking, the belief in England has always been that a man who played the game too well was, suppose we say not quite a gentleman. To take up a branch of athletics in a big way, to go in for it, to train, study, specialize in it as the American champion does, was in their estimation to become a professional. Not necessarily a man who made money out of the thing, but a man who devoted himself to sport, who professed the game. The English felt this sort of tactics took all the fun from athletics, in short Americanized it. Who shall say they were wrong?

"Athletic achievement has become a god," said an English writer on sport a few years ago, "a god whose clutching hands draw on the few for the eyes of the world to feast on, while forgetting if not actually repressing the many upon whom our general progress depends. It can be fairly said that the monopoly of the advantages offered by athletics is less evident in England than almost anywhere in the world."

In other words, let those who will, play the game that way; we will not. Nor did they. Most Englishmen compete in every form of sport, they can always take part in a foursome, make up one of a doubles at tennis, play house party cricket and do anything without being ashamed of their game. They did everything, yes, but they didn't go in for one sport intensively. That sort of thing was all right for foreigners, not for the English. The champion, so they believed, was a god-gifted person who sprang into being armed with a natural ability to vault 12 feet 6, run the hundred in evens or tear off a mile in 4:18. What on earth was the sense in trying to beat such a man? He was a talented youth who needed no assistance or encouragement, as a champion he was born that way. The fact that anyone who did the mile in 4:18 might with training and work do it in 4:12 never entered their heads. Or if it did, they rejected it. Even the results obtained by that wonderful track coach, Alec Nelson, at Fenners—despite the American Rhodes Scholars on every team Cambridge has soundly beaten Oxford the majority of times since the war—were unnoticed. Perhaps not unnoticed; yet nothing was done.



Those who were not champions took things easily; they never trained to beat the star. Like the champions, they seldom practised and consequently seldom improved. The champion who was a good runner or cricketer would be asked after he left college to make up a side the Achilles Club was sending to Scotland that week-end, or play on an Old Boys rugger team which was going to meet the school fifteen the next afternoon, without any preparation whatever. In other words your average Englishman though he played well or badly, did not stop competing after college. On a Saturday afternoon this winter I counted three hundred teams of school and college graduates playing rugger, soccer and field hockey in and around London. Those games are by no means prissy sports as those who know will tell you. Yes, the English play. They don't stand around grousing because the coach is no darn good and the team fumbled twice on the goal line; they get out and play, a nation of games-players, not watchers. In their attitude toward sport they have always affected to look down on the record-breaker and the specialist. Certainly the religion of the record has never swept the nation as it has in this country. A close and continued attention to athletics was unfavorably

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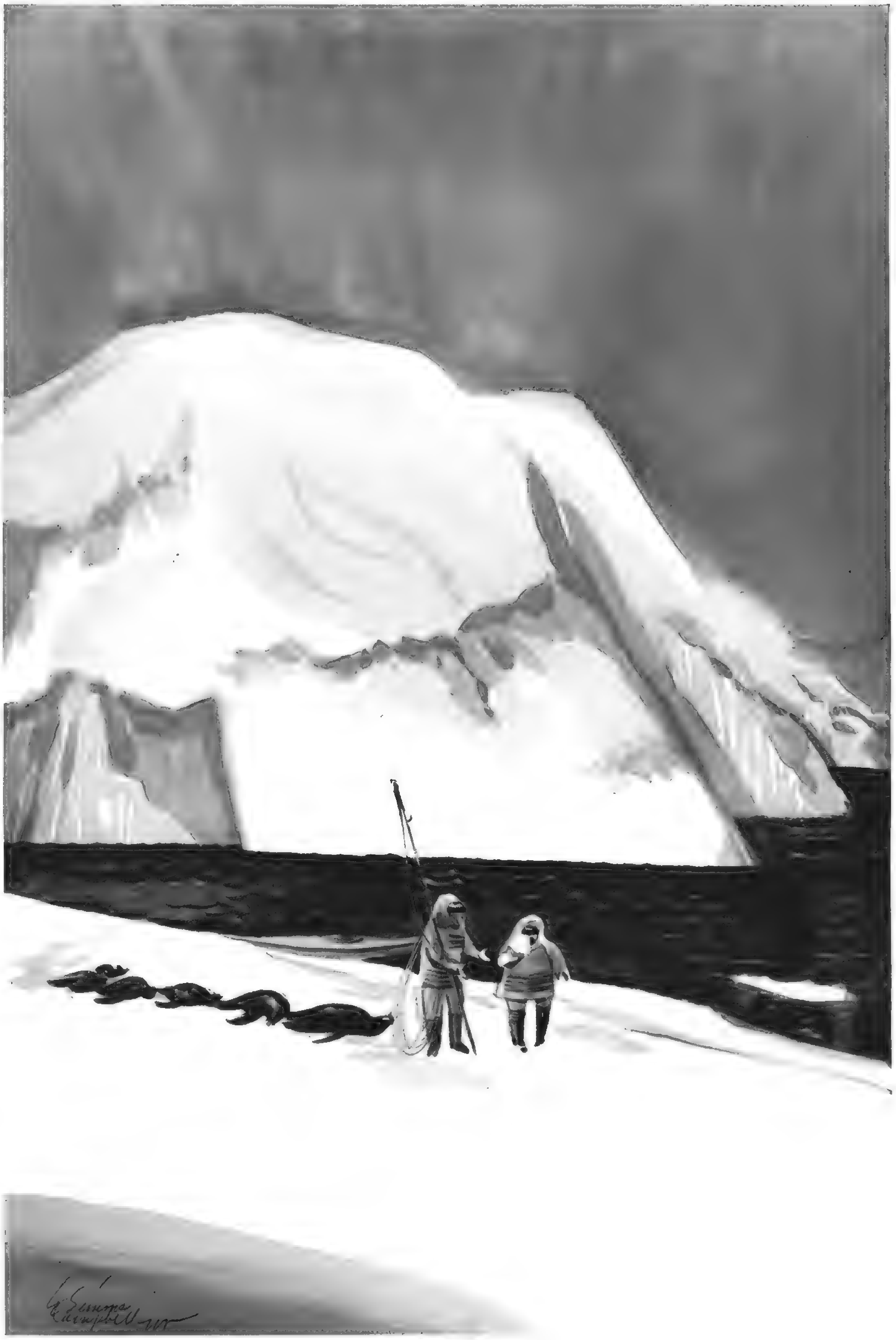
E. Simms Campbell

*"But honey—I can't afford no cloth coat this year!"*

# Still Alive

## Enigma of a beautiful spy which hints that a disconnected chain can always grow together again

### by KONRAD BERCOVICI

• FICTION •

"MONSIEUR! Mlle. Fleury was not exactly a Mata Hari, a sensational spy about whom one could romance, but she is still alive, and Mata Hari is dead. And as long as she lives, wherever that may be, the French budget will not be easily balanced."

"Come, come Monsieur Dallancourt! Five hundred dollars could end her career forever. People have been killed for less than that."

"Certainement, Monsieur. I know. But she is now the wife of an honorable American, a veteran of the World War, a man with a Croix de Guerre, and a congressional medal. You would declare war on us if we did such a thing. And anyhow such are not the methods of France. Guilt, and the degree of guilt, must be established lawfully before a sentence is pronounced."

Short, stocky, bald headed, rosy cheeked, Dallancourt looked the picture of a Parisian concierge or a waiter, as that gentry is portrayed in farces and in vaudeville. One would never have suspected from looking at him, that he was one of France's ablest detectives, that he spoke fluently, and correctly, a dozen languages, including Russian and Canton Chinese, that he had the most phenomenal memory in the world, had a smattering of all the sciences, and could tell offhand the itineraries and the hours of departure and arrival, of every train, plane, or boat, in the principal cities of the world. Monsieur Dallancourt hated the word detective with the intensity of all the Frenchmen for the occupation which that word represents. He called himself an investigator.

During my own peregrinations I had met him in Paris, in front of Café de la Paix, in Budapest at the Caffee Hungaria, in London, at a café in Soho and in New York and Hollywood in lobbies of hotels, in speakeasies, at the theatre, and at literary gatherings. He was at home everywhere. Always at leisure, well informed, entertaining, he knew the best restaurants on five continents, read the latest books in a dozen languages, and was the friend of thousands of people though he made little or no secret of his profession. As a matter of fact Paul Dennis, one of the most eminent of the younger French writers, had introduced him to me, years ago, with a tap on his shoulders and saying, "C'est un de nos flicks les plus intelligents." (He is one of our most intelligent policemen.)

"And are you in New York now just for that Mlle. Fleury?" I asked Monsieur Dallancourt who had come to visit me.

"Precisely," he answered. "Precisely. That's why I am here chiefly," he added as an afterthought. "The matter dates back to 1917-1918, when your troops crossed the ocean to help us win the war. I knew, of course, that with the good the bad would come. Your own investigators here did wonderful work and weeded out what was most suspicious. However your Intelligence service which has since become one of the best in the world, was then no match for the trained and experienced spies of the enemy. They were so many and so well organized that it would have cost more to watch them than to conduct the war. Monsieur, their war machine didn't function half as smoothly as their secret service. The war machine has been smashed since, their spy organization is still intact; or almost so.

Do I have to tell you the joy of France when your big boys first appeared on our streets? But that joy hardly matched the joy of your boys to be in France. They acted as if they had all come on a holiday, like Elks on parade in a convention town. The day they were to be sent out to the front to meet the enemy across rains of steel and clouds of gases, they regarded as the day of the big banquet, the reward for having been good enough Elks to be elected delegates to the Convention. And were they impatient! They filled the streets of Paris, in fours, in tens. They were everywhere. In the cafés, the winehouses, the casinos, the theatres. They drank their fill, flirted with all the women, and laughed their full throated laughter in museums as well as in churches and cathedrals. Our people hadn't heard such laughter in years, when your boys came. And they were spending freely. They had dollars. The pay of the lowest soldier was equivalent to the pay of a captain in the French army.

In the midst of all that, I get word to watch a Mademoiselle Fleury who lived on the Rue du Back, on the left bank of the Seine. She wasn't difficult to find. Fifth floor. In a mansarde under the roof. Born in Paris of French parents. Musicians. Both parents dead. Studied music at the conservatory. Graduated with honors. Was playing in an orchestra at a café on the Boulevards. Her conduct was irreproachable. I gathered all my information before I saw her. I always do. Then I went to the café where she was playing, every day, from four to six in the afternoon and from eight to twelve at night. It was an orchestra of ladies. Mlle. Fleury played the flute. Played it quite well. She was a tall girl, with blue eyes and auburn hair and a soft, pleasing face. She was almost beautiful. But she had no chic—if you know what I mean. No. For a Parisian she had no chic. During the short intermissions she talked to the other girls, giggled with them and scanned leisurely the groups sitting around the marble-topped tables in front of her. All in all she was less talkative and less provocative than the other girls in the orchestra. I watched her for two hours during that first afternoon. When she laid her flute aside on top of the piano, I followed her out on the street wondering what she would do with the two hours until she was due back to work. No one waited for her outside. She walked down the Boulevard, looking in the show windows, then down over the Rue de la Paix, to under the

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# Scotch and Irish

### A glimpse into the secret heart of a brutish soldier who would rather die than show tenderness

### by CLAYTON KNIGHT

• FICTION •

It was nearly midnight when a light snapped on flooding the lofty, beam-ceilinged room crowded with hospital beds.

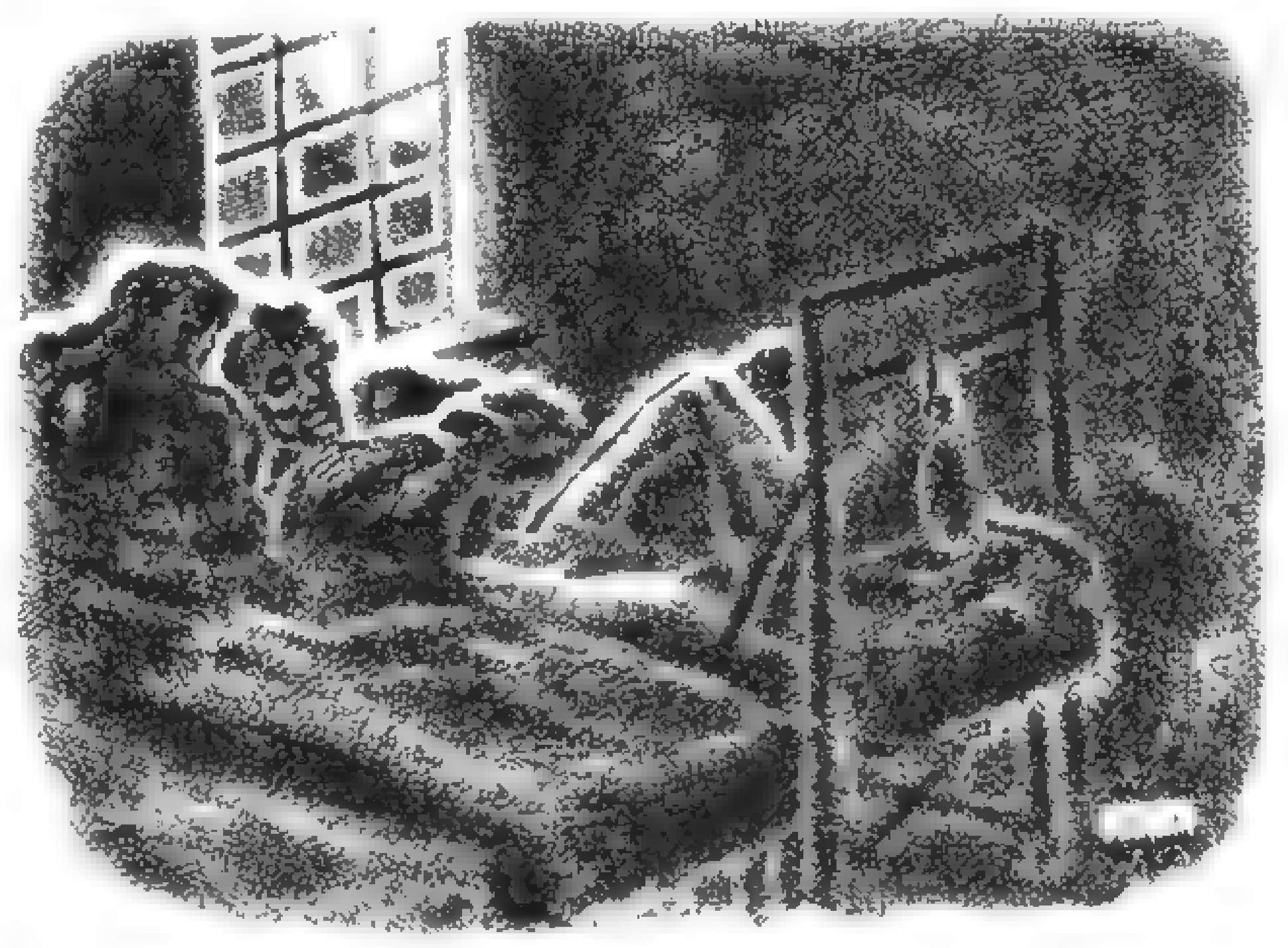
We were in the prisoners ward of a German *Kreigslazaretten*. Occupying the beds were shattered men of many nationalities. Several were sleeping soundly; others, wide-eyed, had that desperate look that tells the cruel story of sleeplessness. The white covers on some of the beds gave no hint of the mangled bodies beneath; while from others, strange, clumsy, bandaged shapes protruded—unnatural arms and legs hoisted high in the air by means of cords and pulleys.

The war was dragging on towards another winter; the last one, although we couldn't know that; and this vaulted hall in a monastery in northern Belgium was one of the many backwashes of the bloody business. And the men filling the beds so grotesquely had tasted the fury of battle and now because of the uncertain fortunes of war, were prisoners.

Kerrigan, the Irish machine gunner, lorded it over the lot of us. Before he took the King's shilling he had been a Bobby in Dublin and I thought back to pity any belligerent barroom roisterer who'd crossed Constable Kerrigan's path in the old days. He looked more ape than man. His thick black hair grew down to meet black beetling brows above his small green eyes. His mouth was close-set, grim, above a pugnacious jaw. He towered above the French, Italian, Belgian assortment of us like Gulliver among the pygmies.

I imagine he suffered constant pain himself. They'd taken his arm off some inches above the elbow after a shell had shattered it. And most of the day Kerrigan silently paced the hall in giant strides, massaging the useless stump that once had been his strong right arm.

He alone could intimidate Frieda, our grim-visaged nurse. She was a gaunt, flat-chested female giant, apparently as incapable as a Robot of any emotion, either pity or hatred, for her disabled enemies. When the Doctor told her to change a dressing she did it with the mechanical directness that made us dread the business. Rrippp! Off the burning bandage came. No change of expression on her stolid face! Then the application of searing antiseptic. When we winced with the pain, no answering emotion crossed her face! The fresh bandage went on with the same callous efficiency and she was off to her next victim. Inevitably, some one of the crowd let out a yell of agony during the process. And then we caught a storm of curses.



"Shut up ye domn babies! Is it cryin' for your mithers ye are? A foine lot of sogers ye are! Ye're saft that's it! When the Jerries hear ye weepin' and a wailin' over a bit of pain, no wonder they think they can lick us. Close yer traps and cease yer bloody baby-screamin' or I'll gie ye somethin' to howl abat . . ."

That's a censored version of Kerrigan's tirade.

He was a most profane man! And his fog-horn voice made it sound even worse. So no matter how torturing our pain, we shut up.

Even Frieda's immobile face registered a trace of fear when Kerrigan let loose his abusive roars. She didn't understand a word of any tongue except German but terror isn't a matter of words. Frieda dreaded his outbursts the same as the rest of us.

Overtures of friendship he dismissed with a surly grunt. At times he stopped his ceaseless pacing to drop down on his cot in the corner, glowering, the stump of his arm cupped in his massive left hand, his huge bulk sagging the straw mattress.

* * *

As the light snapped on, the door was pushed open by the broad back of a Landswehr stretcher bearer followed by his companion and on their solid, heavy German stretcher was the blanket-covered figure of a thin wisp of a lad, fair-haired and blue-eyed.

When he spoke, as he was asked by someone who was awake, "Where did you get hit, son?," the bur-r-r of his speech sounded like Harry Lauder's.

He was not over seventeen, and until the King's minions had come up the winding path to his mother's cottage atop the Cheviot hills three short months ago to carry him off as a soldier, he'd been a shepherd. Wonder was still in his eyes from the abrupt change that had replaced his shepherd's crook for a rifle, his docile bleating sheep with rough, tough humans. I can't imagine Jock fighting for King and Country. I know that he would not willingly have killed a mouse.

Four days before he came to us, a burst of machine-gun bullets in the blackness of night had riddled his leg while his patrol was mopping up a sunken road. Someone had hastily put a tourniquet well above the knee and an hour after he arrived in our hospital they had amputated the leg there.

When he was put back into the bed next to mine they rigged up a weight and attached it to the severed member by a cord and pulley so that it hung over the footboard. The Doctor explained in broken English—"This will give you pain, but it is necessary." He knew the pain the boy would suffer during the week to come.

And Jock suffered. He screamed, frankly, loudly, during the first change of dressings. Every pair of eyes in the ward focused on Kerrigan hostilely as the pitiful noises came from Jock's lips. But that didn't stop the Irishman. He glared back at us defiantly and roared his pattern of invective at the lad. Personally I thought it lacked its customary fervor. But the contemptuous words were there.

Instantly Jock was still. Cowered. He bit his lips fiercely to drown the sounds that were fighting to come forth. Great tears welled in his eyes. At that moment I could have choked Kerrigan with more joy than the Kaiser himself.

And the next few days and nights seemed endless for Jock. The weight pulled at the stump of his leg; he'd get crosswise in the bed and couldn't get straight again. He didn't dare complain, but sometimes I would hear him muttering and groaning only to catch himself and look furtively at Kerrigan. Kerrigan—the only other bad amputation case in the ward. The *one* who should have shown a little sympathy.

Even Frieda was touched by the youth and innocence of her new patient; Frieda the Robot. But she was only on duty during the day time while at night we had the irregular visits of the doddering old night watchman. And he was no help when the frail little Scotch boy got into a twisted position that increased when the pillows slipped and the throbbing pain would rush into his head with the blood.

I too spent long hours in the darkness, unable to sleep, with a leg that wouldn't heal, watching the twinkling stars through the long windows. And when our little Jock whimpered and fretted in the ghostly stillness there was nothing I could do to help him. A long metal contraption on my leg kept me securely anchored to the bed. And while I never seemed to sleep at night there must have been odd times when I did.

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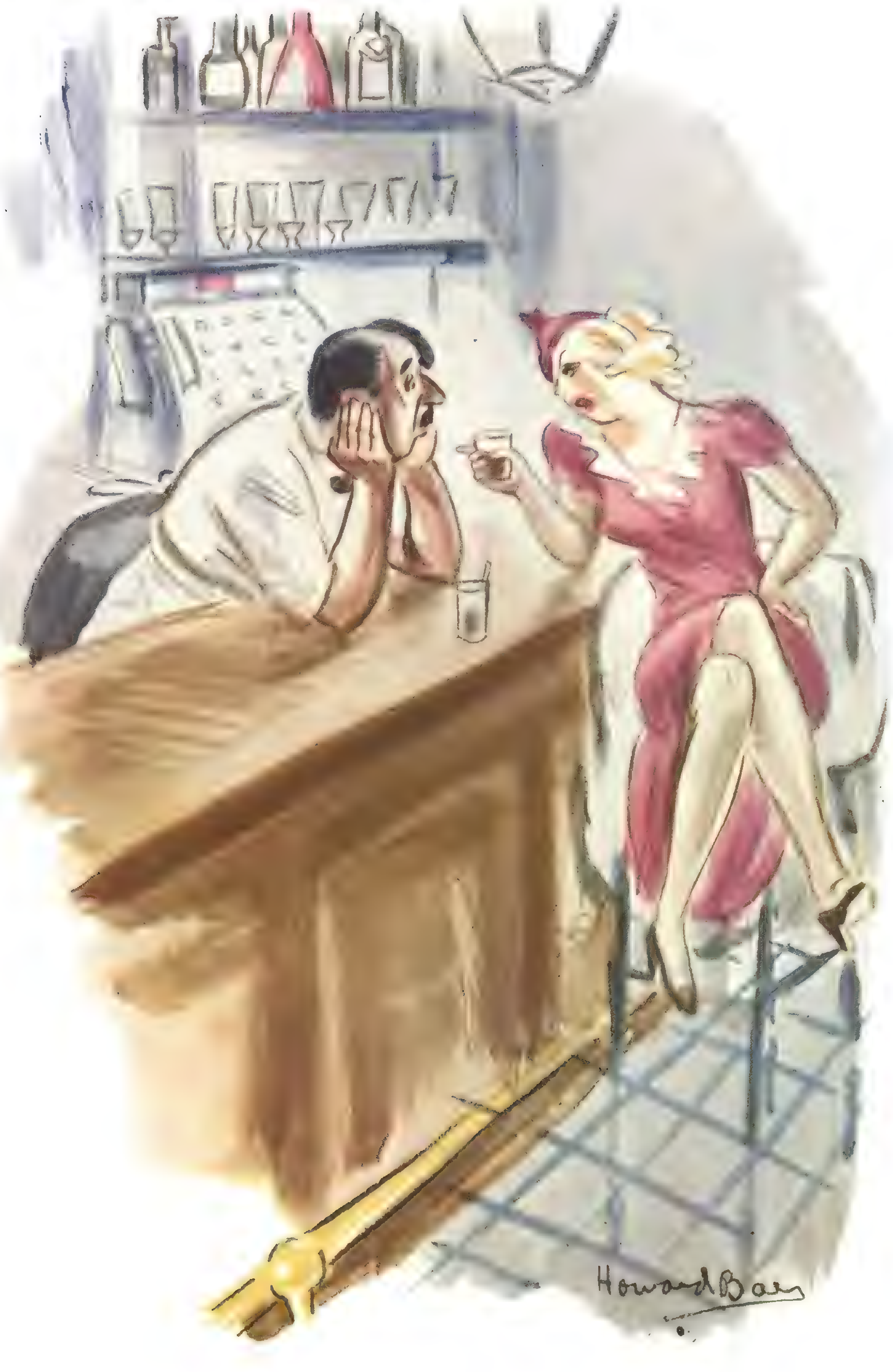
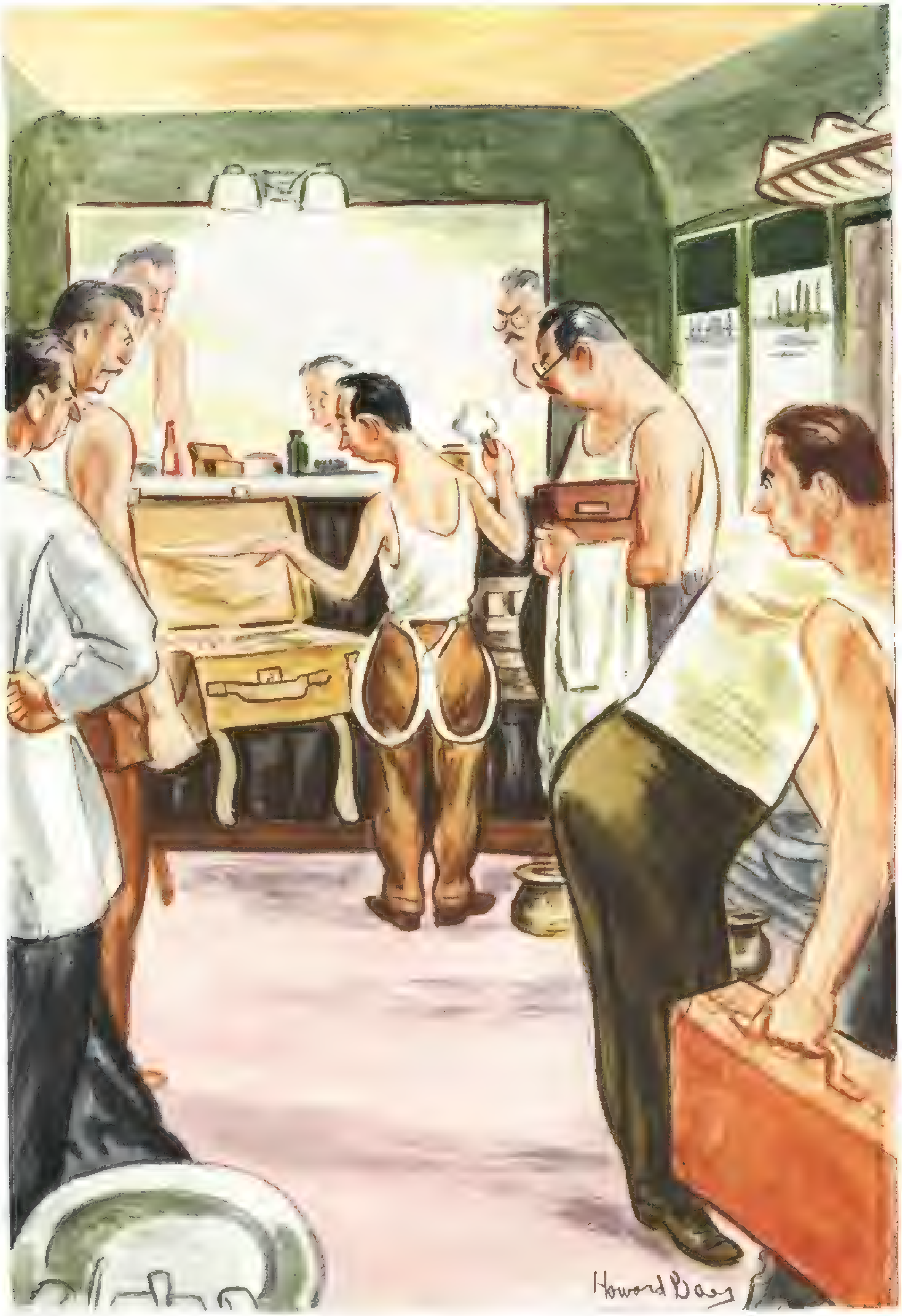

Howard Baer

*"That was three weeks ago and I'm still waitin' for the screen test"*



## ENEMIES OF MAN No. 11: THE PULLMAN PRINCE—(Q. U. E.)

Murder may yet be done, but there will be no mystery at all, and a monument may well be the only notice that society will take, when the first brave soul employs direct action to eradicate this enemy of man. For where is the judge, and where the juryman, who has not formed a part of the fuming line behind the pest of the Pullmans? Small among men as England among nations—and as far-flung in his possessions. He's the bane of every—what's that, lady? What do we mean by Q. U. E.? Quaint unprintable expletives.

# What Well-Dressed Men Will Bear

## A Bond Street interlude from which the true Briton emerges spatless and sans monocle

### *by* EDWARD ACHESON

**ARTICLE**

ONLY when England, with one last despairing and spiritless whimper, rolls over and goes Fascist—only at that juncture in her history will the tailors come into their own. And then, by a species of divine right. For the tailors have always been the true Fascists, the only traditional authoritarians in a state fast slipping out of autocracy, through democracy, to socialism. From tabards to doublets, from doublets to dinner coats, the tailor-mind has been as fixed as the star of Mussolini.

I knew that. It had been impressed on me at the formative age of eighteen. The subject under discussion on that occasion was a morning coat, the width of trouser appropriate to a morning coat, to be exact. My youthful temerity led me to believe that the Dover Street tailor might have erred—erred on the side of narrowness. All unsuspecting, I ventured a criticism. "Mr. Morgan, don't you think the trouser leg ought to be a little wider?"

Mr. Morgan regarded me. He regarded the trouser leg. I should have known then that it was impossible for him to agree with me; to do so would be tantamount to admitting he had been wrong in the first place. But I didn't realize his position, or the awful responsibility of maintaining it. And the blow fell.

"Beg pardon, Sir," Mr. Morgan addressed me in measured cold syllables, "but are you more interested, Sir, in being American or in being correct!"

I can see now that it was quite unsporting, almost like "potting a sitter." I was only eighteen: he had a waxed mustache and looked like a Sergeant-Major. But I learned my lesson, and, as I say, I should have known my place.

However, when I returned to London this winter, I needed a dinner coat. Somehow you go back to those fellows, even when you don't owe them money. Why, I don't know. But you do. So I went back to Morgan.

The material caused us no trouble. Mr. Morgan selected it at once. I was measured, and a day set for a "fitting." "And, you will bring one of your shirts," Mr. Morgan assumed.

"Shirts?"

"Dress shirt, Sir. *And* a collar."

I must have plainly looked my bewilderment.

Mr. Morgan explained. "One can hardly cut tails or a dinner jacket, unless one has the shirt, can one?"

The way he said it made the whole thing seem blatantly self-evident, although I'd never considered the matter before. And it suddenly occurred to me that this British tailoring business was a highly cabalistic art, an esoteric affair that could bear looking into. The first look cost twenty-six shillings, or $5 for having a dress shirt made, but it was cheap at half the price. From the pundit who sold "shirtings," I discovered that the current high collar vogue with evening wear originated with no less a person than Sir Robert (Jock) Buchanan-Jardine, whose sartorial perfection is a household phrase wherever the flag flies. And an even more fascinating aspect of the matter seemed to be that the fashion had spread. This didn't appear at all extraordinary to me until the subject in all its intricacy was explained. Men's clothes in England, fashionably speaking, move in horizontal planes,—not vertical. The Princess Eugenie, or Mae West, can shake women's fashion from the peak to the foundations, from Worth to Klein. But vogues, per se, don't even ruffle the Savile Row tailors. What the Prince of Wales wears is not only a matter of indifference to their customers, but a thing to be assiduously avoided. To ape the Royal Family "just isn't done, you know."

In these upper and rarified spheres of tailoring, the artist and his customer are apt to work slightly at cross purposes. The "Exquisites," those men who are famous for their clothes, who know the placement of every button of a morning coat or court dress, and who give an unconscionable amount of time to selection and cut—those men have individual ideas, idiosyncrasies that they insist on developing. The tailor on the other hand shudders at the thought of turning out a product conspicuously well dressed. His credo is, rather, to make clothes which fit perfectly without seeming to, to emphasize good points in a figure while adumbrating less fortunate ones, and to assure himself that his handiwork will remain "good" through the long vicissitudes of time and wear. Often these two "ideals" are mutually exclusive. And I'll venture to say that in such an event it is the tailor who is responsible for the general spirit of conservatism. It is also this desire and ability on the part of the tailor to turn out "good" clothes, that militates so effectively against change: the average age of the suit adorning the person of a well-dressed man in England is between four and six years. Hence, should an overwhelming passion for, say, mohair lounge suits, now assail the British Isles, it would be at least 1940 before necessity could, conscientiously, urge vanity to buy. Some of these idiosyncrasies of the very-well-dressed do, however, filter through and become the standard. A good example of this phenomenon is the "dozi" shirt, which is now sold in America for golf and tennis. Originally the shirt was designed for hunting, and was necessitated because the Prince of Wales was cold. But cold or not cold, he couldn't wear a heavy shirt, because the double seams at the arm holes made his hunting coat bunch up. The difficulty was laid before Mr. Izod (the trademark is his name reversed) who, in a week, produced the knitted shirt which is now worn, and copied, everywhere. But most of these individualities remain just that—witness the turned back, velvet faced cuffs of Mr. Jardine's top coat at Epsom Downs.

But a little knowledge is a confusing thing, and I was confused. Fashions there are, and must be, but no one seemed to "set" them. I determined to put the whole matter squarely up to Mr. Morgan, during the slack moments of the fitting. However, I didn't get the chance. He put it up to himself, using as an excuse my request for the name of a good place to buy spats.

"*Spats*, Sir!"

And I knew, instinctively knew, that was wrong. "For a friend," I said, "a friend who still wears them."

And then, piecemeal, I heard the story of the cyclical movement in Englishmen's clothes. In the "West-End" sphere, it is true, there is almost no season to season variation. "The latest from Paris" may be sound advice: "The latest from London" is either a personal peculiarity or a put up job. That was the tenor of his explanation. But long term trends there are, and at present there seem to be two. The first, Mr. Morgan could hardly bring himself to relate, because it necessitated mention of the "Fifty Shilling" tailors. The second, I shall paraphrase for him, and call "The Retreat from Pansy-ism." It is this second which has left the British ankle spatless. Bond Street won't reveal a pair, and a St. Margaret's wedding very few. Almost entirely spats have been relegated to the elderly bank clerk, and the squire up from the country. In the latter case, by the way, it's brown spats with brown shoes and an Irish or Harris tweed suit, unspeakably

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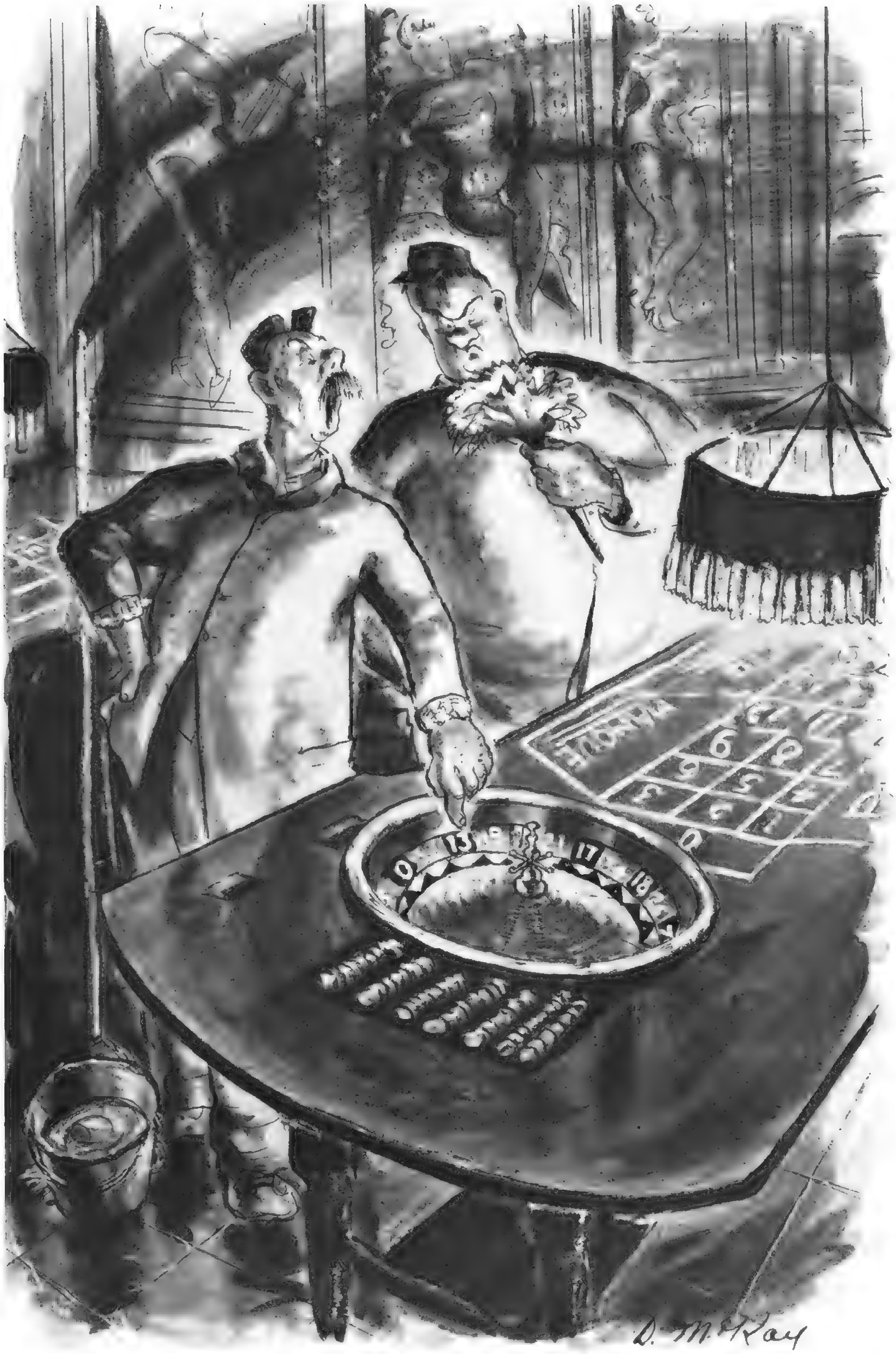

"One billion dollars on the red"

# Money For Everybody

### The whole country would be one great corporation balancing buying power with production

### by FRED C. KELLY

• ARTICLE •

WHILE in England, a few weeks ago, nearly all the "intellectuals" I met were talking about the Social Credit Plan, as outlined by Major C. H. Douglas.

I had vague recollections of having heard something about the Douglas plan before I left the United States, and I even recalled that he had talked with a committee in Washington last April. But not much had been said about him in the newspapers. I noted in England that, for a plan so much talked about and taken quite seriously in certain groups, especially among editors of all the more liberal weeklies, the newspapers were strangely silent. Then I remembered that Montague Norman, head of the Bank of England, is also chairman of the editorial board of the London Times. It began to dawn on me that maybe the Bank of England might not be in full sympathy with the Douglas plan. But more than ever I wished to learn: who is Major Douglas, and what is it he proposes to do?

Major Douglas, I soon found out, is a British engineer who for many years represented the Westinghouse company in India, and has taken part in many important engineering projects in different parts of the world. As long ago as 1910, he became curious about the whole subject of money and credits and their relation to business. He noticed that occasionally a big project in which he was interested had to be abandoned because it was said there was not enough "credit" available. Yet during the World War there was always plenty of credit, no matter what fantastic sum was needed. He became convinced that gold bears scant relation to money in circulation and is a foolish base for money, whether deep underground in a South African mine, or in another hole beneath a bank in New York or London.

"We have enormous capacity to produce," he said, "and enormous needs to be filled. But something comes between the two and prevents people from obtaining what they want from the people who produce. The fault lies in the ticket system, that is, the financial system."

He pointed out that a railroad ticket has no value in itself, beyond the infinitesimal value of a scrap of paper. The only true value it has is that it entitles the holder to ride on a train. If a railroad company customarily issues 200 tickets a day, because only 200 people wish to ride, and suddenly 400 people wish to ride, they would not say no more should ride because that would mean issuing more tickets. Neither would they say no more tickets could be printed until more gold is discovered in the Transvaal or elsewhere. The real importance of the tickets would be as a measuring system to indicate how many now wish to use the trains.

"Purchasing power is simply a question of tickets," says Douglas, "and we must have a ticket system with the single object of producing and then arranging that people shall have enough purchasing power to buy what *is* produced. Until we do that, any further ability to increase production is only stultified by the inability of the general population to obtain what the greater production makes available, with the result that energy applied to production is forced into wrong channels, causing a badly-unbalanced production system—which is what we have at the present time."

Major Douglas was employed as consulting engineer, on one occasion, by a corporation that installed in their offices a new adding-machine. He began to toy with the new plaything. He added up the total retail price of all goods this company produced that year. Then he added up the annual total of wages, salaries *and dividends* paid out by the company. He found that the total disbursements the company made in this manner was *not enough* to buy the goods it produced! A little inquiry showed him that the same thing was true of other corporations. Following up this clue, he soon became convinced that the total of *all* wages, salaries and dividends in the whole country is *never* enough to buy what the country can produce.

"A farmer can grow a bushel of potatoes," he commented; "many farmers can grow many bushels of potatoes. But they can't sell all these potatoes unless somewhere, somehow, are tickets that will enable people to buy all the potatoes."

There would be an impasse even if nobody saved any money. But savings only aggravate the problem. Savings are not ordinarily used to buy more consumption goods, but are invested in stocks or bonds, to enable more factories to be built—to increase *production*. As potential production increases, the gap between what people *could* have, and what they are able to *pay for*, becomes wider and wider.

But why are not wages, salaries and dividends enough to buy what could be provided?

Because those items do not represent the total cost of goods. Other costs include such items, for example, as depreciation, insurance, and obsolescence. Let us suppose there is only one factory in an isolated town. In the course of 20 years, the machinery will either wear out, or become out-of-date, and the building goes into decay. Unless it is rebuilt, the whole plant must be abandoned after 20 years, or else competitors will get all the company's business. Now, the cost of anticipating this gradual approach of the plant to uselessness must be paid for in the cost of the goods the company sells. If it is shoes, every pair includes a small part of the total cost of finally abandoning and replacing the plant.

But meanwhile, people decide to put their savings—savings which have reduced the current expenditure for consumable goods—into a second factory, to make, let us say, hats.

While this second factory is under construction, wages of those workmen who help build it, added to the wages and salaries of those employed in the first factory, might for a time be enough to buy the entire output of that factory. That is the formula for what is commonly known as prosperity. So long as enough new factories are built, buying power tends to catch up with production. But when the new factory is completed and begins to make still more goods, then the spread between production and ability to buy such production, once more increases. The cost of all the wages that went into building the newer factories must now be gradually included in the cost of goods manufactured there—else the owners could never get back their money.

If, instead of more factories, people put all their savings into cathedrals, with no thought of producing any material goods there, no bond issues or debts of any kind,

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# Mr. Winder Meets Melissa

### Ah! the crude soul of woman, and ah! the faithful soul of man, and oh! for those fifteen years

### by CLENDENIN WILLIAMS

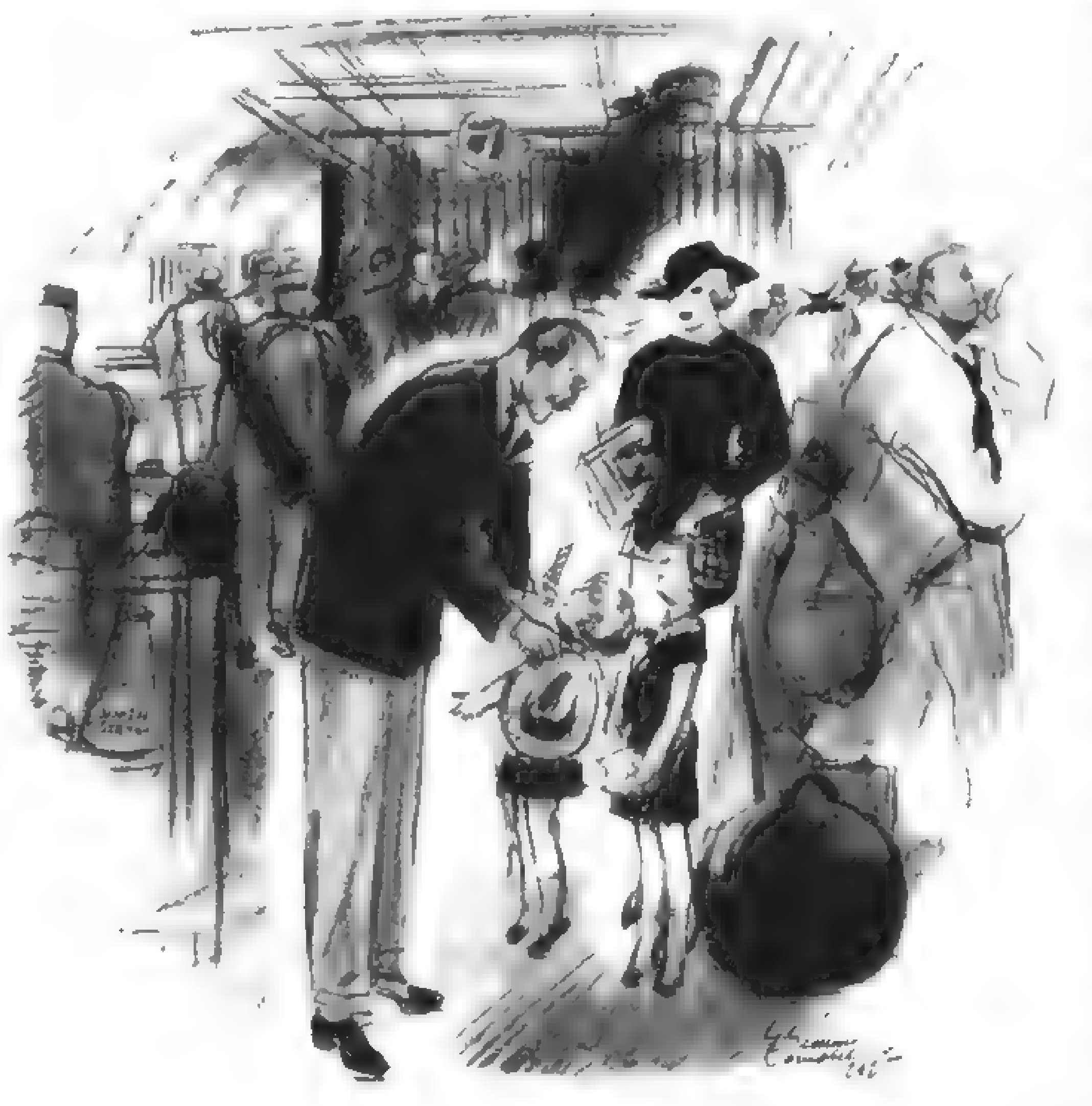
FICTION

Mr. Winder had just about reached the point where he considered all the women he had ever slept with as vile, low creatures. Not, of course, that he put Mrs. Winder in this class. Mr. Winder never thought of his wife as a woman with whom he had slept. True, they had shared the same bedroom for twelve years. They even had two little girls.

In the early years of their marriage there had been a disquieting tendency on Mr. Winder's part to regard Louise as a woman with whom he had slept. Mentally he had contrasted her quite a lot with Melissa, and a few times he had even told Louise of some of Melissa's charms. Louise had never flared up about Melissa, but gradually and tactfully she had stopped spouting articulate comparisons and had brought relations 'round to a basis compatible with her reasonable, if unexciting, ideas of what a marriage should be.

And Mr. Winder was pleased with his progress on the road toward complete respectability. His past had not been so strewn with sin as to make him unduly uncomfortable and he really felt that, except for Melissa, he had reached his goal. All the others he could blame in unspeakable terms.

But Melissa always rankled a little, just enough to keep him from feeling exactly the way he wanted to feel. Sometimes he would angrily consign her to vileness and lowness. But she never stayed there long. She had been a virgin when he first knew her. But mentally and spiritually Melissa had never been virginal. And not once during the two years of their affair had she shown any signs of reproaching herself with her immorality. She had preserved outward decorum, even a certain refinement. On Sunday afternoons, for instance, she'd gone to call on middle-aged Chicago friends of her mother and taken him along and introduced him as "Mr. Winder, a friend of mine." And the middle-aged ladies always said that it went to show that the world was really changing, the way a nice girl like Melissa could come to the city and remain just the sweet, thoughtful person she always had been.



But in their own intimate circle of friends Melissa had been quite frank about the situation. She never talked about it, but her attitude admitted it without question. The men in the group all admired her because she was beautiful in her not too obvious fashion, beautiful, that is, when you knew her; and she had a keen sense of humor that made her entertaining when she wasn't being beautiful. The women liked her fairly well, rather better than they might have, because they didn't think she was beautiful and because, in spite of her sense of humor, she was definitely kind and good-hearted.

Most of the three hundred and sixty-five days that make up a year Mr. Winder could get through his phlegmatic Saint Louis life without ever once thinking of Melissa. But he always had one annual spell of brooding. This was every summer when Louise took the two girls and went for her visit to Mother's. Mr. Winder wanted Louise to go, but, increasingly as the years went by, he found that the annual departure of Louise left him alone with Melissa. And it was this unbroken sojourn with Melissa that prevented her from being low and vile and made her a complex disorder in his neat life.

One particular summer he saw Louise to the train, installed her comfortably with the children in a compartment, gave them a genuinely affectionate farewell and thought that this time he was going to be entirely free from Melissa. He'd made up a strenuous calendar of golf, arranged a couple of engagements to go to the municipal opera with Louise's cousin, planned one week-end fishing trip. That, with the office, ought to take care of Melissa. Curiously enough it did, until he dropped in at a hotel for dinner and the orchestra, playing old favorites, brought him the strains of *Marcheta*, and *I'll See You in My Dreams*. Snatches of the words of these foolish, sentimental songs drifted through Mr. Winder's mind as he heard the music—"*Tender eyes that shine and lips that once were mine*," or "*Come back, Marcheta . . .*" he had to hum a little bit . . . didn't remember the words right there . . . "*I want you, I need you, I do.*" and there was Melissa!

Mr. Winder felt embarrassed for himself to think that he could be disturbed by stupid, mawkish music. If he had been a fat, moon-faced forty-one he would have thought that perhaps such sentimental groping would have been excusable. But he wasn't that type at all, and he knew how absurd he was being.

And yet, on the hot summer evening when he returned to the English cottage and garden with a sun dial that were his and Louise's, he knew he might as well give up. Melissa had come.

* * *

Melissa had been one of the first of the college girls to attack department stores in a serious careering fashion. When she got through school she went directly into selling dresses. And five years later, at twenty-six, when she met Ed Winder, she was an assistant dress buyer, working like a dog for a small salary. She had an unathletic and tremendous vitality and she could sell and shop until six o'clock in the evening, rush home, take a bath and dress and ask no quarter from anyone.

They met at a Near North Side gathering of young intellectuals rushing to meet the new dawn. Most of the men, like himself, were newspaper reporters, and the girls were from this, that and the other career, and some of them from no career at all.

He had taken her home to the little flat she had fitted up for herself. It was hodgepodge, but not Bohemian, and very cheerful. She mixed them each a hot grog and they sat talking until she said, "And now I'm going to throw you out, because I have to punch a time clock tomorrow morning."

For five weeks they talked. He told her of the anthology of famous death scenes in literature that he would one day compile; she went with him Saturday nights to join the group of journalistic and bookish people who went down to the Greek section of town to the *Pan Hellenic Café*; Sundays they might make up a group and go out to the Dunes for the day.

She had been one of the first young women to wear her bob uncurled, and her locks fell about her face in a wispy way that disturbed his finger tips. One day he yielded to the sensuous charm of her hair. From then on he was acutely conscious of her beauty.

"How can it be possible for one girl to be so beautiful and so intelligent?" he would ask her.

"Oh, my dear, I'm not beautiful at all. It's only that you imagine things in me that aren't there," she would answer.

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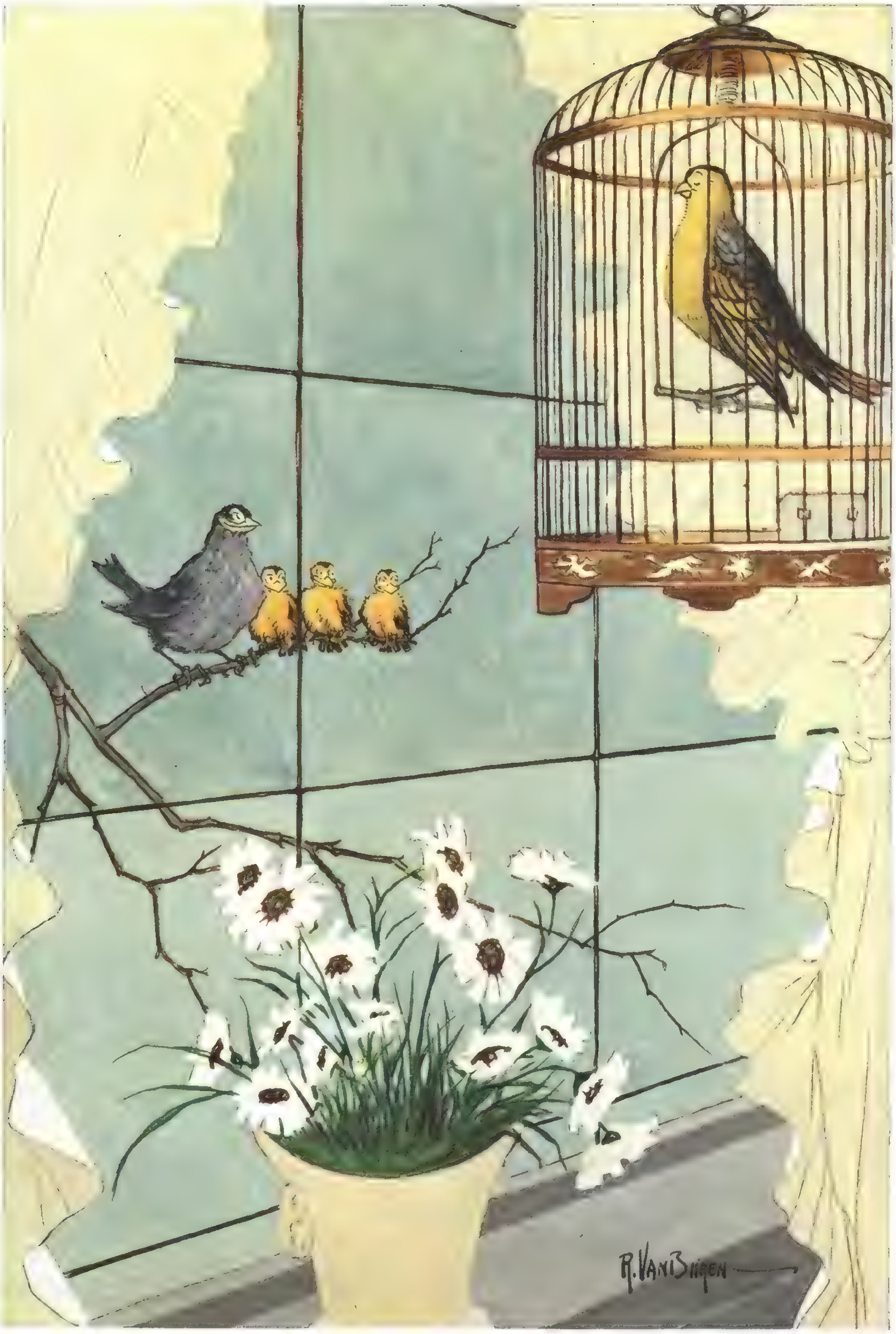
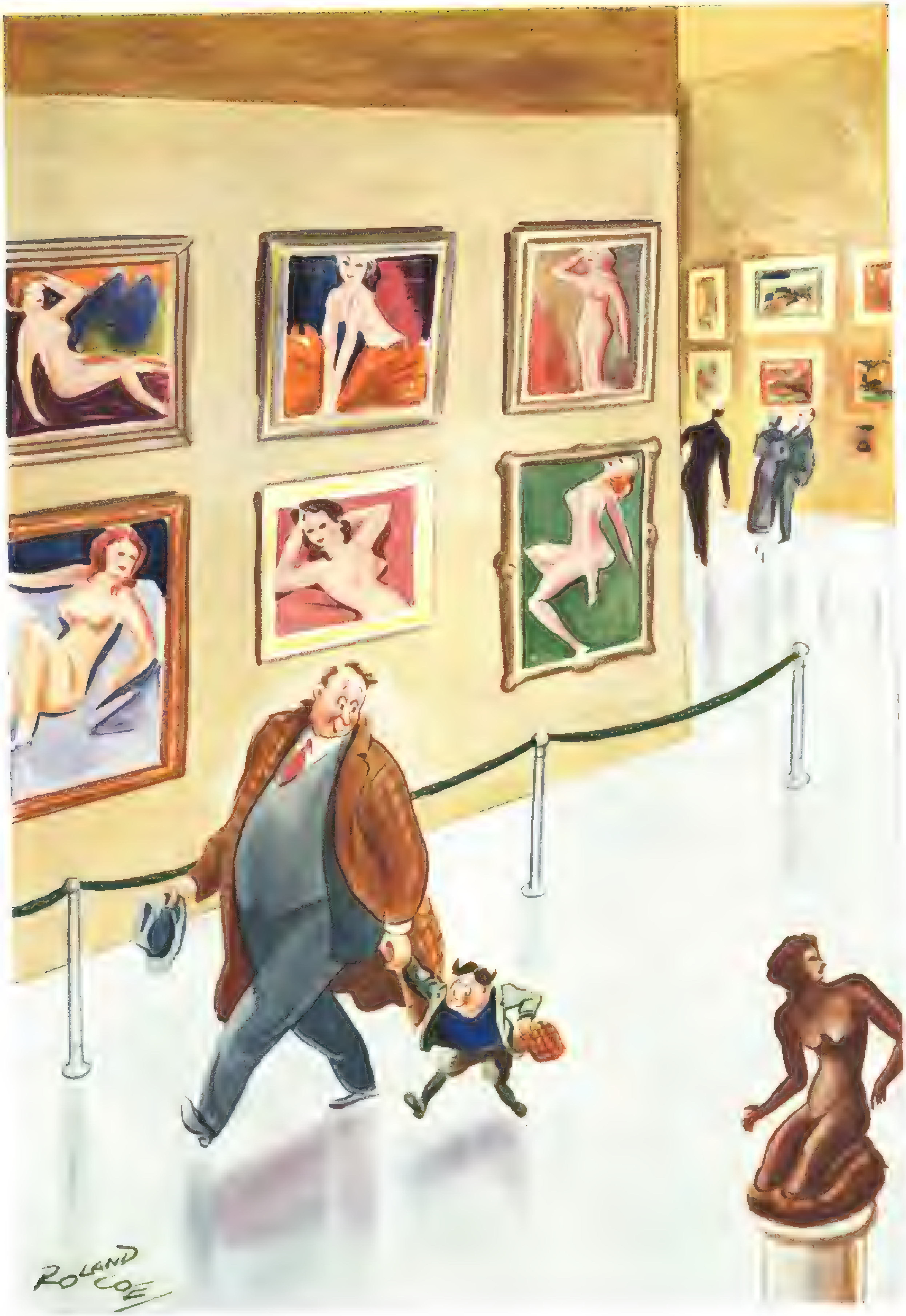


*"When they lettin' you out for exercise again, Maurice?"*



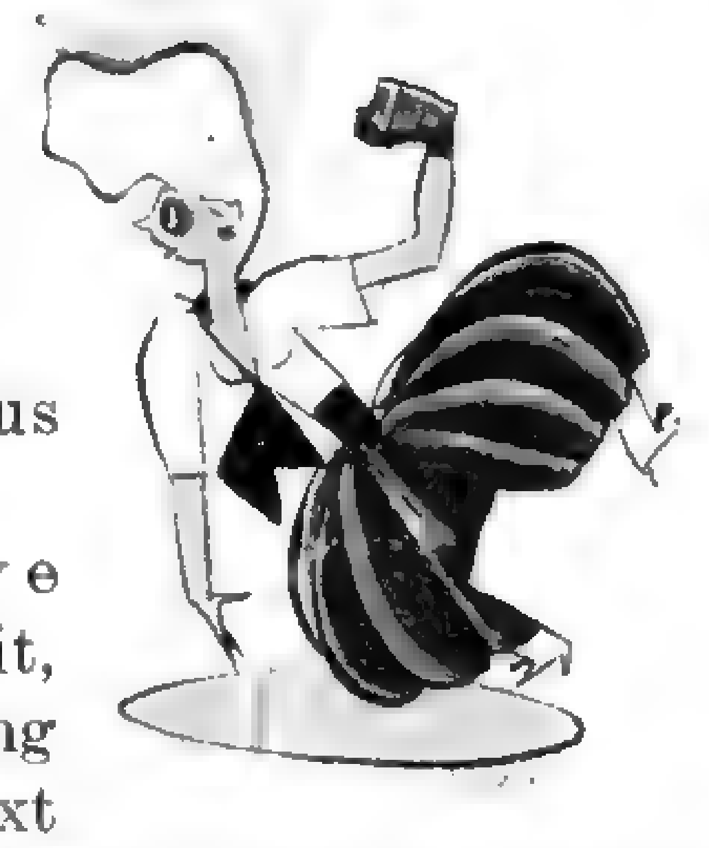
*"Show papa which picture it was!"*

# Nine Ladies vs. Fate

## A glamorous episode out of the bloomer days when Sadie knocked a single and Lucy went to bat

### by LYNN MONTROSS

• HUMOR •



THE president of the Olympic Athletic Goods Co. was in a wide and amiable mood attuned to the May afternoon which smiled back at him from the open windows of his office. He nodded indulgently at Youth across the desk while the languid, reporter explained, "And so the *Evening Argus* would like a photo, Mr. Howe, and a personal sketch for the series about state business leaders—how you got started, to what you attribute your success and all that, you know."

Behind octagonal spectacles, Harrison C. Howe's plump face was smooth and youthful, only a slight contour below the chest hinting that he was in his middle forties. He answered dreamily, absent-mindedly, as the reporter jotted down bored and inept notes:

"Born 1889, Teheran, Wis.—pop. 900. Grad. high school. Job groc. store 3 yrs. before came city. Attribs. early suc. to home & mother & hard work, etc., same old bull. Started Olymp. Co. with borrowed $—spread on thick about early struggles, etc. Wife, 3 kids. Belongs all best clubs (be sure look up). Hobby, baseball. Pres. of Twilight b. b. League, etc. *Nuts* about b. b.—"

"Did you ever," said Harrison C. Howe, and his eyes cherished a fondly reminiscent glow, "happen to hear of the Bloomer girls in baseball?"

The cub hadn't, but he nodded. His blank features lighted up with a creditable assumption of interest as he accepted a cigar and settled back in a comfortable armchair.

It was too soon to return to his city room and he listened drowsily until the mention of legs aroused his attention . . .

Two blondes (Howe was saying with a mellow air as if talking to himself) led the rest of the Bloomer club on the way up Main Street from the depot. They wore peekaboo waists and slit skirts which showed more silk stocking and green satin petticoat than we were used to seeing in Teheran those days. I was carrying a bag of flour from the store to a buggy outside, but probably I stopped to stare like everybody else. The loafers in front of the pool hall began whistling so the blondes would have to keep step, I remember, and somebody yelled, "Oh, you beautiful doll!"

It was my first summer on the town baseball nine and I felt pretty bashful about playing that afternoon. None of the various traveling ladies' baseball outfits had ever played in Teheran before and we young fellows on the team took a lot of spoofing when the announcements were put up in the store windows.

The wooden grandstand was filled before the game was called, and people sat in buggies or cars behind the base lines. There must have been a crowd of two hundred or so. It was always late when I got off work and changed into uniform; the Bloomers were already in the field practicing, and it sounded funny to hear their shrill voices.

They wore baseball caps pinned on high mounds of hair and their bloomers were cut full and baggy, with blouses to match in gray and red.

Snip Barton, the barber, our catcher and captain, called me to the bench first thing. "Lookit," he said with a grin, "you got to play with the Bloomers. One of their girls quit—took the noon train—and I promised to lend 'em somebody."

My ears felt hot as I crossed over to the Bloomer side, the way I got kidded. "You tell 'em, Harry, I stutter!" "If you can't be good, be careful!" . . . Things like that.

A slim, dark-eyed kid, looking about eighteen, smiled at me and I sat down beside her. "Poor Gus!" she said, pointing out the catcher who was one of the two men on their team. "Gee, he'll have to get another girl right away to take Emma's place, and he's had the most frightful luck with his players, and we've been losing money ever since we started out, and—"

She was still chattering away when the game was called. They put me in at third, a new position for me, and the little, dark-eyed girl started as pitcher. It was a couple of innings before I came to bat for the ladies and there were two on. But I'd played catch with Tommy Leach ever since we were knee-high, and I knew an inshoot was coming when he stuck out his tongue that way. I got set and put my weight behind it: the ball sailed over the creek in left for a round trip. "Gee, you're good!" said the little southpaw when I trotted back to the bench. She was so excited that I was afraid she'd hug me, right in front of everybody. "Hell," she said. "I wish't Gus would keep you."

She must have spoken to him about it, because he was waiting for me after the next inning. "Listen," he said, "how'd you like to fill in for us till I can hire a couple more girls? A week or two, say?"

"Gosh, I couldn't!" I said, feeling scared at the idea. "I'd lose my job and—"

"Huh!" said Gus, looking disgusted. He was a big fellow with hard, blue eyes and a sort of battered face.

By the sixth I was well enough acquainted with the left-handed pitcher to call her Lucy. There was something so young and fresh about her, like sweet peas early in the morning, that I got over my gawky bashfulness. Her brown eyes were wide and serious as she kept on teasing me to play with the Bloomers; and it kept on getting harder for me to refuse. "I don't know what we'll *do!*" she said. "Last week Thelma got sick and left us without a sub. Then, Emma quitting cold today, it might take Gus a week to hire another girl and—and won't you please and pretty please?"

"All right!" I gulped. I don't know what made me do it—some such reason as the freckles around her snub nose, maybe. But after committing myself I wasn't going to back out. Not for a girl, I wasn't.

The decision left me so weak that I muffed an easy foul and struck out my last time up, but I promised Gus to join the Bloomers that night at the 11.21 train.

Mother was helping out at the Ladies' Aid baked bean supper, so Dad and I ate leftovers in the kitchen. He looked scared, too, when I finally got up nerve enough to tell him. A hard day at the shoe store had left him more tired and stooped than usual; he kept on shaking his head and muttering, "Harry, I don't know what *she'll* say to this!" He sighed. "Far's I'm concerned, I don't mind. "I know you'll act like a gentleman, and I remember I always wanted to travel and see a little of the world before I got married and settled down."

After packing my baseball uniform and new suit I left a note in the dining room where Mother would find it in the morning.

At the grocery where I worked, Mr. Sipps took a fresh chew of snuff and eyed my suitcase. "H'm," he said. "What you up to now?"

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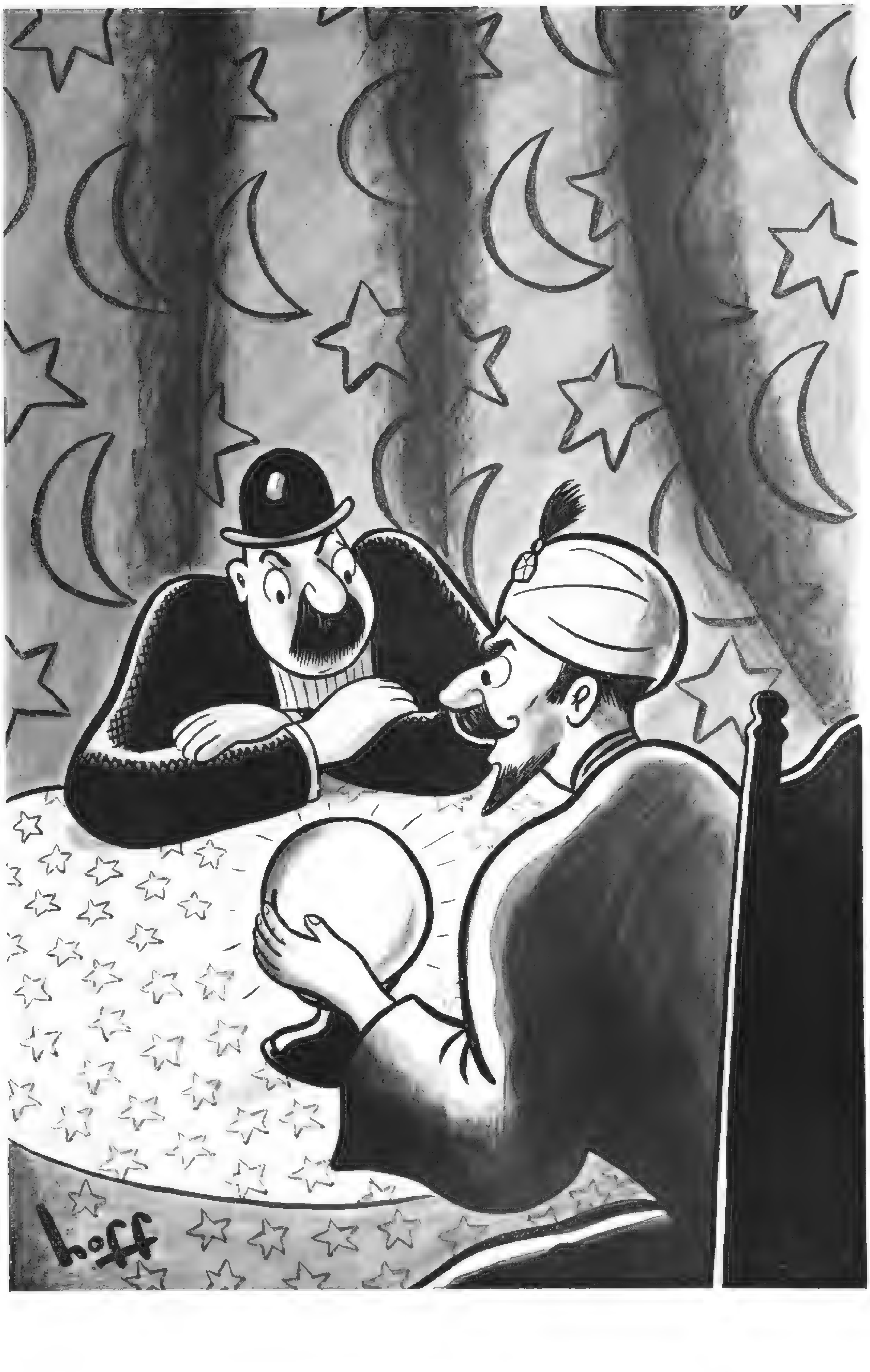


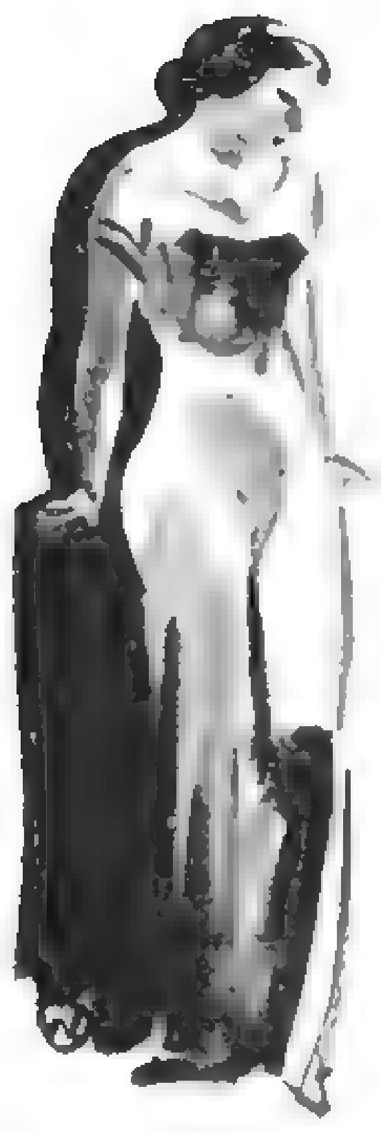
*"I see a woman—young and passionate!"*

# Witch's Blood

## Narrative of a woman's violent hate, the more violent because of its grim inconclusiveness

### by EMMETT GOWEN

• FICTION •



She sewed, wanting the soothed feeling of not thinking, wanting the rhythm and lift of work with the hands, but they had not come yet. Maybe if I keep sewing, she thought; the clock kept ticking. For separated instants she could feel her body comfortable against the pillows in the rocker; then, as soon as she thought about it, she needed to fidget, like trying to go to sleep when you can't sleep. She thought: it's because I'm waiting for that *thing* to come home drunk.

She raised her head from the cramp in her neck, turning her sight with it from the red-hot heater and its reddened black shadow on the floor, along the wallpaper to the window's glassy blackness. The snow moved against the window, a line of slow wraiths passing and looking into the lamplight, one each time she felt the shock to the house of a wind full of howling. Waiting for what she was waiting for, there was no peace, as there should be, in the small motion of pushing the needle through and pulling the thread after it. The clock kept ticking. That clock is loud, she thought. Each time she fidgeted, the chair rocked, and the rocking made the floor boards creak under the linoleum, making sounds that moved like shocks along her nerves before she heard them.

She lifted her head to the sound of an automobile. For two minutes she sat in an attitude of expectant listening (*it passed!*), and for another in disappointed listening. The words of her thought were small and still behind her mouth: They'll get stuck in the snow. The clock kept ticking. She did not hear the car any more, only the clock and the long whine of the wind.

"Ah!" she said, with a wet rasp of anger in her throat. "Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock—you've got me saying it." She looked at the clock. The light from the lamp was too thick on the glass. It kept on, steadily loud with the false truth that time passes. *Time* is not passing; *life* is. That was what *he* went to college and learned and told me. He said it's like when you are on a train on a siding and another train passes; it looks as if you are moving, but what you are looking at is what is moving. Oh, if not now, or soon, when?

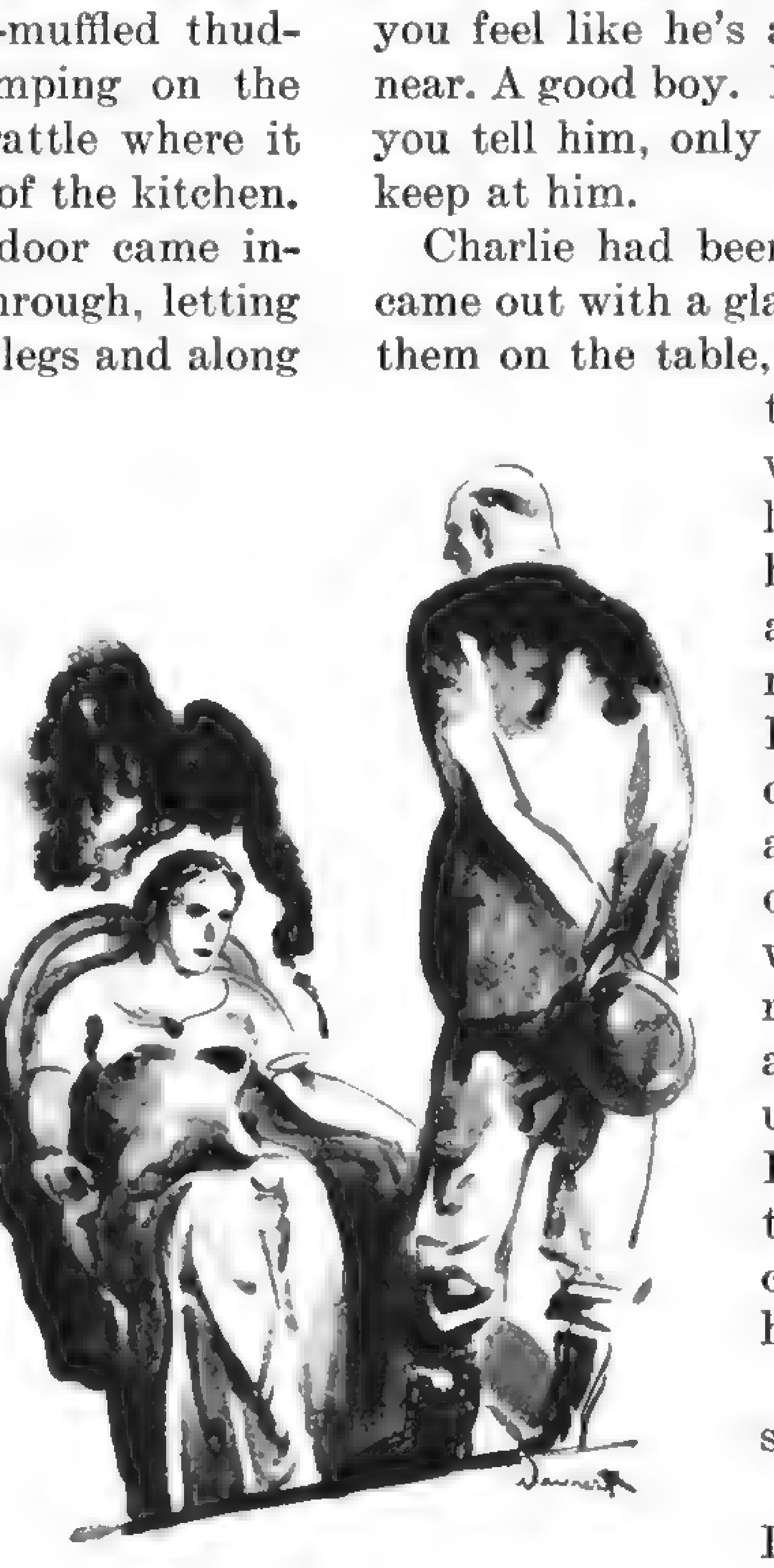
Throwing it on the floor and stomping on it won't help none, she thought. I could stop it, but that wouldn't keep the winters and the summers from making it too late. Maybe *he* is in the car. Maybe it will get stuck and a man will come back for help and it will be him laughing with slender lips.

I am, she thought, like it. She had the image of the brook that passed through the culvert under the concrete highway, past the barn (CHARLIE OUTHOUSE painted on the gable), past the manure pile, and then across the meadow between green banks and daisies in the spring. But the brook was still with ice now. In my spring I ran between green banks, where flowers grew, spring brook water rushing, rushing.

*That thing*, she thought. I'll let the fire go out so it will be cold when he comes in. Going off somewhere always and leaving me in the house alone at night. To sit on my hunkers. My beautiful hunkers.

A voice laughed under the howl of an increasing gust of wind. She heard it faintly, like something imagined that seems real a moment later. Ebert, she thought.

Then she heard the snow-muffled thudding of their four feet stamping on the porch. It made a dishpan rattle where it hung on the wall in the dark of the kitchen. The door-knob turned; the door came inward; they came crowding through, letting in a blast of cold (felt on her legs and along her spine). They were clumsy with coats and mufflers, their legs thick with more than one pair of pants. Their faces were red between earflaps that hung along their cheeks like bridle blinders. It was Friday, six days past their last shave.



"Close that door," she said. Charlie looked at her, with his dark, thoughtful way of looking, while he felt like a blind man for the door, finding it and banging it shut behind him. "God sakes! I'm a closing it, ain't I?" he said. He did not stagger. Too old a hand with hard cider, she thought. "Set down! Ebert," Charlie said, still looking at her, taking a chair by the back and scraping it along the floor toward the heater. The noise outraged her nerves. "Burrr! but it's cold and don't let nobody tell you nawthing different," Charlie said.

"Howdy, Miz Outhouse," Ebert said. "Cold night, ain't it? Some storm." He stood prancing in his galoshes, shifting the despair of his embarrassment from one foot to the other. Looking at him, her confidence rose on the incline of his embarrassment.

She sewed by touch, watching him and feeling better. He unbuttoned his old army coat, and flapped the snow from it, on the floor where it will melt into puddles.

"Set down, Ebert," she said gently. "Thank you ma'am," he said. He laughed his loud, reasonless laugh at her. "Take the rocker," she said, thinking, Not Ebert. He ain't never been very bright. Ebert had looked down at his mittens, pondering whether to take them off, and now he looked up at her, a hurt look downward on his face from the wide cheek bones. My God, did I say that out loud? He had to be told everything, Old Mrs. Brewer, his mother, had said. She said he's thirty-five years old but you feel like he's a twelve-year boy, pret' near. A good boy. He works real good when you tell him, only you got to tell him and keep at him.

Charlie had been in the kitchen and he came out with a glass in each hand. He put them on the table, under which he had set the lantern, still lighted with a half-moon of yellow flame. He took off his overcoat and walked across the room to the nail for it in the corner. His fat body rose and dropped with each step, as if each step had to be climbed over. Then he went back across the room, looking at Ebert and saying: "I'll go bring up a little cider, ey, Ebert?" He took the lantern and went into the cellar door, clumping heavily downward.

"How's Ma Brewer?" she asked.

"She be all right," Ebert said. "All excepting her heart, times. It ain't nawthing else a matter with her."

Through the floor, she could hear Charlie under her, thumping about in the cellar. I'll ask about the car before he comes back up, she decided. "It sure is some snow storm," she said. "I knowed it would be," Ebert said. "You did?" she said. "Yes'm, no wind all day and then, just about dark, I heard the wind coming up from the lake." "And the snow with it," she said. "The wind," he said, "made so dang much noise" (she looked from her sewing up at him)

Continued on page 126

# Fear at Forty Feet

## Put on your helmet and jump bravely into the water where the sharks will not eat you, maybe

### by MAJOR PAUL BROWN

• ARTICLE •

"But aren't you afraid?"

For the past six weeks I had been diving on the reefs in the Bay of Gonaive, off the coast of Haiti, using only a light diving helmet instead of the cumbersome and orthodox diving suit which is used for greater depths and colder waters.

Clad in bathing suit and sneakers, armed with a ridiculously inadequate trident, I would slip over the side of our small boat and wait, half submerged, until the helmet had been fitted over my head and onto my shoulders. Then, when the weights had been hung on my back and chest and I heard the air begin to hiss through the hose, I would slide slowly down the light line that led to the bottom.

"Afraid!" I would always retort, scornfully, apparently indignant that anyone should entertain such a preposterous idea. "What is there to be afraid of?"

And just then, as likely as not, the dorsal fin of a tiger shark would cut the water sharply close by or a leering barracuda would slip insolently past. Consequently, my efforts to appear brave and courageous were never very convincing. Any man who pretends complete indifference to those two killers of the deep is either woefully misinformed or extraordinarily foolish.

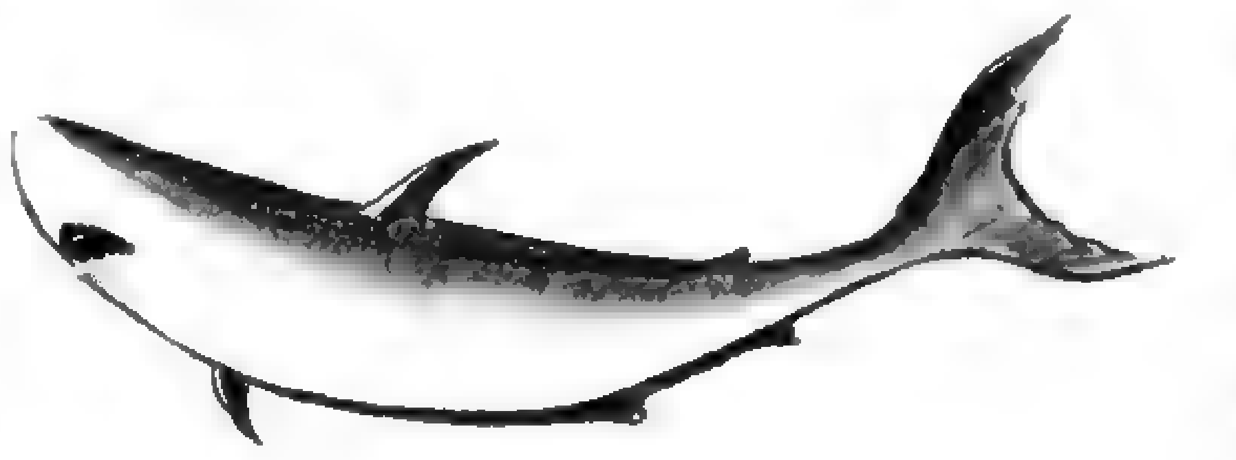
Fortunately for my reputation for veracity, my professed lack of apprehension was strengthened by the fact that I had no reasons to give for my constant diving which satisfied the curious. Enjoyment, sport or the study of marine life at first hand was beyond their acceptance.

It was generally believed that I was searching for sunken treasure lost from one of the pirate galleons which were once so numerous in those waters; or, if that was not the case, that I was slightly balmy.

I didn't care what they thought, but the monotony of their inevitable question, "Aren't you afraid?" began to annoy me considerably—for, the fact is, I was afraid! I was not only afraid the first time I dived but I had the same fear recur, even if for shorter periods, every time I dived thereafter. And I could never entirely rid myself of it.

It was a peculiar fear, although understandable when I was back on the deck or safely ashore where I could think about it without the constant distraction of the conditions which created the situation. It was simply the atavistic fear of a new element, for the instant my helmet slid beneath the surface and I beheld the mistiness of water instead of the clarity of air through the glass panels I became horribly apprehensive; yet there was no real reason for it.

I knew that I was as safe inside my helmet as I would have been anywhere, but I always had to convince myself of it; I was totally unable to accept the fact unthinkingly. Even though I wanted to descend, it required an actual effort of will to go down, for I could not forget that every foot of additional depth increased the likelihood of serious difficulty in the event that anything happened to shut off my precious supply of air.



It was odd, for the danger from that source wasn't great. At the worst, I could have lifted my helmet off my head and swum to the surface, and the knowledge of that ability eventually removed all but a bit of the concern which I continually felt under water—but not quite all. There still remained a little reluctance to dive which prevented my complete enjoyment of the experience.

At last, finding that tiny, irritating doubt intolerable, I determined to remove it by the positive process of doing deliberately the very thing I dreaded as a remote possibility.

I had been sitting on a big lump of brain coral about six fathoms deep, watching the sprightly movements of a gaily colored school of wrasse as it moved along the face of a coral cliff before me. Most of the coral was solid and regular in outline, but here and there a huge branch protruded from the wall like the stark branch of a long dead tree.

Finally, diverting as they were, I lost interest in the wrasse because of my growing conviction that I needed to simulate the conditions of an emergency in order to remove any doubt that I could save myself if those conditions ever became an actuality.

Taking a deep breath, I lifted the helmet, pushed it to one side, and crouched tensely on the sandy floor of the bay. Extending my hands above my head I gave a tremendous spring for the surface.

Just as my original momentum had diminished considerably and I intended to whip my hands downward for more speed, they encountered a hard, rough surface. Foolishly, I had sprung without looking up and when my hands collided with something solid I got the shock of my life.

It was hard, rough, cold! Shagreen, unquestionably. I had collided with a shark!

Desperately I twisted my body aside and darted past—to see that what I had actually touched was the huge limb of a great growth of branch coral.

My relief was so great that I had difficulty in not laughing four fathoms down, but I didn't. I made the surface and did my laughing then. Plenty of it; but it was not entirely due to amusement, believe me.

My plan had worked better than I had expected. I was never afraid thereafter, when I dived, of the possibility of a clogged or entangled air hose. That particular fear was gone forever. Like most permanent apprehensions, it was the fear of the unknown that worried me, and not the actual situation itself.

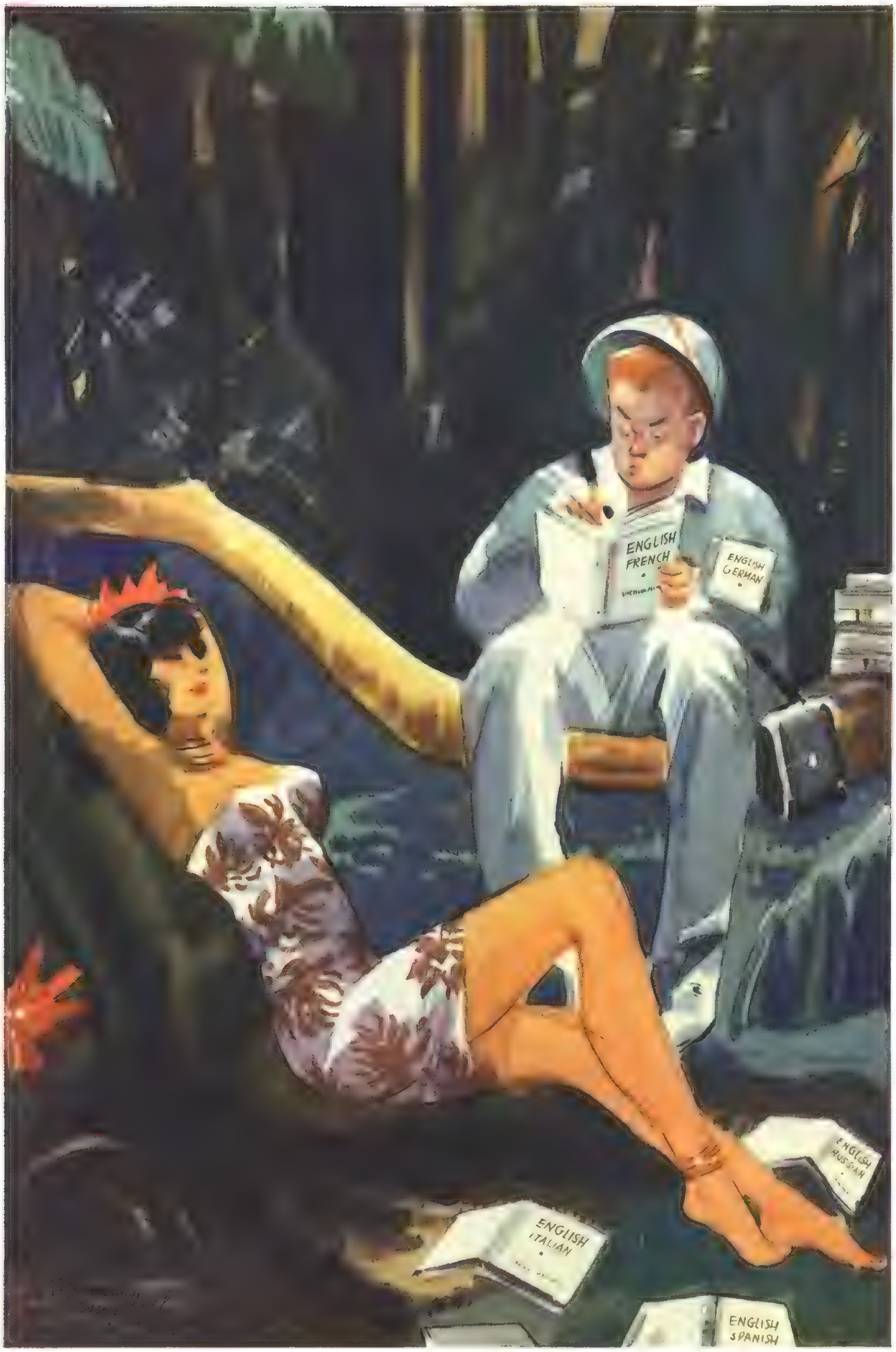
It enabled me to better appreciate why our visitors and casual acquaintances sooner or later asked, "But aren't you afraid?" It was very evident that I had reasons to be, even if those reasons rarely materialized in any threatening way.

There were lots of sharks and barracudas over the reefs. We frequently caught them when trolling for red snappers or groupers and they were always evident in the water at any time.

There were always numbers of small octopi on the reefs and when we clambered over the exposed coral at low tide looking for specimens of small univalves they would slither away with their tangle of tentacles sprawling and hissing as their suction cups released their holds from the porous coral.

The suggestion that there might be enormous octopi lurking in the crevices and caves of the reef was inescapable. I knew, of course, that the huge adults came close to the surface and the shore line only for a short time, when they bred and hatched their young, and then returned to the great depths of the open sea; but I was not sure when that period occurred nor how long they remained. If there were small octopi on the reefs, might they not be the very

*Continued on page 122*


ENGLISH
FRENCH
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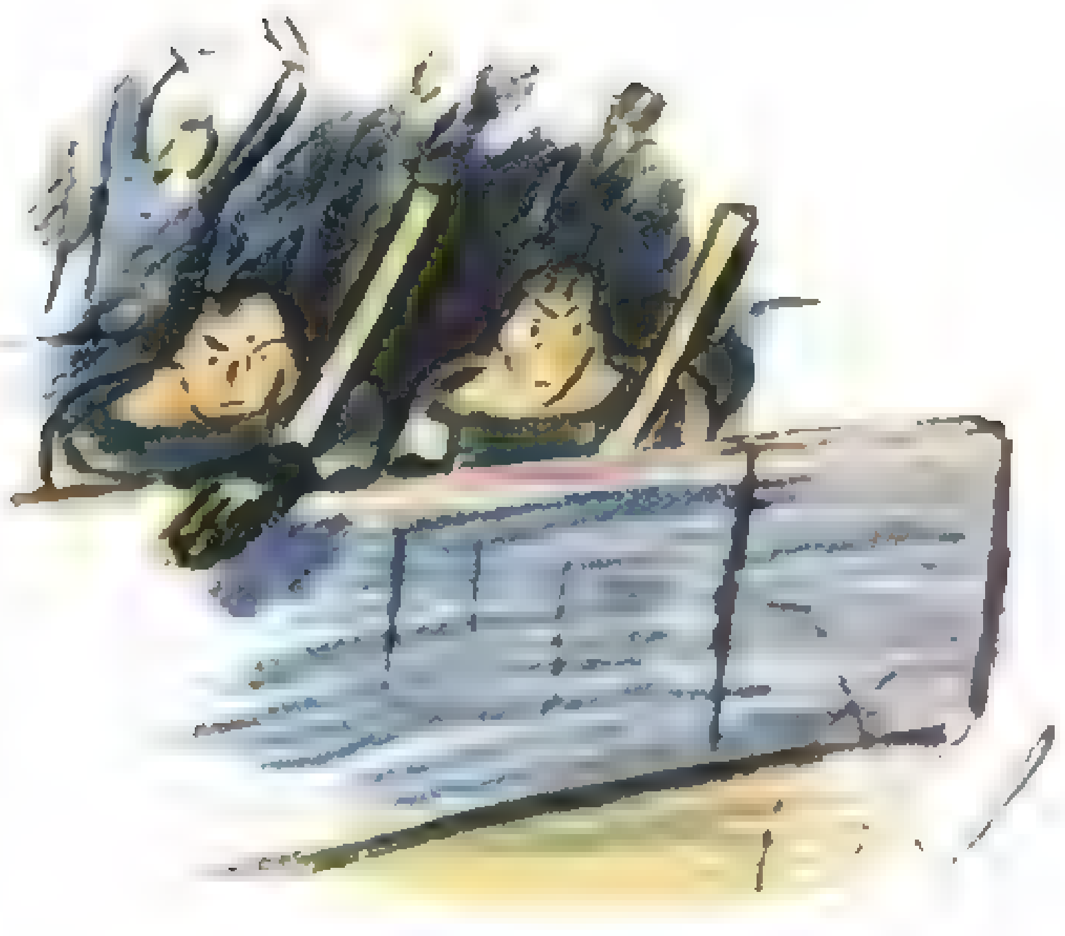
SPANISH

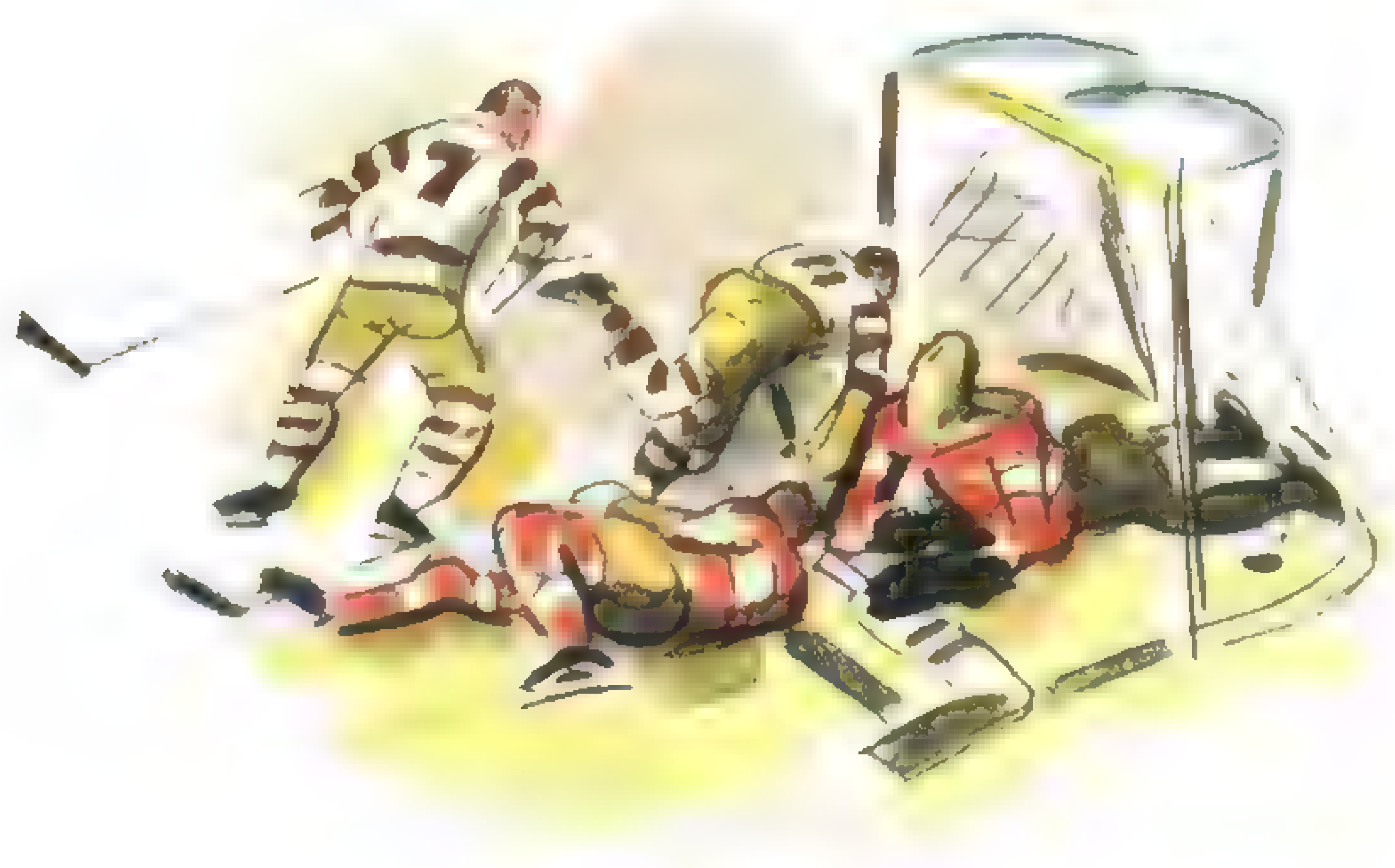
*"Alors—oui—bon jour—tres bien—where the hell will I get with these books?"*



# Hockey Snapshots

*by* **GEORGE SHELLHASE**

THE goal tender who comes out to meet the puck is the pal of opposing forwards, for thereby does he fatten their batting averages. But the goalie who, though staying at the net, deliberately leaves an opening does so with malice aforethought, intending to block it as the puck comes in. So cagey forwards, anticipating this, shoot for where the goalie is now, because they figure that he wants them to think that that's where he will be so they will shoot where he isn't now but where he intends to be after he gets them to shoot there—or would you rather have Mr. Morenz explain it? He does, on the opposite page.



# Hockey Flashbacks

### A famous forward discovers it is better to beat a goalie with a score than with a hockey-stick

### by HOWIE MORENZ

• SPORTS •

This is a hockey article, not a fight yarn—but it's a good opportunity to register in print that Morenz is through with fighting on the ice. There's no percentage in it. Last year, I started three fights—with Babe Siebert of Boston, Wentworth of the Montreal Maroons, and Filmore of the New York Americans—and lost all of them. After my third flooring I concluded I wasn't fast enough on the draw for modern hockey. Nowadays, the man who hits first, usually wins. Teammates, eyeing the penalty box, intervene before a second blow can be struck.

Well do I remember older, happier days when impromptu fisticuffs reached more satisfying conclusions, one way or the other. Ho hum! Times change and civilization advances by leaps and bounds.

Yes, from now on I'm a pacifist, a holdbacker. I'm going to stick with my conviction that nothing causes the opposition such intense pain as a simple little goal which, as you Americans phrase it, "breaks up the ball game." I'll hang on to that conviction until the next time a big defense man holds me just when I have a clean shot in front of the net—the big stiff!

I'll start talking about hockey any minute now—but this is a good place to nail the assertion of some skeptics that hockey fights are merely routined as part of the show, fancy embroidery for the main event. One moment, please. Look!

The left wing is scorching the ice as he carts the puck goalward. A big, heavily armored defense man steps in with a vicious body check. His solid, unlovely hip smashes into the wing's stomach. The forward's breath leaves his body with a "woof," as he goes buckety-buck-buck and crashes into the boards.

What is the wing's reaction—one of brotherly love, good will toward all men? Is the right hook he aims at the chin of Mr. Defense delivered with an eye on the box office?

One of the other illusions held by persons who have not been exposed to hockey for any great length of time is that the job of the goalie is comparatively simple, ideally suited to a man of sedentary habits.

Actually, goal tending calls for lightning coördination of eye, mind and body. The goalie who possessed that attribute in greatest measure was Chuck Gardiner, captain of the Chicago Blackhawks. The tragic death of this keen, happy, well-loved goalie cut short the most brilliant career in hockey history.

My admiration for Chuck dates further back than last season, when his superb defensive play was the major factor in the march of the Blackhawks to the world's championship in hockey.

It goes far back to the days when Major McLaughlin first organized the Blackhawks in Chicago. During those years, I was with Les Canadiens of Montreal. The Hawks were a loose, unsynchronized team then. Les Canadiens were a tight, well-oiled, high-scoring machine. Yet when we met the Hawks, we were lucky to win by 2 to 1, or 1 to 0 scores. The reason was Gardiner. We considered him 75% of the team. When I was able to get one single shot past Chuck in a game, I felt that I had had a big night.

Goal tenders have been getting smarter each year. They remain at the net more and more, and that makes it tough for the offense. I have a genuine affection for opposing goalies who come out to meet the puck. They help my batting average.

And yet, Gardiner came out from his cave more often than any other goalie. So precise was his timing, so shrewd his diagnosis of the impending shot that almost invariably he'd smother the puck, when the odds were high that a goal would be scored.

Chabot, now goalie with our Chicago Blackhawks, comes nearest to approaching Gardiner's greatness. Not soon will I forget the night when Chabot, with four of his New York Ranger teammates off the ice on penalties, held our Canadiens scoreless. Two men against six, yet we could not get the puck past Chabot!

Hidden from the spectators are many of the tricks by which goalies thwart the offense. For example, many a goalie deliberately leaves an opening and, as you shoot for it, instantly blocks the hole. Not always do cagey forwards shoot for the opening, however. Anticipating the move, they shoot away from the open space.

When a forward cracks the defense and bears down on the net, he resorts to skullduggery, seeking to feint the goalie out of position, then shooting for the opposite corner.

One of the more difficult things to learn in hockey is not to shoot too soon when approaching the goal. As you speed forward you hear the rush of flying skates behind, or to the side of you, and you carry the mental hazard that the puck may be blocked, or hooked, if you hesitate too long to make your try. As a result, many young forwards shoot too soon, do not utilize their opportunity to fake and feint the goalie out of position. The best recipe I've discovered to date is to withhold the shot until within eight to ten feet of the net, then shoot for a corner.

A moment ago I spoke of my affection for goalies who come out to meet the offensive onslaught. Next in line in my genuine regard are defense men who back up as you bring the puck toward the goal. For retreating defense men give an opportunity to work scoring plays within the attacking zone. Such plays, which, in diagram form, are not unlike the drawings of your American football maneuvers, are carefully designed to draw defense men out of position and pave the way for a closeup shot.

Defense men who come forward to meet you make life really tough for the center and wings. They throw you off your stride, cut down your speed and give the defensive forwards an opportunity to overtake you from behind.

The toughest defense men I've encountered are Eddie Shore of Boston and Ching Johnson of the New York Rangers. Both are husky and agile. Johnson probably weighs 220 pounds when outfitted for the ice.

And while I'm on the subject of outstanding men, I might mention that Harvey Jackson of Toronto is probably the best and fastest wing in the game. About the only way to stop Harvey is to close down the rink. Jimmy Ward of the Montreal Maroons is another wing who scorches the ice. The same is true of King Clancy of the Toronto Maple Leafs and young Mush March of our Chicago Blackhawks, who also owns blister-

*Continued on page 131*

# The Great Tomorrow

### The silver mirror of the mind receives an image that is too great for reflection, and bursts

### by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

Dear Friends. Do you believe it is possible for a man to be killed by something that does not exist? Could a man be killed by something that will only appear Tomorrow? Alas, this is no riddle. It is only too true. For I myself am the victim of my own invention.

But a single victim is nothing compared to the happiness of mankind. And the invention of the great Tomorrow was unselfishly dedicated to this blind creature—Man. It was designed to give him a new vision, a second sight.

Although the invention was brought to the verge of completion there has been a sad mistake. Something went wrong in the calculations, and its force was too great and too overpowering. The result of this you have now before you. But you must agree that the invention of the great Tomorrow is the most important invention that has ever been made. I say this without modesty, and it may sound arrogant and boastful, but you are welcome to challenge my statement. However, if you do so, you must name an invention more important than the great Tomorrow. And this I do not believe you will be able to do.

The idea first came to me when I started thinking about such little things as the life of man in the world of science. And such little things also as the development of man from his primitive state. At once I was struck by a strange fact: that science is almost completely outside of man. Science changes his conditions, his environments and is designed to aid him in many ways. But he himself as a person, except that he may be a little more intelligent, has remained quite the same since primitive times. Primitive man may have had bushier hair and better teeth than the man of today, but these are only details. We could put them both on the dissecting table and take them apart, muscle for muscle, nerve for nerve, and they would appear quite identical.

How strange it is that science should have worked outside of man and he himself through all these centuries remained so little changed. But the world about him has changed so enormously. Would it not seem reasonable to ask science and this dazzling modern age to hold back a little and allow the human machine to get accustomed to an environment for which it was never designed? This is the heart of my theory: Man himself must be changed, his perceptions must be extended. Do you think this is impossible?

A man stands before you. He can hear, see, taste, smell and touch. These are the five senses that he has brought with him from his primitive state. But an animal in the woods can hear much better than man, and a bird in the air can see much better, and a dog can pick up a scent in a most marvelous way. And so even among the simple creatures of the world man remains a dull specimen. He can be made more intelligent. Then why can he not be made a little keener?

I sincerely believe that each one of the senses of man can be developed and made more important, but I believe something even greater is possible. Through a process of compounding, that is, stacking one sensation upon another, a sixth sense could be added to the five already in existence. In fact, this is what I have actually accomplished.

Supposing it was within your power to add a sixth sense. What would you add? At first I thought that because man was living in a world that has become quite electrical—the ground and atmosphere are filled with so many electrical forces, and the very air that we breathe is highly charged with music, speeches, and even advertising matter—a sense that was able to detect these electrical forces would be most valuable. Neither do I think this is impossible, for a small nerve detector with filaments as sensitive as any radio tube might well be implanted and developed in the physiological machine of man. It was in this direction that I began to think, a direction which would extend man himself into a greater realm.

It was clear in my mind that the very first step would be to develop a sixth sense, and after thinking of all the things that I thought would be most useful to man—like the one I have just mentioned, by which he could detect the presence of electrical forces—and after studying the problem for a long time I came to the conclusion that the most important addition would really be a sense of Tomorrow. This would be a discovery clear and distinct from any that had ever been made before. And if it could only be brought about, it would be a discovery as important as any that was ever made. By adding the future to the present, you destroy in one clean stroke a great deal of the ugly and unhappy things in the life of man. Let me unfold the plan of this idea.

We know very well that when we go to bed tonight the sun will rise Tomorrow. This will take place whether we see it or we don't. It is beyond the control of man, for even if he is dead the sun will rise Tomorrow. In a way it can be said that Tomorrow actually exists, although it has not yet appeared. The mere fact that we do not see it does not indicate that it has no existence. You might have been asleep all day yesterday and not seen a thing, and yet you know very well that this day has already passed. Man's experiences are recorded somewhere in the mind. This record we call memory. We remember a great many of the things that have passed and sometimes we remember things that are long past, for memory is a reflection that goes back into time and brings a familiar image forward.

Now, if there were something in the mind of man that would enable him to see the day ahead as clearly as he sees the day behind, this would be a new sense. This would be the sense of the great Tomorrow. It would be reflecting the image forward for only a short space, and while memory has been developed to throw back over years and years, I would attempt in my discovery to cast forward only a very short space of twenty-four hours.

If this idea could be made practical, it would to my mind be the most important discovery of our age. Please do not be too quick to say that all this is impossible, for I want to explain to you how I set to work to add this new sense to the mind of man. Then you will be better able to judge for

yourself how successful I have been. Until then please reserve judgment.

I set to work at once, and clearing out the laboratory of all the dead and useless apparatus, I designed and built new instruments that would help me in the experiments which I hoped would develop and detect the presence of the great Tomorrow. I decided to develop this force in the most scientific way possible, and I decided also that I would develop it first within myself. I began a long series of experiments, all intended to turn the traffic around in this one-way street called Time. Some of the experiments were very simple, some almost ridiculous, and others were very long, complicated and tedious. The whole job could not be done in one stroke. It had to be a gradual growth. And while at first it only attempted an extension of a minute or two, this could later on be stretched to an hour with the hope that in the end, the finished result would embrace a whole day —the entire Tomorrow.

The laboratory journal that I kept diligently will give you the full details of these experiments. It includes the experiment with the newspapers and the one with the letters.

The newspaper experiment was very simple. It seemed to work out quite easily. It seemed only a matter of exercise, and it was accomplished in the following manner. When I went to bed at night I would close my eyes as though I were ready to sleep, and I would reflect back into my mind and bring forward a picture of the front page of yesterday's newspaper. This I had seen, and I brought it before me quite easily. Then, when this page was clearly before me, I folded over it, column by column, lining up the edges evenly, the front page of this morning's newspaper. All this from memory. The headlines are quite different and when one is cast over the other they seem to blur into a misty vision. And now, changing the direction of the beam, I try to cut through this haze and read the headlines of Tomorrow.

At first I could read nothing. It was all a gray blank, but then gradually things began to emerge, and I began to read things that had never been in my memory. I made a record of what seemed to emerge, and in the morning I would be up early, waiting for the paper to see how close it was, and how right or wrong my perception had been. For a long time, there was nothing but error, but then gradually certain words and facts would emerge. Encouraged by this, I kept on and on for many months until suddenly, as though it all happened overnight, I discovered that a wonderful thing had actually been accomplished. I was able to see Tomorrow's paper.

In the meantime, I was working in several other directions. And while all are recorded in the journal, still I would like to mention the experiment of the letter. One morning as I was reading my mail, I observed that most of the letters before me had been written only the day before. I concluded that during this very day somebody would no doubt be writing me a letter. This letter would arrive Tomorrow. Is it not possible for me to see it now, as I saw this morning's paper last night as I lay in bed? After a number of experiments I thought I had accomplished it. I seemed to see the handwriting very clearly. It was a familiar hand, and the letter was a very brief note asking me if I would come to his house. Was it for dinner? Or for something else? This part was not clear to me. I went to the telephone and called my friend and said quite boldly, "You know very well that I don't go anywhere. I am working on something most important, and every minute counts."

"But how do you know I have written to you!" my friend exclaimed. "The letter is still on my desk unmailed."

"But you intend to mail it, and I will have it in the morning. All this is just part of my experiment. Please be so kind and write me a note to confirm this telephone call. I will paste both letters into my journal." I promised my friend faithfully, as soon as my work was better established, that we would get together.

I promised this, little realizing what was about to happen. One night, as though it were in a sort of vision, I felt a great feeling of exultation. It seemed I was light and free and I felt as though I were floating on air. The things that I touched as I floated about were soft and they too seemed light and free, for they moved away from me as I touched them. Then I realized that this was perhaps the beginning and now I was already living in the great Tomorrow.

When I awoke, instead of feeling happy at so marvelous an accomplishment, I was seized with a thought of the seriousness of the event, for now confronting me was a great responsibility. Before man becomes a partner of Time, he needs a new kind of education so that he may not use this force for selfish or evil ends. With a knowledge beforehand of what is certain to happen, he cannot very honestly enter into speculation or other tricks that are reserved for schemers. The knowledge of Tomorrow is enough to make any man the richest person in the world, but wealth and gold are just a pile of rubbish compared to the splendor and dazzling glory of the great Tomorrow.

It was a great responsibility and education seemed most important. At once it became evident that certain types of knowledge should be left alone. This force of Tomorrow should be used to help man and only for his good. Certain crimes might easily be prevented. Certain diseases avoided. Disasters might be averted, and that short interval of only twenty-four hours ahead would be quite long enough to help man live in a world where calamity, misfortune and sorrow come suddenly and unforeseen.

Things were developing quickly. The new sense of Tomorrow was growing rapidly. Here was an important role that I would soon have to play, more important than any part played by any actor, comic or tragic, on this stage that we call the world.

A knowledge of Tomorrow would make anyone the prince of the dark future. And even more, he would be a king in a world of underlings, for man walks in darkness and is blind to his future. He who carries a lamp that can cast a light twenty-four hours ahead can prevent many stumbling blunders, and the world at once would become a place that is very different. I was overwhelmed by the great responsibility that now lay before me, and I was convinced that one thing alone was important and that was the general happiness and welfare of mankind. Science knows no prejudice and should make no distinctions between race, creed or country.

When you examine my laboratory journal, you will note that at about this time there were many more experiments that happened to solve themselves so easily and quickly. They seemed to go ahead automatically. The progress that I made in so very short a

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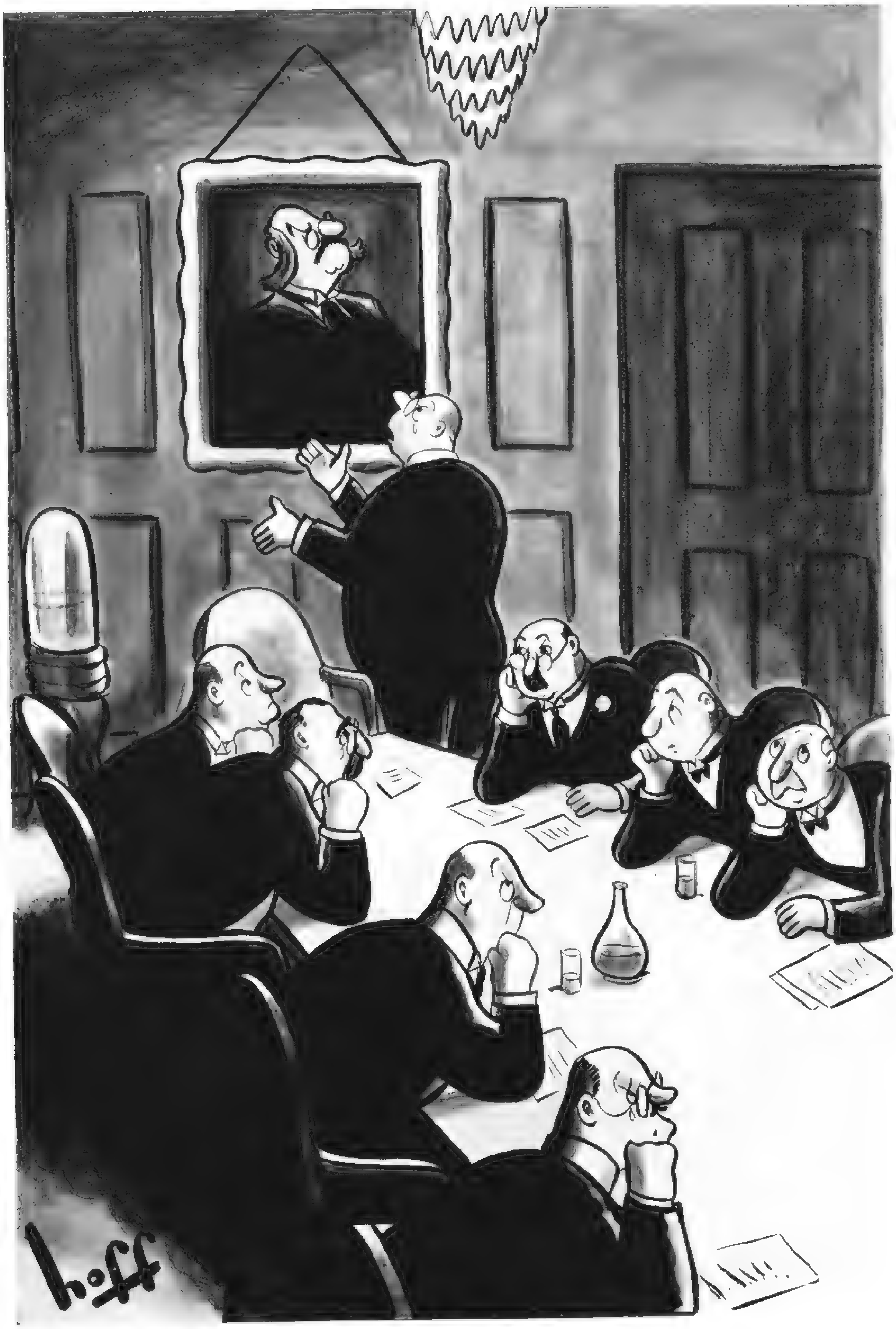


*"Oh, Daddy!"*

# Guardian of the Lambs

### Portrait of the very American Mr. Kennedy whose job is to kill fake stocks and bunk bonds

### by HERBERT COREY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was on the wire: "I want you over here in Washington," he said. "I have a job for you, Joe."

Joseph P. Kennedy pointed out that he had practically retired from business. He had one broken leg which was hardly out of the plaster cast. When it was strong enough he proposed to ride that horse again. He had the nine finest children in the world, and a wife who is prettier than on the day he married her. He had three homes, plenty of money, he was not interested in politics and he was away back on his golfing.

"This is Saturday," said the President. "It is a tough job. You will be up to your cowlick in hot water for five years. Can you get over here on Monday?"

"Yes," said Kennedy.

That is not a verbatim report of the telephonic conversation between the President and the first chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. But it is faithful to the spirit. Kennedy caught the Sunday plane. When the Commission gets under full headway it may spend as much money and have as many employes as the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is already filling the dingy old I. C. C. building on Pennsylvania avenue in Washington. It will be free of politics.

The Securities and Exchange Commission will do its best to protect the interests of the 20,000,000 Americans who directly or indirectly are interested in stocks and bonds. It has authority over all the stock exchanges and the investment bankers and brokers and the corporations which issue securities and the foreign paper which is registered in this country for sale.

"We can do more to restore confidence among business men than any other agency I know," said Mr. Kennedy. "It is idle to say that we have confidence now. The market shows we have not. We will get money back into the channels of legitimate trade and encourage the issue of worth-while securities. American business is honest but there is a fringe of thieves we will lop off. The best thing that can be done for business is to get the rats out of the granary."

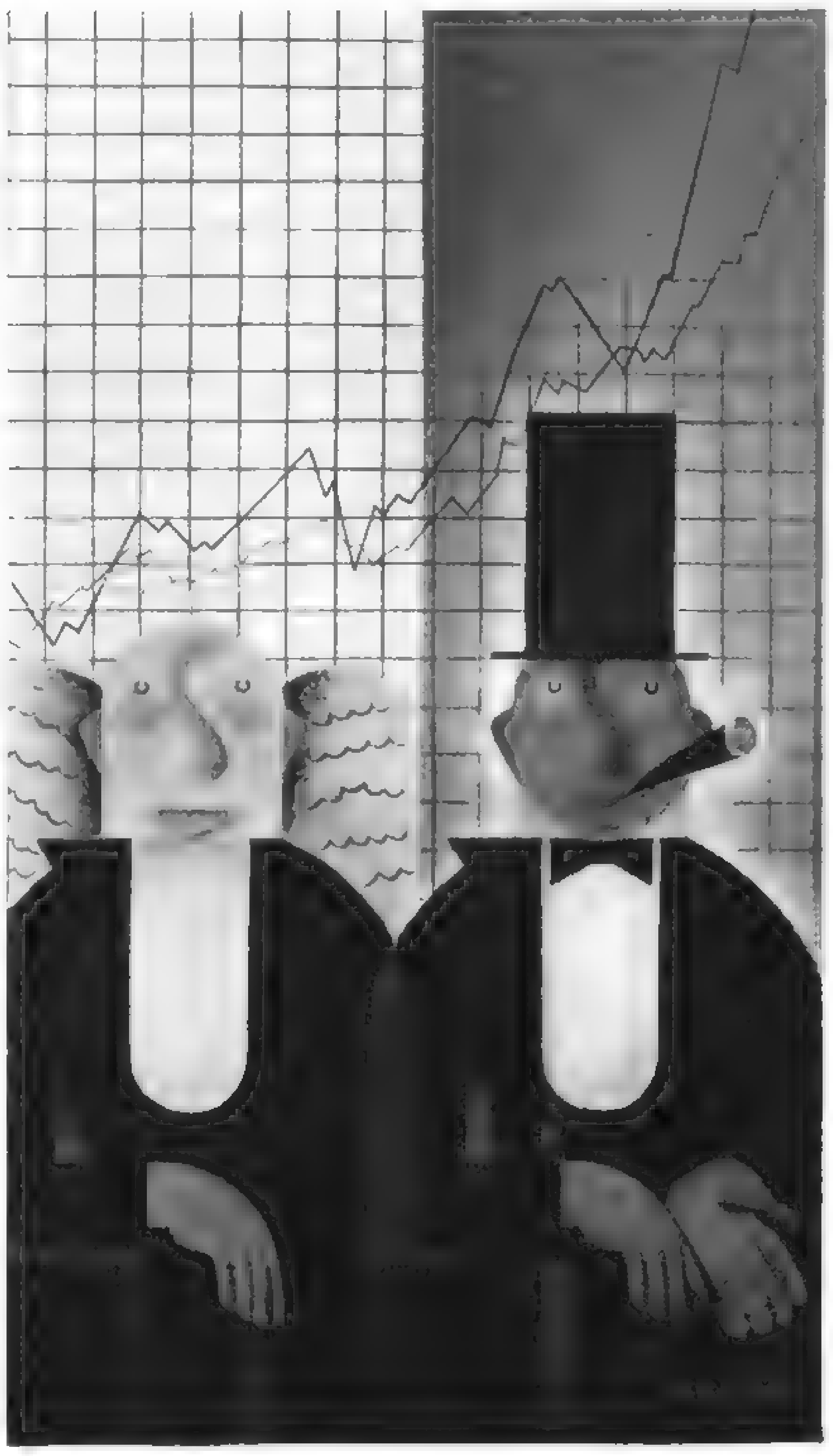
He is a Wall Street man himself. That is why he is the head of the Commission. He knows the securities business from top to bottom. He made money by buying stocks and bonds when they were cheap and selling them when their values were restored, but he is not the kind of a speculator who props himself on a board room stool from ten to four o'clock each day and runs tape through his fingers. Before he bought into a stock he informed himself on the underlying conditions. He is a sharp at reading balance sheets. No matter how the leak was hidden he could find out where the red ink was seeping in. The man who saves his money and buys a bond does not know how to set about finding out the values that underlie it. The Commission proposes to make this easy for him.

"We will give him some good works to put under his faith," said Kennedy. "The government does not propose to insure the investor against loss. Too many changes are taking place constantly. A security that is as good as wheat in the mill today may not be worth a nickel tomorrow because a scientist has discovered a new element or some one has popped off an archduke. But we can at least make sure that the values are in it when the investor buys it and that he can assess those values if he knows how to read."

He does not attempt to explain why Wall Street—that is the generic name for all who issue or buy and sell securities from Portland to Palm Beach—has not had the gumption to realize that the country distrusts it and has not done something to regain the popular confidence.

"You'd think they would," he said. "All those smart bankers. They have had warning enough. But the first move had to come from the government."

Until that confidence has been regained the buying of securities will be retarded. There are plenty of good business opportunities everywhere. But the men who would make use of them cannot get the money. If the buyer is assured that he is being told the truth about the stocks and bonds offered him he will buy if the bargain seems a good one. Every dollar spent for fake stock or bunk bonds is a dollar subtracted from the legitimate business of the country.



"Salesmen are riding through these Virginia hills saying to the farmers:

"'Buy now while things are cheap. This stock will make you safe when you are old.'

"The farmer does not know how to check up on the sales-talk. He takes the money he has laid aside for a job of painting or a new mowing machine and buys into a company that deals in moonlight. Or he gets a bond issued by a bunch of blackguards in a cellar. Three things have happened. The farmer has lost his money. The merchants with whom he would have traded have lost business. A chain of doubt has been set up which runs from the farm through the merchants and the country bankers and the wholesalers right to the country as a whole. Five hundred million dollars each year are taken from poor devils in New York State alone." (This happened only in 1928; in other years the figure is much smaller.)

Plenty of honest men in Wall Street—again the name covers the business of dealing in securities rather than a location—had the trembles when the Securities and Exchange Commission was created by law. Capital is always timid. Some of the slickers tried to increase this timidity in hope of handcuffing the Commission. The honest men were shown pictures of reformers hanging the profit motive to sour apple trees. They saw their business interfered with by cockeyed monomaniacs who think of a stock certificate as a capital crime. They prophesied that the normal flow of new money into securities would dry to a trickle. They said progress would be stopped.

"I wouldn't be here if I thought that," said Mr. Kennedy. "I'd get out today. I have some money of my own. I'd be out protecting it. I know that our work here will help make it safe."

The reaction of the exchanges and the investment bankers is now friendly. A few weeks ago a so-called distillery applied to the Commission for the right to sell its securities. Its application read like a million dollars but it was not backed by the goods. When the Commission's action became known a flood of complaints of other fly-by-night stock-wallopers came in. The Commission's activities are broadening. Every dollar that it can keep out of the hands of the boiler room operators will be invested in sound securities or business-making businesses. And it has just begun.

Continued on page 106

# High Stakes on the River

## Nostalgic yarns of the famed river gamblers who rode the sidewheelers in their heyday

### by GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW

• ARTICLE •

THE portly pilot of the *Western Transporter* sighted through the pilot-house window, across the jackstaff, over a half-mile of dancing Mississippi water to an almost invisible mark on the Tennessee bank. Then he spat viciously and accurately against one of the deeply-breathing smokestacks until it sizzled.

"What this river needs," he remarked succintly, "is more gambling. Bigger and better poker games. Fine steamboats and a few shebangs*'d help along like everything. But give us the gamblers! Traffic's coming back on the rivers: why not the gamblers?"

We three visitors on board this river towboat in the good year 1932 sat there in the pilot house and watched the expertness with which the pilot manipulated the craft with her ten great barges, lashed together, sticking out in front of her nose: Charley Martin of the U. S. Engineers, out on an inspection trip; Opie Read, white haired and long famous author and raconteur, bound for his winter home in Florida; and myself.

We had boarded the *Western Transporter* when she had come nosing into the landing at Evansville, Indiana, three days earlier. And now toward the shank end of the third day, we were getting down into the cotton country, all steeped in the *dolce far niente* which inevitably settles down upon a traveler by river steamboat listening hour after hour to the recounting of gone and golden days on the river.

I could not suppress a sigh, for in a pitiful effort to take a jackpot on a bob-tail flush, I had lost twenty dollars earlier that day. Opie had dropped a ten spot. Charley Martin had let go about $6.50.

But the pilot wore the sleek contented look of a big tomcat on whose insides a canary bird slowly goes through the processes of assimilation. It was this fact that had called forth his lament that the big days of steamboat gambling are no longer with us.

"Hell!" the pilot resumed, "you fellows call *this* gambling, this little Sunday School game we've been playing, but—

"Not I," spoke up Opie Read. "Pilot, you can't tell me anything about the grand poker games on the boats. I knows, 'cause I wuz dar." (Mr. Read can drop easily into the dialect of the negroes about whom he has written most adequately.)

"Well, no sir, Mr. Read, not you," said the pilot, "but I want these young bucks to know something about the games we used to play. We've got a bigger tonnage moving on the rivers right now than we had in the famous years of steamboating around 1875. But look at the damn thing! All freight traffic. No passengers. River man with ambition," he grumbled on, "can't get nowhere at all—these days!"

Opie Read spoke up: "Well, now that we've got repeal, there seems to be a general tolerance abroad in the land. Maybe before long we *will* have some of that gambling you and I knew on the boats, pilot."

"Got to get some real steamboats first. I don't mean these little wet-jack towboats like this one; I don't mean those big new Diesel engine boats like the government operates. I mean big sidewheelers like the *J. M. White*, and the *Lee* and the *Natches* and the *Will S. Hays.*"

"The *Will S. Hays!*" Opie interrupted reminiscently. "Lord. Lord! I haven't heard that name since Methuselah wore short britches. Last time I rode on her was in eighty-four. Seems like yesterday! I was publishing the 'Arkansaw Traveler' then, and had twelve hundred dollars in my pocket to buy news print in New Orleans. After supper I was sitting out on the guards and a gentleman came up and asked me if I liked history. I asked him: 'What kind of history?'

"He said, 'The history of the Four Kings.' I assured him I *was* rather partial to that study. So we had a couple of Sazeracs together and sat down to begin studying . . .

"Gentlemen, I shall not weary you with a recital of the ways and means by which that scoundrel operated, but when I rose from that table four hours later I felt as though I had been reading Dickens. I was Nickel-less Nickleby. Yes sir, I was teetotally broke.

"Well, I found a ten cent piece in the lining of my waistcoat. When we arrived in New Orleans I boarded a street car and went to a gambling house on Royal Street. Explained my predicament to a courtly old gentleman at the club office. He came right across with fifty cents to let me in the roulette game. I put it on the red and won. Just then the same old gentleman asked if I would drink with him. It seemed that I would. (Ramos gin fizz, waiter!) Another whirl of the wheel. I won again. (Two more over here, waiter. Yassuh!)

"I just stood there all that evening and let my money ride around that wheel and double up. A big crowd gathered around me; I just let her ride. And that old fellow and I oiled the tense atmosphere of that room with drink after drink. I was very glad I had come. By four o'clock I had a stack of chips representing $1600 in front of me. But something happened along about then. I don't know what . . .

"When I awoke I was alone in bed in one of the club rooms. I didn't have a slick quarter to my name! I gathered such of my wits as I could find and went down to the clerk at the desk and tried to borrow fifty cents.

"'You have money,' he told me. 'What the devil do you want with fifty cents? Here.'

"And I'm damned if he didn't go to the safe and take out eighteen hundred dollars I'd won. The waiter had put it there when they put me to bed . . . Ah, those gin fizzes!!"

Again the pilot spat clean out the side window, over the guards and added his bit to the swollen river rushing by heavy with fall rains.

"Ain't no game at all!" he sniffed. "Reckon you don't recall them big professional games in the cotton trade, do you, Mr. Read? Mighty few of the games played between gentlemen passengers were ever on the level. Most always there was a card sharp right there at the table with marked cards. Or

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*Shebang: A floating *filles des joie* establishment.

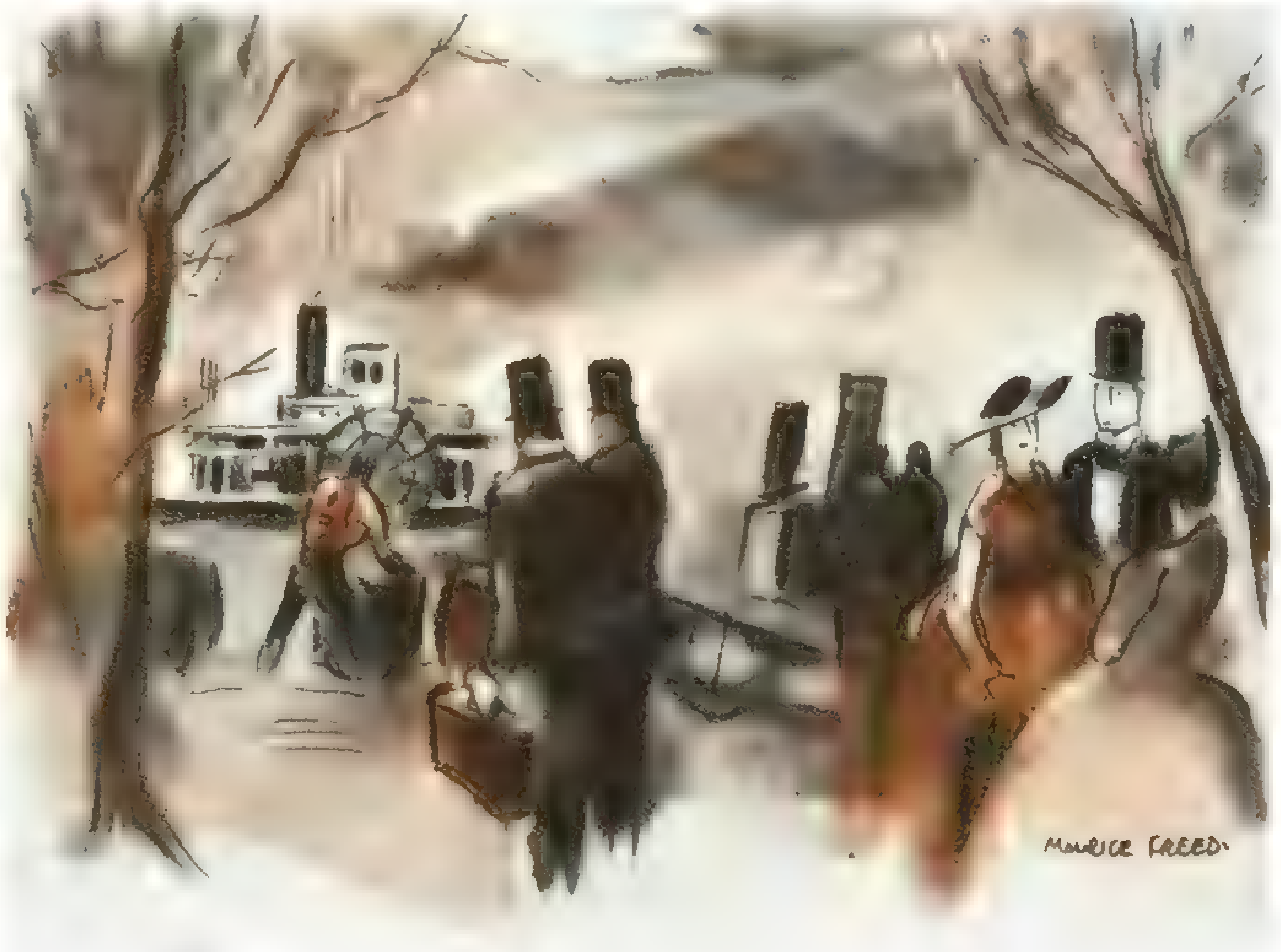
if he wasn't right there in full view you could bet your eyes he was hanging around in the offing somewhere, unbeknownst to the players. All except one, that is.

"The professional gamblers—the sharps—always had a partner known as a capper who'd sit in with every big game and tip the sharp off.

"I saw one fellow on board the Big Injun (that's what we used to call Capt. Leather's *Natches*) gather a game of twenty-five gentlemen around him in the cabin after supper and fleece 'em one after another to the tune of $29,000. They were cotton brokers, every last one of them, and lousy with money, all in gold and greenbacks. They'd just sold their crops. This bird's name was Bush: he used to be capper for the old time gambler George Devol, and he had a lot of Devol's old tricks. Marked cards, it was, this time. He—"

"Why, I knew George Devol," Opie broke in. "At least I used to see him and talk to him when my father would take me with him on boats from Nashville to New Orleans. That was before the Civil war. I was about eight years old. Fine looking man, Devol, about six foot six. He could do anything with a deck of cards. Whistle to 'em and they'd all come a-running!! I saw him butt a nigger's brains out once with that bull head of his."

This was too much for the pilot. "Mr. Read," he stated severely, "let's confine ourselves to the stark naked truth. You're stretching your blanket, I'd say! You say you saw Devol butt a *nigger's* brains out? You know how thick a nigger's skull is?"



"Do you know how thick George Devol's head was? In other words, was you there, Charley? I was," Opie countered.

"Well no, but I know something about that gambler Devol. Saw him fall off the boiler deck of the *Jacob Strader* up on the Ohio river once when he was drunk. He lit on his head in the shallow water near the bank and hit a rusty spike in a water-soaked scantling." Again the pilot contributed to the rising river flood. "Did it kill him? Naw sir, but it bent the spike nearly double."

"Well, I'm somewhat of a liar myself," Opie resumed, "but I thought we were talking about card games."

Suddenly the pilot reached out his foot and depressed a pedal in the floor. The whistle above our heads roared out two short blasts. The three of us jumped up to see what boat was passing on our right. It was the long steamer *Sprague*—giant of the Standard Oil Company fleet—her huge sternwheel threshing the water like a bright colossal churn.

"Every time I see that boat, puts me in mind of the old *Henry Frank*. Looks a lot like her," said the pilot.

"I rode the Henry Frank down to Helena one time in the late Eighties when she caried 9226 bales. Biggest trip of cotton ever carried on the river." Mr. Read lit his long pipe and puffed gustily. "She had only about fifty passengers on board. I saw a fellow bet his plantation against seven thousand bales of cotton. He lost. Lost it on the turn of a card. You know, many times these river gamblers would find poker too slow. Chuck-a-luck, three-card-monte, Rouge et Noir, and just plain toss of a coin—those were the quick games. Hey, pilot?"

"You have spake!" The man at the wheel sighed reminiscently. Possibly he was thinking of the days before he was born. Slavery times, which he knew only from hearsay, when more than one planter, traveling with his family and slaves on the steamboats, won and lost land, gold, silver and servants. It is said that Devol on board the *Antelope* once won a beautiful quadroon, but after keeping her a few hours returned her to her owner.

The Mississippi type of steamboat was admirably adapted to the sort of gambling which flourished aboard her. At best the steamboat was a rather ornate and high-stepping grande dame, somewhat flimsy looking and bedecked with plenty of white and gilt ornamentation. And her appearance did not belie her. For the steamboat had to be, first of all, a medium of entertainment, a floating palace in sober truth, where luxury loving passengers could loll away days and hours while moving up and down the great rivers at a clip of twenty miles an hour. At one time there were two thousand such steamboats afloat on the rivers.

A stranger, mounting up from the main (i.e., the lower) deck to the second (or boiler) deck by means of a great ornamented stairway that divided in the middle into two branches, pushed open a door and entered the highly decorated cabin which served the dual purpose of a lounge and dining room.

Opening off on each side this cabin were the passenger staterooms (so called, as everyone knew, because they were at first each named after a state of the Union). And each of the staterooms had a private door which gave out upon the side (promenade) deck. Thus a gambler with his one or more partners could have a game going simultaneously in several staterooms and, if some aggrieved sucker felt that he had been badly used in a game and came streaking down the cabin, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, the gambler had only to gather his ill-gotten gains together and make his getaway through that little private door on to the side deck. He could go to the barkeep (the barkeep always stood in with the gamblers and had a cut of "the gate," so to speak) or, for that matter, to the clerk's office and remain in hiding until the boat reached the next landing. Then he could go ashore with his money. And since there were boats passing frequently in both directions, and one had only to hail one in order to have it come nosing into bank, he would soon be at his destination.

In the earlier days of steamboating—say prior to 1850—the officers and owners of the boats rather encouraged gambling. Frequently they took a hand in it themselves, and felt pretty safe in doing so, knowing that any professional who happened to be in the game would never take the *captain's* money. Flourishing poker games, roulette and all the rest always added zest to the entertainment. Frequently the gamblers were handsome devils, suave and ready of wit, who had acquired a sort of pseudo culture.

But later, following the Civil War, steamboat captains frowned on gambling. Having their passengers cheated out of their money frequently got to be too much of a good thing. Their patronage began to fall off. But even so, any gentleman knew that he could find a game going in the barber shop, in one of the Texas staterooms or in one corner of the bar, if he wanted it.

"Most exciting game I know about occurred in the barbershop of the *John Simonds* coming down the Arkansas River. I saw a young planter and his bride going to New Orleans to spend their honeymoon doing the Mardi Gras," Opie took up his parable again. "She was the prettiest little trick you ever clapped your eye on, and he was a fine looking chap. About nine o'clock in the evening, he got into a gentleman's game with some other passengers, not knowing there was a professional in the party. The bride came over and handed him one of the two stateroom keys, kissed him good night and retired saying she was weary and wanted a beauty sleep.

"It was a tragic thing to see that young planter game away his money, his wife's jewels, his next year's cotton crop and his very plantation. He got up from the table in a dazed sort of way, and you could tell by looking at him that the gambling fever had him in its clutches. He tried to borrow some money from the captain but was turned down. The other men in the game refused him too. But at last one of them (he didn't know it was the professional) leaned over and said to him in a low voice:

"'I'll bet you one thousand dollars against that key you have there that you can't turn the ace.' At any other time that young planter would have probably killed the man that made the suggestion. As it was he agreed.

"He lost. The gambler demanded the key.

"'Well, take it then, you..................' the planter yelled, at the same time drawing a derringer and pushing the stateroom key into its muzzle. The gambler took it full in the chest, and that was the end of him."

Once again the pilot turned to the window and let fly through into the river.

"The truth just ain't in some people," he said.

# Return Postage Enclosed

## Poets are born but short story writers are made, by rules like these—they're made nuts, that is

### by DUANE DECKER

HUMOR

WE WERE waiting, the three of us (any editor will tell you to plunge into your story with directness) on the steps of the post-office. There was Joe—red hair, homburg hat, cigarette drooping from the mouth—there was Sidney—gaunt face, no hat, coat too short and frayed—("It is a simple thing to identify your characters to your reader with a few sure, deft strokes," said the editor of *Tower Publications* in a speech at a writers' luncheon, printed later in the *World-Telegram*), and myself. ("In using the first-person narrator, strive for objectivity in the treatment of your fictional self,": *Writer's Forum*, Feb. '33.)

We were sitting on the large stone steps. It was fall and the wind (did not sweep, did not whistle, did not cut) was blowing down the street. (The most common pitfall of the beginner is the use of trite, hackneyed words—recurrent admonition of editors.) It got under your collar and it came up under your coat so that you flattened your elbows against your hips, thinking that this helped to keep the wind out, and you warm. Of course, it did no such thing. Leaves eddied along the sidewalk, as they were caught in sudden gusts of wind. There were a few cars about, a few trucks, a policeman up near the corner swinging a billy ("Use of authentic vernacular is a telling point,": John Shropshire in *Welding The Fictional Form*, *Brinkley Press*, $2.50) and reading the headlines on the morning paper as he passed the *Eldorado Smoke Shop*. Across the street in *Frank's Diner* I could see the blackboard special, Poached Eggs, Or Any Kind (2) With Toast Or Rolls And Steaming Coffee—20 cents. ("Realistic background detail," said Mr. Edwin Balmer, editor of *Redbook*, to an interviewer from a well known writer's magazine, "has sold more than one story to me. Making the reader *feel* the atmosphere of your story is half of the battle.") Did I mention the pigeons on the courthouse roof? Oh there were a lot of them there.

We were newspaper canvassers, Joe and Sidney and I, and we were waiting for our crew manager to show up before we would go about our day's work. Here is the way a newspaper canvasser works: (In the 1933 *Writer's Yearbook And Market Guide*, August Lenniger, Author Of More Than A Score Of Stories In The Big-Circulation, Literary And All-Fiction Magazines says: "Beginners don't realize the importance of starting the story in the middle and then reviewing the situation by means of flashback.") A canvasser goes out with the crew manager to a given part of the city and starts working a block of houses, knocking on one back door after another. With a three months' subscription to his newspaper he is authorized to offer the customer a set of six guaranteed teaspoons, absolutely free of charge. Once you have gotten the customer's name on the dotted line, your job is practically done except to explain that there is a slight carrying charge of 25 cents, for the spoons, merely of course, to cover the costs of shipping them. There should never be any trouble about this, unless the customer suggests that he'll drop by the office of the newspaper and pick up his spoons himself, and thus (*very* simple) save the 25 cent carrying charge. Here is where your explanation is apt to get involved somewhat, since you must make it very clear that the newspaper has all the spoons delivered by its special messengers, in order to avoid confusion. Joe and Sidney and I receive 15 dollars per week for only eight hours a day of this, with no strings attached, other than the stipulation that on any week in which we do not average four new subscribers per day, our connections with the newspaper are by way of being severed.

"I see where Jean Harlow is writing a book," Joe said to Sidney and me.

"Yeah," Sidney said, "and it will probably be lousy."

"I don't know," I said, "why shouldn't Jean Harlow write a good book? After all, must your name be Feuchtwanger, or something like that, to write a good book?"

("Dialogue, when it sparkles," said a well known New York literary agent recently, addressing a writer's group in the Literary Workshop, 34 West 17th St., N.Y.C., "is the most appealing and salable element you can put in a story. However, be sure that your dialogue, as such, keeps the action of the story moving steadily forward.")

"Only flat-chested women," said Joe, doggedly, "are able to write books."

"And that lets Harlow out," said Sidney, who is very observing.

(In a recent issue of *Esquire*, The Magazine For Men, Mr. E. Hemingway wrote a piece entitled, *In Defense Of Dirty Words*. The theme of this article was that a writer can never achieve greatness unless he faces, unflinchingly, the fact that the men and women of whom he writes, use foul language and discuss sex freely, in real life.)

"I wish I had a drink," Joe commented.

"So do I," Sidney ejaculated.

"It's too early," I remonstrated.

"Nuts," Joe disapproved.

(About a year ago, *Writer's Digest* magazine printed a list of about 50 or 60 synonyms for *said* since many writers wear themselves out trying to refrain from a monotonous repetition of *he said* and *she said*. This list was to be complemented by a list of 50 more next month, but I missed that.)

Nobody said anything for a while. I felt a sneeze coming on me, so I pressed my index finger against my face, just under the nose, because I have been told that this is a sure way to stop an approaching sneeze. Joe yawned and scratched the back of his left ear with his fingernail.

("Why is it," said the reviewer of *Appointment in Samarra* in the *Times*, "that the unarrived author does not see the intrinsic dramatic value of the small details of conduct in the successful delineation of character?")

I heard a low hum and when I looked up, a long, blue phaeton, Chrysler I think it was although with these new bodies it is difficult to be sure, drove slowly up the street. Seated at the wheel was a very beautiful blonde young woman in a Russian sable coat and beside her a well-groomed young man in a raccoon coat. They slowed down, and Joe and Sidney and I stared at them enviously. It was a beautiful car, with five chromium horns and a large trunk on the back.

"Could you tell me," the girl called to us, "where the Union Steamship offices are located?"

The three of us cleared our throats. Sidney called,

"Dikeman street. Two blocks up."

As the car shifted into low, we could hear the young man say to her:

"Thank God it won't be so beastly cold at Biarritz."

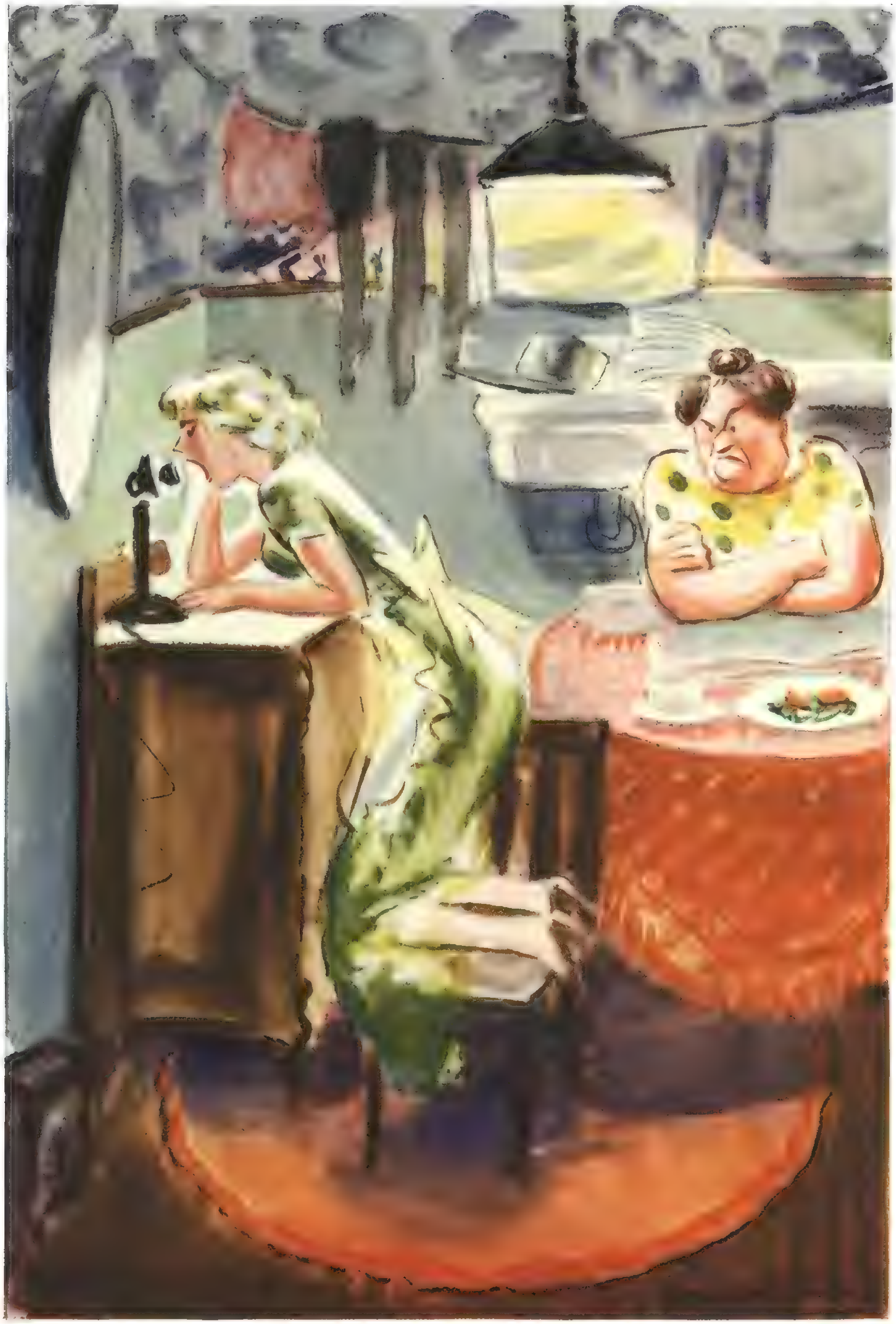
(In an article titled *Slanting For The Slicks* in *Author and Journalist*, a monthly magazine for writers, Mr. T. Ralf Adler, author of *Creating Successful Fiction* (etc.) stated: "If you are aiming for the big-circulation markets, it will not be amiss to play your characters against a glamorous background. Readers of the Escape type of fiction like to have their heroes and heroines do the things that they themselves dream of one day doing.")

Our crew manager, walking briskly, appeared around the corner. He came up toward us, his briefcase swinging under his arm, a freshly lighted cigar fastened to his mouth. Joe and Sidney and I stood up, smoothed out the backs of our coats and the crew manager called:

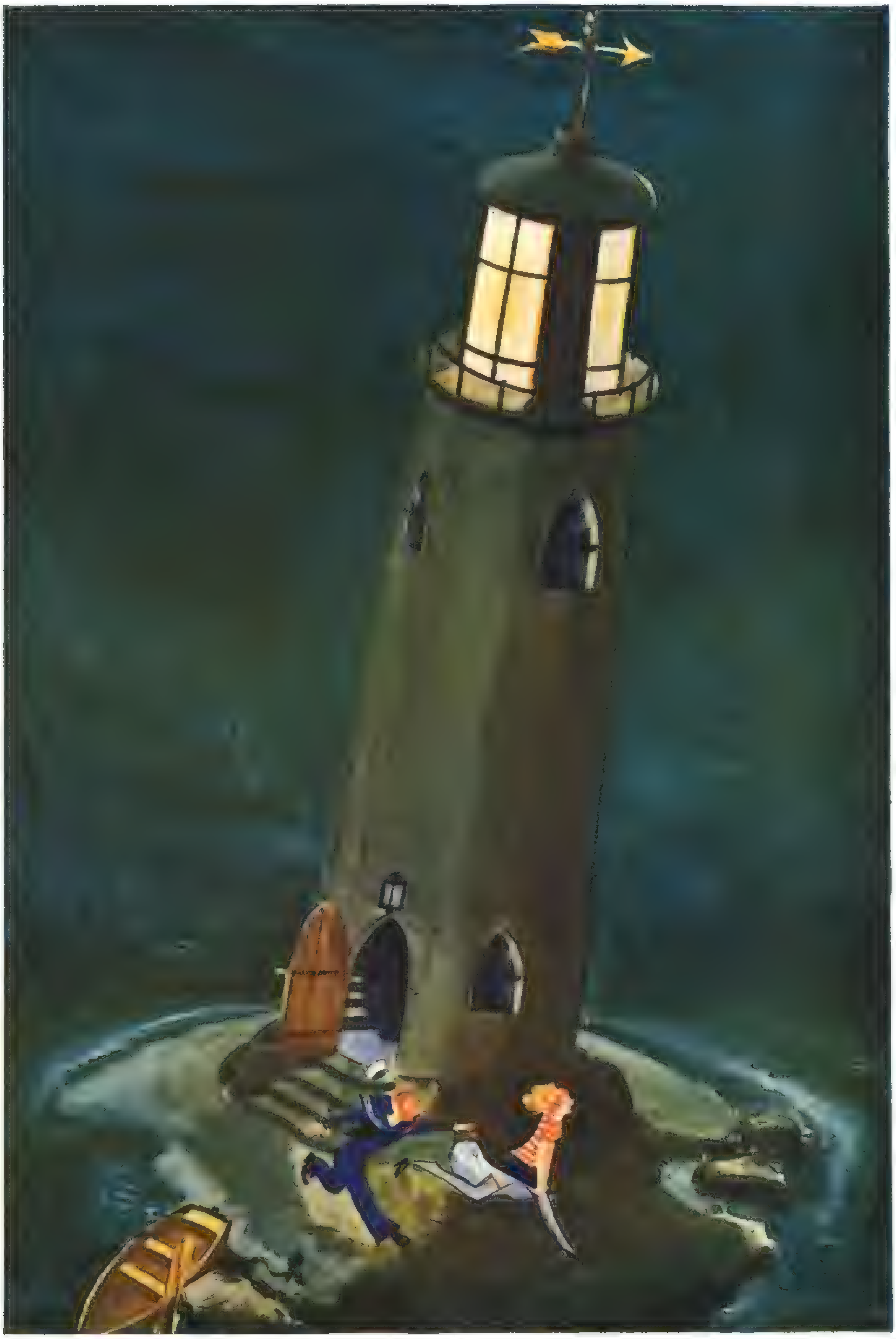
"All right you guys. Let's get going."

We, Joe and Sidney and the crew manager and I, walked slowly down toward the bus stop, as the early morning noises of a great city welled slowly up, all around us.

("The new short story," says Dr. Ernest Brennecke, of Columbia University, "is really not a story at all and does not deserve the name. Rather it is a sub-story and ends apparently in mid-air, with nothing having happened and leaving the reader with the feeling that he has been cheated.")



*"Mister Van Astor, mom sez there must be somethin' phoney about all this"*



*"Aw-w-w—how's Winchell gonna find out?"*

# Bridging the Atlantic

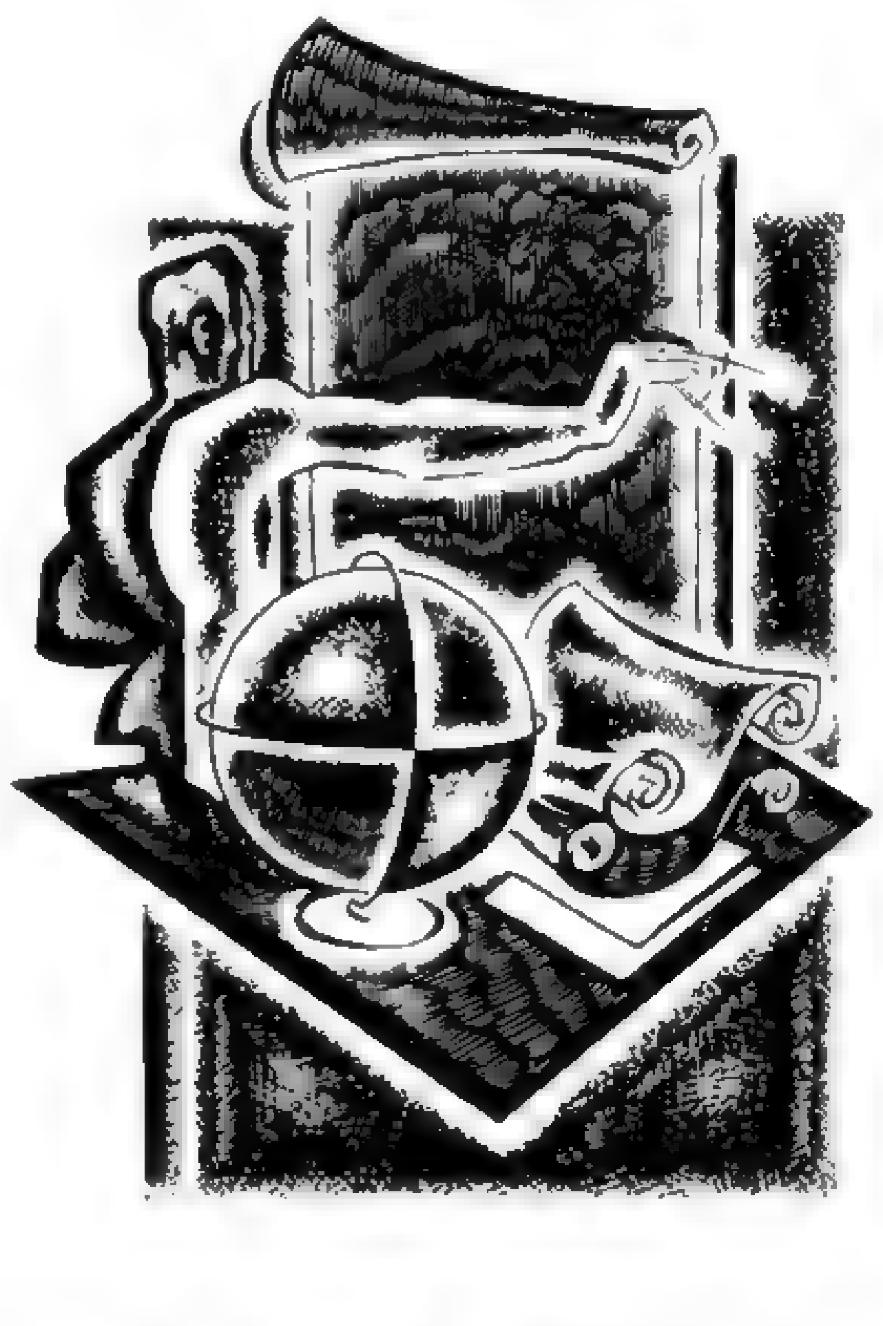
### An engineer's report on the actual construction plans of the proposed floating airports

### *by* CAPT. HUGH DUNCAN GRANT

▪ ARTICLE ▪

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Captain Hugh Duncan Grant, who, as Superintendent of the Meteorological Department of the British Navy during the World War, was official Weather Forecaster of the British Admiralty for the historic naval raids on Zeebrugge and Ostend, is now in America as Meteorological Consultant for the Armstrong Seadromes. This is the amazing feat of planting a series of floating steel islands across the Atlantic for the commercialization of trans-oceanic airplane traffic, which he explains in the following article:*

EUROPE in thirty hours with comfort and safety! Breakfast in New York and dine tomorrow night in Paris, London or Berlin! A dream? Far from it. As a matter of fact, it is a near reality and the early Spring of 1937 probably will find trans-Atlantic air mail and passenger service underway over the Seadrome Ocean Airway. The breath-taking task of bridging the Atlantic is about to commence: carefully prepared plans have been made for early execution.



The Atlantic is to be bridged by four seadromes, costing in all no more than the price of a single trans-Atlantic greyhound and anchored 600 miles apart between here and Europe. Three of them will be located between the United States and the Azores across the 40th parallel of latitude and the fourth between the Azores and Ferrol, Spain. It is anticipated, on the American side, that the first of these mammoth man-made islands will be anchored about 600 miles out to sea from New York and 500 miles north-northeast from Bermuda by the summer of 1936 and within a year after that Europe will be but a thirty hour hop from the United States. The fourth, or the European Terminal seadrome, will be placed some 600 miles west of Lisbon between Ferrol and the Azores. These floating airports, with six acres of unobstructed landing deck and hotel accommodations for passengers who want to break their trip, will be filling stations and safety harbors for Atlantic fliers and will constitute one of the greatest engineering achievements of the century. Impervious to wave motion and equipped with a landing deck anchored upon the high seas, they will permit the landing for refueling of the largest planes.

Here is the time table that will be in effect when the Seadromes are completed and we are able to go over the sea at an average speed of 150 miles an hour:

| | *Nautical Miles* | *Hours* |
|---|---|---|
| New York to Vigo, Spain | 3,115 | 20 |
| New York to London | 3,745 | 30 |
| New York to Paris | 3,765 | 30 |
| New York to Rome | 4,145 | 34 |
| New York to Berlin | 4,445 | 36 |

The trans-Atlantic seadrome route as located is, approximately, 3500 air miles between terminals. The distance from the American terminal seadrome to Norfolk, Virginia, will be about 600 nautical miles and there will be similar "feeder services" interlinking the seadrome system with New York; Washington; Richmond, Virginia; Boston; Nova Scotia and Newfoundland (Halifax and St. Johns).

The Armstrong Seadrome answers the all important question—how can flying across the Atlantic be made reasonably safe, continuous, and thus commercially practicable? It takes its name from the inventor, Edward R. Armstrong, consultant and research engineer to the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Corporation at Wilmington, Delaware. It has the endorsement of international experts and has withstood the most laborious and severe engineering tests during the twenty years of gradual development, in test and design.

With the corporation of leading marine architects, shipbuilders, structural, aeronautical and radio engineers, details of design and construction of the seadrome have been worked out and tested in hurricane waters. The result is a revolutionary type of ocean craft—a dependable floating landing stage, the biggest iron and steel structure in the form of a mobile marine deck, ever to float and be, at the same time, anchored securely to the bed of the ocean in water two to three miles in depth. Leaving all other considerations aside, the problem of maintaining surface ships at sea upon definite posts under all weather conditions is unsolvable. It is obvious that conventional surface ships cannot be anchored in the deep water off the Continental Shelf.

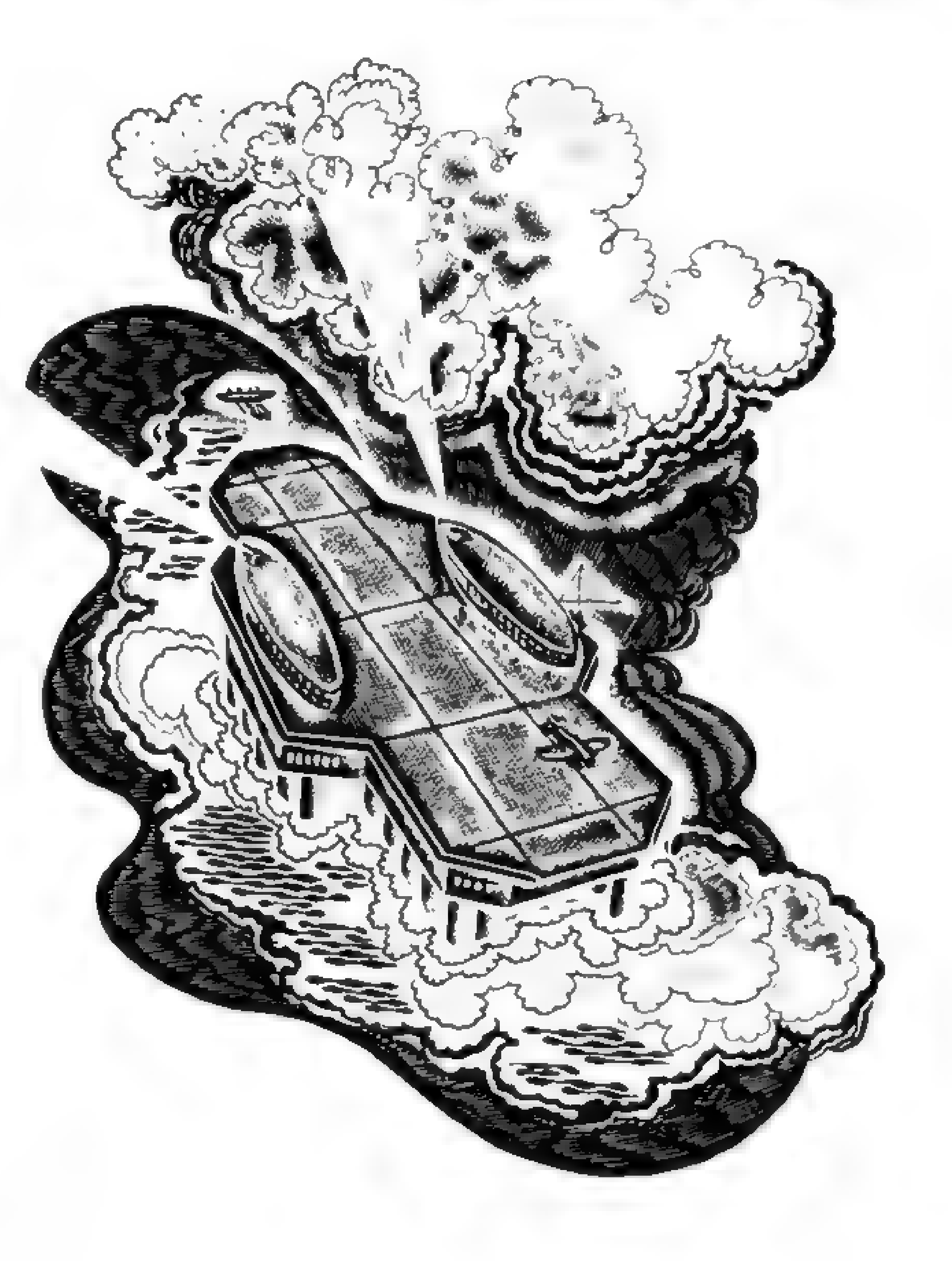
"It cannot fail," its inventor declares. "We have tried models in small bodies of water churned into waves proportionately higher than the ocean ever knows. They remained stable. We launched a 35-foot model in the river at Cambridge, Delaware, and it was as steady as a billiard table on a concrete floor."

The seadrome, of which many models have been built and tested, will be a steel and iron open-work structure with a six acre deck, 100 feet above the waterline, and buoyancy tanks 40 feet below the water. Ballast chambers, filled with iron ore will extend 208 feet below the surface, giving it stability. A 1,500 ton reinforced concrete anchor, resting on the bed of the ocean and connected to it by two 4-inch galvanized standard steel cables will keep it in place, always lying down the wind in position for aircraft to land.

The top deck, from which airplanes will take off and on which they will alight, will be 1,525 feet long, 300 feet wide in the center, tapering to 150 feet in width at each end. It will be so constructed that, if necessary, it can be lengthened considerably. It will be unobstructed and airplanes which use it will be housed on a lower deck, to and from which they will be conveyed by an elevator. Below the landing deck will be a second deck upon which will be provided quarters for the crew and adequate hotel facilities for overnight guests. Below this second deck will be a third with approximately thirty feet of head room, this deck providing hangar space. Below the hangar deck will be a fourth deck which will provide space for repair shops, storage and other purposes. These decks will be supported by 32 pillars or legs, these being spaced laterally as well as longitudinally about 125 feet apart. Buoyant columns support the lowest deck fifty feet above the water. Situated approximately 40 feet below the surface of the water, there will be a buoyancy tank as an integral part of each column. These tanks will rest in the quiet water zone and below them, ballast tanks, 208 feet below the surface of the water, will bring the center of gravity of the whole structure below its center of buoyancy, giving the structure adequate stability.

Each seadrome will be laid out as a miniature city with a permanent personnel of 125

*Continued on page 112*



# Deserter from the Legion

## Part two of a two-part article describing a rare and harrowing escape from service in Morocco

### by No. 14,192—GEORGE SEITERS

• ARTICLE •

*Even the tough recruiting major was kind enough to tell him to keep out, but this American was so full of romantic fiction about the Foreign Legion that he insisted on taking the five-year oath. Soon enough, he learned that the colorful red breeches, blue overcoat, red cap, had given way to drab khaki. Then he began to know "Le Cafard," the "bug in the skull," the special dreary madness of the discipline-ridden Legioneer. Mad killings and suicides. He saw a band of eight recruits slip out of march, deserting. The next day their bodies, mutilated by Arabs, were found in the sand. Yet he had to escape before "Le Cafard" got him. At Siada, a British official, sitting in a cafe, left him a pack of cigarettes in which was crumpled the address of a friend on the coast. A letter to this friend brought secret information about ships. Lady Astor, on chance, was written to for help. But meanwhile the Legioneers left Siada for the big tangle with Abd-el-Krim. The Moroccans crept into camp and butchered soldiers at night, used machine guns on them in the day. During the battle, the author fell into the first enemy trench, on top of his own exploding grenade.*

WHEN consciousness returned, Legioneers were still leaping over the trench and going forward. The whole force was going forward, bayonets fixed. Firing seemed to be further away. Looking down, I found myself covered with blood but could feel no pain except in the back of my legs. I was sure I had been shot to pieces. The trench was filled with the dead and dying. Standing up and finding I could walk, I grabbed the nearest rifle and bayonet and went forward. Anything was better than lying there with those groaning men.

Our first troops were now far ahead. The enemy, whose losses had been terrific, was in full retreat. We did not pursue them very far, for we feared a trap. We had succeeded in any case, in driving them from an important position and in capturing many prisoners and eight machine guns. It was found that one of these guns was manned by deserters from the French Foreign Legion.

Upon receiving medical attention that night, I found my only wounds were a head gash and injuries in the legs from my own grenade. I had jumped almost on top of it, in my confusion at the trenches. During that night our forces were reorganized. There were too few soldiers in my section to form, so I was assigned to another regiment. All night we lay in wait for a counter attack from the enemy, but nothing more happened that night.

Our advance was delayed for a week while we buried our dead and cared for the wounded. Meanwhile our officers made ready for an offensive that would be successful against the modern methods of warfare employed by the Riffs.

New sections with the strength of a company were now formed. Most of the men with whom I was placed were new to me, with the exception of one huge black negro. It was with great surprise that I recognized Enoch Sutton, the American negro, with whom I had been quartered at Sidi-Bel-Abbes during training.

It was good to have Enoch here. Of his own choice, he took the position of an old servant and bodyguard. When he learned I had been made a hand grenader, he gave me a small automatic pistol and a handful of cartridges. He explained it was only a souvenir he had picked up the day before and did not need. In some of the encounters during the evening that followed, I owed my life to this gift.

At the end of the week we resumed our march and a few days later could faintly hear artillery fire to the south. I learned that Abd-el-Krim was in that section and was putting up what was supposed to be his last defensive. His strength had been broken and he could not hold out much longer. The French were using artillery and also aircraft from Rabat in that vicinity.

Our food supply was very low, but we were getting into a section of the Atlas mountains where we found water. The covered two-wheeled mule-drawn carts that had carried our supplies now were filled with the sick and wounded. The wounds in my legs had begun to hurt and in spite of the first aid given seemed in danger of infection. The medical equipment of the Legion, in the field, is not the best. Fever and "Le Cafard" were claiming an alarming number of victims.

A few days later we came to a pass between two mountains guarded by a small force of the enemy. We were ordered to charge the pass and succeeded in forcing through and into a hand-to-hand fight with the Riffs on the other side. The pistol served well here, but I was nearly run through from behind by a fallen Riff. Enoch saved me this time and shattered his rifle stock over the Riff's head. Disposing of our casualties, when the enemy fled, we resumed our march. The next day we took a small native village, where we added greatly to our food supply and where we camped for the night.

The second day I became quite ill and during the night became unconscious. With the return of consciousness, I found myself in the Military Hospital in Rabat, and in a real bed. The attendant informed me I had been there almost a week and had been very sick. I tried to move but had no strength. For a month I was confined to this hospital and when able to move about received orders to return to Algeria by boat.

A week later I was put aboard a French ship sailing for Oran, Algeria. There were troops of all branches of the French service on board, but no other Legioneers. When the ship docked in Oran a few days later I found myself again in the military depot of the Legion.

The next morning I had a real break of luck when the officer in charge sent me to the Military Hospital farther up the coast. It was in this town that the British official, to whom I had written, lived. I knew he would help me get away if I could reach him.

For two days I remained at the hospital and was then sent to an old fort on a high hill overlooking the town. The place was used as a recuperation point for wounded Legioneers returning from the trouble zones. From the walls of the fort, I could see far out over the Mediterranean and I could study the port below, of which I had a very distinct view. Although I had complete liberty to visit the town from seven in the morning to eight at night, my wounds would not permit me to make the trip for more than a week. By the end of the week, however, I had every detail of the port in mind. I knew the most inconspicuous way to reach the docks, the positions in which the ships were tied at the docks or anchored in the bay. Watching the ship flags, I had come to know at which docks the British ships tied up.

The first day I could go to the town, I sought out the British official. There was no ship due in for thirty days on which I could escape and in some way I must manage to stay at the fort that long. Of course, it was impossible for my friend to do anything officially for me, although he said Lady Astor had cabled him sometime before to give me any aid possible. He mentioned details of shipping which gave me all the information needed without committing himself officially. The "Eden Hall" was to dock in thirty days for a cargo.

Upon arrival at the fort, I was summoned before the Sergeant in charge. He had received orders to send me to the hospital at Siada. I was to leave the next morning; transportation and papers had been arranged. The shock was almost too

much, when liberty seemed only a month away. Now I was to be returned to Siada, a hundred miles inland, where desertion seemed impossible.

The next morning I was put aboard the train and returned to Siada. When I arrived there, I had to be taken off on a stretcher. My fever had increased and I was sent to the hospital where I was confined for two weeks.

I was sent to the dentist, who held the rank of corporal. I found he was an Englishman and had had his fill of the Legion. His time was to be up in three months. We at once became friends and I told him of my plans for escape. He asked me if I knew about horses and very fortunately I did. He said that one of the medical officers had a horse which he wished to have exercised and taught to jump. He would speak to the officer.

The next morning I was called before the medical officer, who asked if I were strong enough to ride and what experience I had with horses. My answers seemed favorable. He explained that the horse he owned was a thoroughbred Arab, broken to the saddle, but otherwise untrained. I wondered if his horse could make it to the coast.

I went to the barracks to get uniforms and while there searched for a revolver but my efforts were rewarded only with four hand grenades which I carefully hid away. For the next three days I took the horse out. I rode to the drill grounds of the Spahis, where there were hurdles for jumping. I found that being mounted on an officer's horse I could, by explaining my duty, pass the road guard and go out into the open. When I came in the third day, I told the corporal-dentist that I intended to desert the following morning. He wished me luck and gave me a small compass.

That night I gathered up what food I could carry in my pockets, along with my hand grenades, and took a final look at the map in the hall. The next morning I filled my canteen with water and rode out as I had for the past three mornings. I passed the road guard as usual and rode in the direction of the Spahis' drill field until out of sight. Then, I headed for the open country at a canter and was soon well away from Siada. I knew they would not miss me until night and by that time I would be safe from pursuit, since the only likelihood of pursuit would be by mounted men. I kept well away from roads, riding close to the desert. I watched my compass carefully and headed in the direction of Mascara, a non-garrisoned town.

All day I rode, sparing my horse as much as possible for the final break for freedom. I knew there would be few chances to stop to rest, and it was my intention to make better speed during the night when it would not be so hot. Even though there were no soldiers at Mascara, there would be gendarmes. It would not be wise to be seen there, so it was doubly important at night to only come close enough to the town to be guided by their lights and to set my course northwest from these. This would lead me to the little coast town where my friend the British official lived and where the "Eden Hall" would come into dock.

With the looming of night came the full realization of what would happen to me if caught. There would be ten years of military prison, working roads in Morocco. With such fears in my mind I felt to see whether my grenades were safe. They were in my pockets, and urging my horse into a greater speed, I went on. No one would stop me as long as those grenades lasted.

Only during short periods did I rest that night, and near morning I saw the lights of Mascara. Avoiding the town by at least half a mile, I watched my compass and took a course to the northwest. I had now drawn away from the desert and would have to be more careful. Coming to a small stream, I halted, watered my horse and then lay bodily in the water to get thoroughly awakened. I realized most of my sleep would be gotten in the saddle.

After an hour, I rode on. I could see large vineyards in the distance and once during the day could distinguish a group of men working in them. The heat became intense and as the day went on I began to have queer feelings. I did not seem to be quite myself. Perhaps the strain was too much. Then came a real fear. What if I should get "Le Cafard," lose my will and go completely out of my head, just when I most needed a clear thinking mind?

The more I thought of it, the more frightened I became; my self-control was going fast. Suddenly I burst into hysterical laughing, crying and cursing. I knew that "Le Cafard" was getting me, but I could not help it. I somehow managed to urge the horse into a furious speed. Laughing, laughing and I could not stop. I cursed the Legion and everything that came into my mind. Then I would cry like a whipped child. Things began to swim before my eyes. I lost my sense of time and distance and like a terrible nightmare, I saw strange people about me, laughing, talking and telling me to turn back. I can now recall some of the figures.

Always, however, there was running through my mind one burning thought. *I must reach my goal.* Everything depended on it, or the Legion would crush me. "Le Cafard" would grip me again and I would be playing football running for a touchdown, a goal. I must make it at all costs, or the other players would crush me. Then the horse would assume the shape of a huge football which would be running with me. I remember I thought it was a polo game. There were, instead of two teams, hundreds of riders about me ready to trample me under their horses if I failed to shoot goal, the goal I must reach. I would almost fall from the saddle, swinging imaginary clubs at an imaginary ball.

Once I thought I saw Sergeant Cavero, who had long before been killed by Legioneer Reubini. Cavero seemed to be standing some distance ahead of me, holding up his hand and telling me I could not pass. I reached for a hand grenade, pulled the pin and hurled it at him. There was a loud explosion, which jarred me into my right senses for a while.

In this sort of semi-consciousness, I realized the danger of going to sleep and falling off my horse. So dismounting, I took off the martingale, mounted again and strapped myself to the saddle. And before another lapse into "Le Cafard" I had the presence of mind to check my compass, to find I had gone almost due north instead of northwest. I changed my direction and realized that the coast was not far away. "Le Cafard" claimed me again. When I came back to my senses it was night, but the moon was shining brightly and I could see that I was in a vineyard on the side of a steep hill. I left the horse and found huge bunches of grapes. How good they tasted and how hungry I must have been! I did not even pull them from the stems but ate grapes, stems, seeds and all. I was so weary now, I lay down. There must be sleep. What difference did anything else make? When I awakened it must have been about two o'clock in the morning. My whole body ached and I could scarcely move. The moon was still shining but my horse was gone. I had forgotten to tie him up. Searching as best I could, he could not be found and a great fear came over me. How would I ever reach the coast now? My mind seemed quite clear and I climbed to the top of the vineyard hill in hopes of being able to see the horse from there.

When I reached the top of the hill and looked down over the other side, what I saw made me instantly forget the horse. Off to the west, not three miles distant lay a town I knew instantly from the lights in the port. I had not lain there in the fort night after night looking down on the port, to forget easily that odd arrangement of lights. There were ships in port, too. I could see their lights as they lay at anchor.

Down the hill I ran heedless of my stiff-

*Continued on page 119*

# Seated One Night at the Organ

## An organ is a pipe to a plumber especially when he is making a play for a high-toned widow

### *by* WALTER BROOKS

• HUMOR •

MR. WILLIAM DICKIE was a plumber who had a shop at 88 North Main Street. He had a saxophone called the Williams-Wonder-Sax for which he had paid $6.40. He had bought it because the advertisement said Play a Wonder Sax and Be Welcome Everywhere. He did not specially want to be welcome everywhere but he did want to be welcome at the home of Mrs. Birdie Waglett whose late husband Mr. C. E. Waglett had made quite a lot of money out of baking The Bigger Loaf With the Better Flavor. Mrs. Waglett was plump and played the piano. She stopped a good deal to peer at the music or to say O how lovely but to Mr. Dickie that was just part of her charm. For he was in love with Mrs. Waglett.

Well Mr. Dickie played only jazz tunes and he played only by ear. He had got a lesson book with the Wonder-Sax but he had been able to blow himself through only the first two lessons. The sixteenth-notes in Lesson 3 got him down and he never got up again. That was too bad because when he went over to Mrs. Waglett's for an evening of music the only piece they could play together was Schubert's Serenade. But they had a nice time thumping and tootling through that.

Well one evening Mrs. Waglett was very flushed and excited and she said O Mr. Dickie I have such wonderful news. My uncle in Grand Rapids died last week and left me his pipe organ and there is just room for it at the end of the parlor. Fine said Mr. Dickie that's fine but what can you do with a organ there ain't anybody in town can play it. Why Mr. Dickie said Mrs. Waglett flushing I can play the piano and there is only a little difference in technique and I should hope I could master that! O sure you could said Mr. Dickie but when they sat down to Schubert's Serenade he was so worried at the thought of how the organ would drown out the Wonder-Sax that he entirely lost control of his instrument which blew six false notes in a row and then died with the whooping cough. O said Mrs. Waglett reproachfully what a pity you can't read music. Birds can't read music said Mr. Dickie but you wouldn't say they couldn't sing would you? He's going to be a bird and sing to me said Mrs. Waglett playfully. A dear little dicky-bird! Sure said Mr. Dickie and he started to play a jazz tune but Mrs. Waglett stopped him and she said Yes it is very pretty but ask yourself Mr. Dickie is it Art? What would Schubert have thought of it or Wagner or Beethoven or Chopin? They'd have got up and danced if you ask me said Mr. Dickie and anyway they're all dead. But their music lives said Mrs. Waglett. Yeah said Mr. Dickie dead men's music. That Chopin wrote a funeral march didn't he and what a swell piece that is to sit through! And then Mr. Dickie apologized.

Well he was pretty sure that Mrs. Waglett would never be able to play the organ and he was right. She had it installed in the parlor but when she tried to play it it made awful noises and there was nobody to give her lessons. So everything went along all right until Mr. Edgar Binns came to town.

This Mr. Binns was a shoe polish salesman but what was worse he was a musician. The first Mr. Dickie knew of it was when he came up the front walk one evening and heard the Wedding March being played on the organ. It made him sort of faint and he had to sit down on the steps for a minute with the Wonder-Sax beside him but he was no coward so pretty soon he got up and rang the bell. He was introduced to Mr. Binns who was elegant and condescending and said that the saxophone was a curious instrument but amusing in its place O yes. And then he listened to Mr. Binns play while Mrs. Waglett whispered that now she was going to have lessons and that Mr. Binns had said that her hands were like Paderewski's. Mr. Dickie just said Yeh faintly to everything but when Mrs. Waglett spoke of what strong fingers Mr. Binns had although with a soft caressing touch Mr. Dickie was not sure that she meant on the keyboard and he said goodnight quickly and left.

Well two days later Mrs. Waglett met Mr. Dickie on the street and told him that she was going to have a salon which she told him was a social gathering like the high French society ladies used to have and the lady who had the salon would just sit and listen on a kind of couch to the conversation of the artists and sculptures and if there were any disputes they'd come to her to settle them. Mr. Dickie said he should hope there wouldn't anybody get into any disputes in her house. Not if they was ladies and gentlemen he said and you wouldn't ask any other kind. O said Mrs. Waglett I don't mean fights I mean arguments on artistic subjects. Well said Mr. Dickie where are you going to get artists and sculptures in this town? Mrs. Waglett said that Mr. Binns said that there were always artistic people even in a small town if you knew how to find them. Yeah said Mr. Dickie doubtfully but will they come? They certainly will if I ask them said Mrs. Waglett getting red. Oh sure said Mr. Dickie quickly I'd like to see 'em stay away I'd let 'em whistle for a plumber next time their bathtub gets stopped up.

Well then Mrs. Waglett told him that the salon was to be next Tuesday at eight and that Mr. Binns would play in his full dress suit. Mr. Dickie ground his teeth so hard that he loosened a filling and then he controlled himself and asked if he ought to wear a full dress suit too. O no said Mrs. Waglett not as long as you are not to perform. What! said Mr. Dickie. Well you see Mr. Dickie said Mrs. Waglett in an artistic gathering we couldn't give jazz could we? No said Mr. Dickie glumly I suppose not. And Mrs. Waglett said But of course I expect you to come.

Well all this made Mr. Dickie feel pretty low. But on Monday Mrs. Waglett sent for him to come quick and fix a pipe that had burst in her bathroom. When he got to her house Mr. Binns let him in. Mr. Binns appeared not to recognize him. Ah he said the plumber and he did not say the word plumber in a nice way. But Mr. Dickie smiled and said Ah the shoe polish salesman and he grabbed both Mr. Binns' hands and shook them warmly and then slapped him on the back. A lot of the grease and dirt on his hands came off on Mr. Binns who left the room.

Mr. Dickie went up into the bathroom and pretty soon Mrs. Waglett came to the door. I am going downtown with Mr. Binns she said to pick out the cakes for the salon to-

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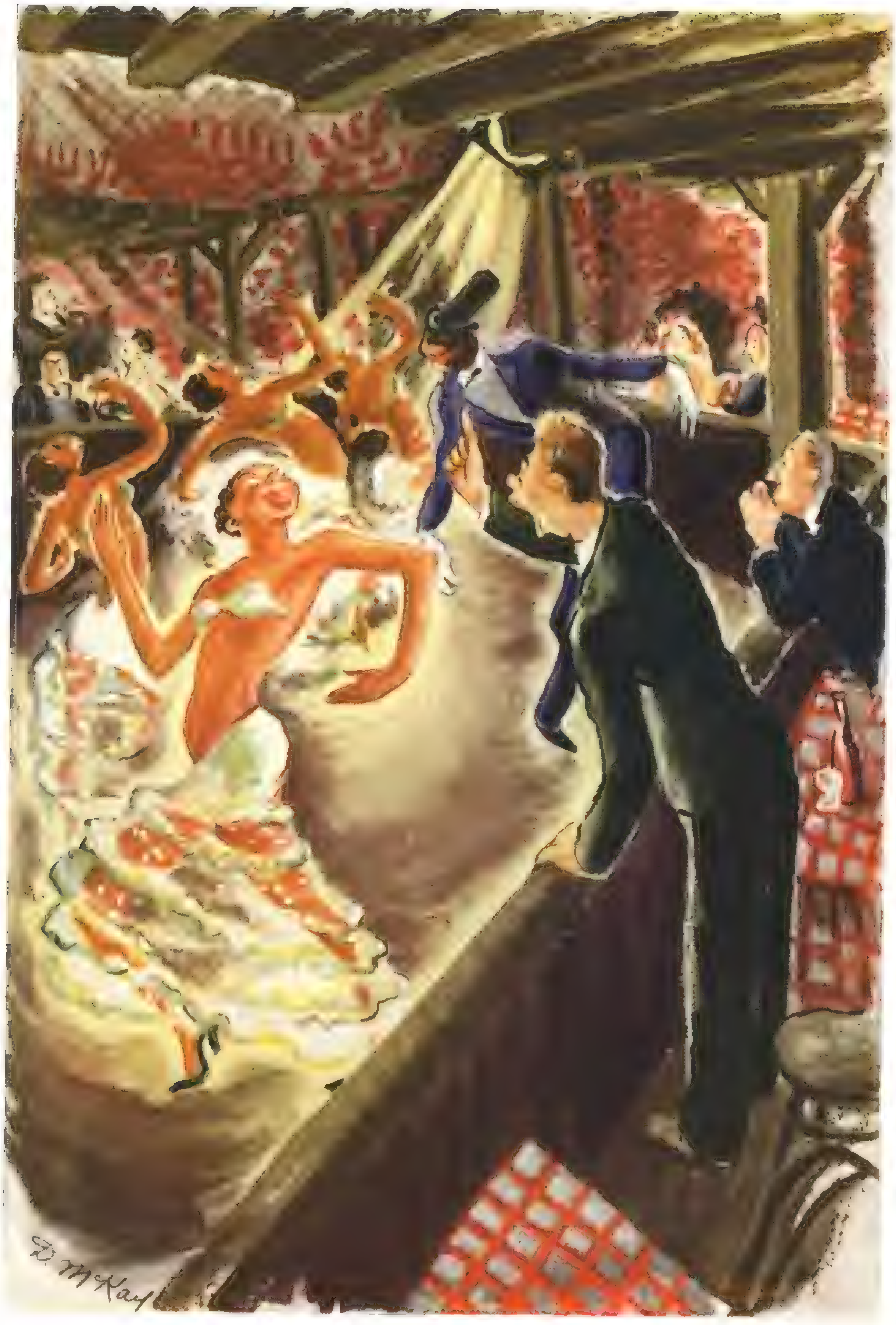
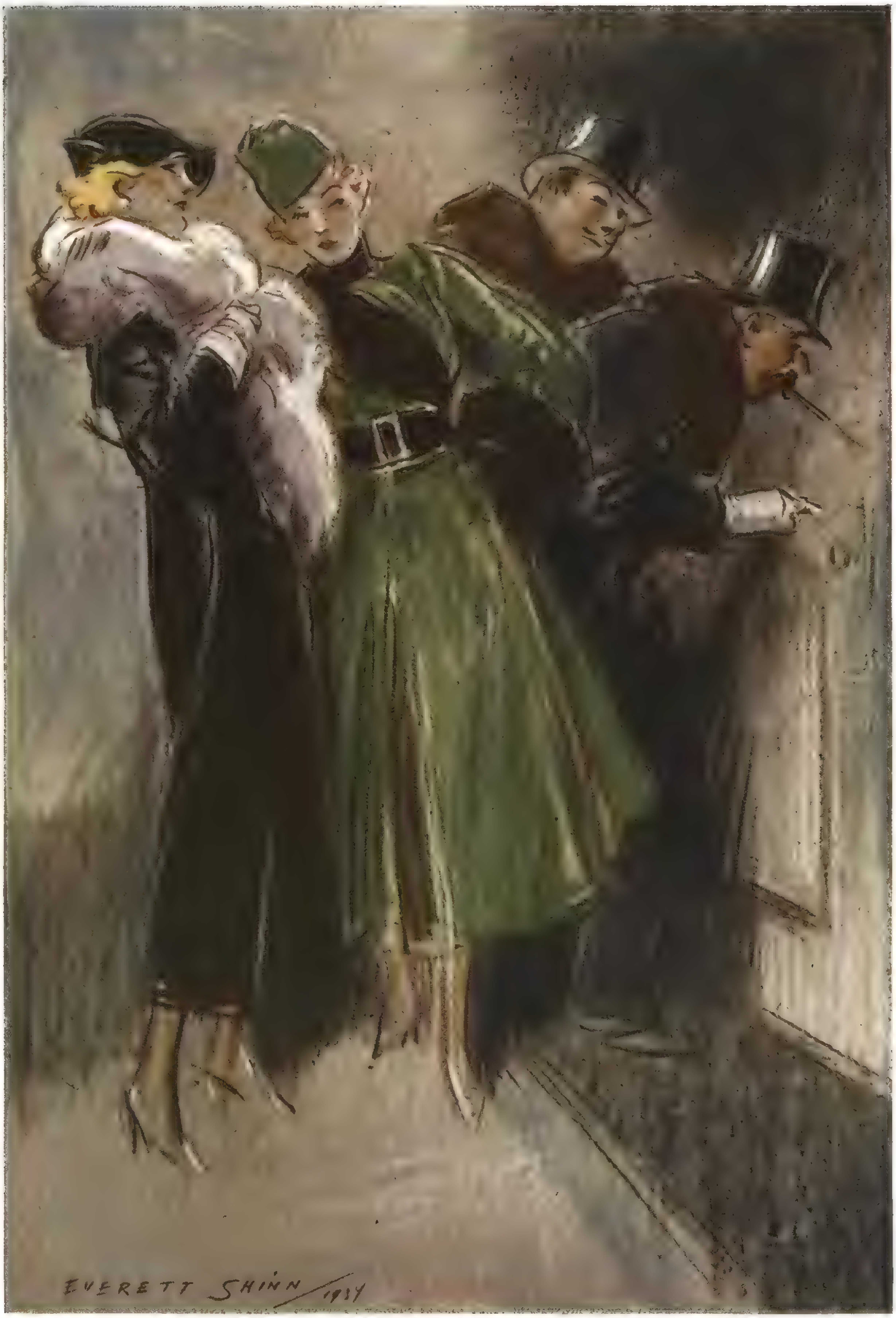


*"Hi, Senorita!"*


EVERETT SHINN / 1934

*"Worse comes to the worst . . . we'll look at his etchings"*

# Should He Ask Her In?

### With or without the benefit of etchings, there are still a few things gentlemen mustn't forget

### *by* STUART HOWE

• ARTICLE •

IT SEEMS that among women the term bachelor has at least two distinct connotations widely at variance with one another. To adherents of the first conception the mere mention of the word conjures up the portrait of a rotund chap of middle-age, jovial, prosperous, regular in his habits, fond of the children of his married contemporaries, upon whom he lavishes gifts, and just a shade (particularly when dining with these same married and therefore luckier contemporaries) on the wistful side. In short, although lamentably he has missed the train, he is an admirable fellow, the delight and the despair of match-making matrons.

By another large segment of femininity the term is given a far more sinister interpretation. These women think of the bachelor as sleek, well-groomed and fortyish, with a deplorable penchant for ladies of the theatre and the night club. Caparisoned in a dressing gown of luxurious brocade, he sits among *objets d'art* in his discreet apartment, ever-attended by a silent Japanese, and plots the seduction of those tender maidens whose names crowd his russia-leather address book. This man, to the mothers of marriageable daughters, is a combination of paragon and were-wolf, for however highly they may regard him as a prospective son-in-law, they stand in horrid fear of his powers of persuasion; daughter must not be with him alone.

Doubtless it is to this latter school of thought that the invention of the chaperon may be attributed. Admitting that the modern gag: "Mother, what is a chaperon?" has a certain humorous validity, it is well known that the species has managed to persist in the face of all opposition. Hardy and adaptable, like all successful evolutionary products, she trims her sails to the wind and straitly pursues her course, here losing way, there pressing an advantage, so that now she may fairly claim to be only slightly less ubiquitous than her prototype. The present-day chaperon remains the staunch prop of outward virtue and the bachelor's bane.

Now you, as a bachelor, may be middle-aged and *jovial* or sleek and sinister; you may be all four of these things or none of them. The fact remains that you will at least occasionally crave feminine companionship and that, at least occasionally, you'll have no ulterior motive. Admittedly it is difficult to convince some women of this. That a man carries neither the marriage nor the ultimate seduction of a given female in the back of his mind is quite incomprehensible to them; yet you and I know it to be so. What, then, can be done?

My own tendency is toward eclecticism. Rather than to postulate a set of rules of conduct, I'd incline to judge each case on its, or her, merits and then proceed as judgment dictated. Size up your wench, then go ahead.

Let us first consider that it is your wish to entertain a business woman; perhaps she is a buyer, a customer of yours, possibly she is an advertising copy writer or maybe she is simply somebody's stenographer. In any case she is a female who has had some actual contact with the workaday world and therefore not one to be unduly impressed with your delicate observance of the more threadbare conventions. If your acquaintance with this admirable member of her sex is slight or your entertainment offered for business rather than purely social reasons, there is but one course open to you: take her to a public place, luncheon, dinner or the theatre, escort her home and let it go at that. If, on the other hand, you know the girl well and if, better still, she has been given no reason to believe that you mean to work your wicked will upon her once the opportunity presents itself, there is no reason on earth why you should not ask her to your apartment for a cocktail or a meal or even to look at your etchings, should you chance to have any. All of the delicious shudders and most of the social taboos have been eliminated from the once daring adventure of "visiting a bachelor in his rooms," at least so far as adults are concerned.

It is intended as no reflection upon the business woman that she may be treated somewhat less conventionally than, say, a sub-debutante; rather it is a compliment. No modern woman in her right mind and past the age of consent wishes to preserve the ancient fiction of her fragility in the face of a practical world, and any additional consideration offered the sub-deb is in the nature of a sop to the prejudices of her maternal parent and not as a pretty gesture in the general direction of the girl.

If you wish to entertain so young a girl or one who has received an immoderate amount of sheltering, you may be forced to employ chaperonage of this variety or that. In such a case always bear it in mind that it is the girl and not her mother who is to be made comfortable; a chaperon need not be a dragon and the girl herself will in all probability be the last person in the world to demand such protection. Conventionally, a chaperon should be a married woman, yet it can conceivably be more dangerous for you to harbor a young matron in your rooms (unless you can thoroughly depend upon the understanding of her husband) than to run the risk of starting gossip by having the girl up alone. Perhaps the greatest convenience a bachelor can have is a sister who will permit herself to be pressed into service. For some reason or other no one seems to suspect the man whose sister habitually acts as chaperon-cum-hostess for him; and it is not, you will recall, your own lack of morals but the whisper of the scandalmonger that stimulates you to all this effort in behalf of Mrs. Grundy.

Again, in the case of young girls, it is both sensible and safe to ask them to your apartment in groups of three or more. This practice provides you with a variety of automatic, self-loading chaperon, inexpensive to operate and maintain and involving no additional obligation on your part. Even if your affections happen to be centered upon one of your guests and one alone, you have provided her with more than adequate protection, for unless a girl is of sub-normal intelligence she will never permit her contemporaries to have anything on her; while as to you, your hands, metaphorically, are tied.

If you go in for dinner parties you need not worry over-much about violating conventions. There is safety in numbers. Nevertheless, and despite all that has been written about the reaction toward social conservation of the rising generation, it is still the part of discretion to keep a weather eye on the drinking and see to it that your younger guests do not imbibe too freely. This is a matter of protection, not parsimony; there is small pleasure to be derived from finding yourself with an eighteen year old pass-out on your hands.

An acquaintance of mine, a young army officer, once gave a small dinner party, to

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# Conscious Guilt

### Two simple souls stand at the bar of justice, but a higher justice intervenes

### by C. CLYDE MYERS

• FICTION •

The Judge knew of the District Attorney's haste, so quickly, formally inquired, "You heard the charges against you read, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Yes, sir," the two hoarsely whispered together.

"Yes, sir, what?" snapped the Judge.

"Wa'ell, we—we air guilty." Morgan Green and his wife surprised even old time court attendants by kneeling in the dock and breathing a fervent prayer. Unabashed, they arose and stood before the Judge. They added, "Yes, Jedge, we both kilt the man." They felt all eyes upon them, and as they paused to search for sympathy, the Judge studied them carefully.

The man and his wife were ragged and weary. Deep lines were drawn helter-skelter over their faces. They were lean, bronzed, hollow chested, and Morgan had a tubercular wheeze. The wife, Leah, might have been comely once, but now she was almost weazened. She was pinched and frightened, indeed they were both frightened and ill at ease.

They had never before seen a judge. They knew nothing of courts. They had heard of hanging, but had no realization that practical experience was about to teach them its real meaning. They were so simple and so without guile that they admitted their faults with utter disregard to their legal rights, always trusting the sustaining power of the Deity.

They were first seen near Darius Ewing's little fish lake. A significant club was in Morgan's hands, and Darius lay stretched out grotesquely upon the ground, no longer conscious of his need to defend his property.

They were promptly accused of murder, and curiously, blandly admitted it. Thus it was that the pompous District Attorney had hurriedly set the stage to receive this plea, and thus get rid of this little chore.

The Judge paused; the prayer and the frankness of this pair were something else. He had no intention of smoothing over murder, but, almost involuntarily, he addressed them, "Of course, you don't have to plead guilty. You may have a lawyer if you wish, yes, you may have a lawyer and a trial, if you desire."

The District Attorney flushed angrily, but Morgan Green shook his head and raspingly said, "It wouldn't do a lick o' good, and besides, we ain't got no money."

"Um—m-m, you don't need any money. You have a right to trial without money, lawyer and all." The Judge glanced hastily about, was conscious that he was softening, and was glad the newspaper boys hadn't come.

He paused for a moment, then inquired hopefully, "What does the Coroner say?"

"He's at the autopsy now, be in in a moment," smoothly answered the District Attorney. He coughed suggestively that it was time to get on. He saw no reason for the Judge to go to all of this trouble about two such inconsequential people.

Again the Judge looked at the Greens and demanded, "Do you wish a lawyer?"

Morgan Green found voice. "A lawyer couldn't do a lick o' good. We killed that man 'cause he got mad at us for afishin' in his pond."

"Um-huh. Thet's so," nodded his wife.

The Judge had already done his duty toward them under the law, and, with that consciousness his normally stern self returned. He said to the prisoners, "All right, stand up! I'll pronounce sentence."

Smiling much more comfortably, the District Attorney began to gather in his scattered papers. His visions of rippling waters and tugging lines helped a little to ease the irritation at the Judge's perverse curiosity.

The Judge continued, "I do hereby sentence you both to be hanged by the neck until—" Suddenly he paused with a clear feeling of something wrong. He had never felt this way before. He knew the law and what the people expected of him in connection with murderers. He looked at first one and then the other. Were they murderers?

Yes, their admission seemed to prove that, but that prayer still worried him. Something held him back. He at last gave up, looked at the woman as being the more coherent of the two, and almost gently, commanded, "Tell me just what happened."

"Wa-a-el, it was thisa-way," she began. She looked appealingly around the room, but everyone had heard them admit the murder, and even though they had never had any use for the skinflint neighbor, they showed they expected the death penalty.

The Judge again wavered, but again that strange something held him back and he had to try to justify his conscience. He leaned forward, "All right, tell me about it!"

The woman, suddenly emboldened, quizzically demanded, "Jedge, do ye pray?"

The Judge flushed angrily, then seeing only sincerity of purpose, answered, "Yes, upon occasion, but that doesn't enter into this. I want to know why you killed Darius Ewing."

"Yes, it does, Jedge. Thet's all of it." The woman paused, then continued with final emphasis. "God is all powerful."

The onlookers were astonished at such flippancy. The Judge was nettled almost beyond endurance, but held himself in check to snap, "That isn't an answer; begin at the first and tell us all about it."

"We came from Kaintucky a long time ago," began the woman meekly.

"Brier hoppers from the hills," whispered one.

"Ye know, Morgan was tuck in the draft, but he come home all tuckered out."

"They—they tuck us out some day an'—an' there was some bad smellin' stuff—it was gas—an' I jest caint hardly breathe no more," wheezed the man, trying to help.

"Yes, it war gas, Jedge, an' he really can't work," reiterated the woman. "Wa-ell, there wasn't no use to stay in Kaintucky no more, an'—an'—we began to travel 'round. Someone said it would be good for Morgan's cough, an'—an'—so we jest sorta set out."

"Didn't help none, though, Jedge," interrupted the husband. "We walked to Californy and to Texas, an' it was a long, long way."

"Got a ride a part o' the way back, though!" the wife went on. "But people is mostly skeered at atakin' walkin' folks to ride with 'em these days."

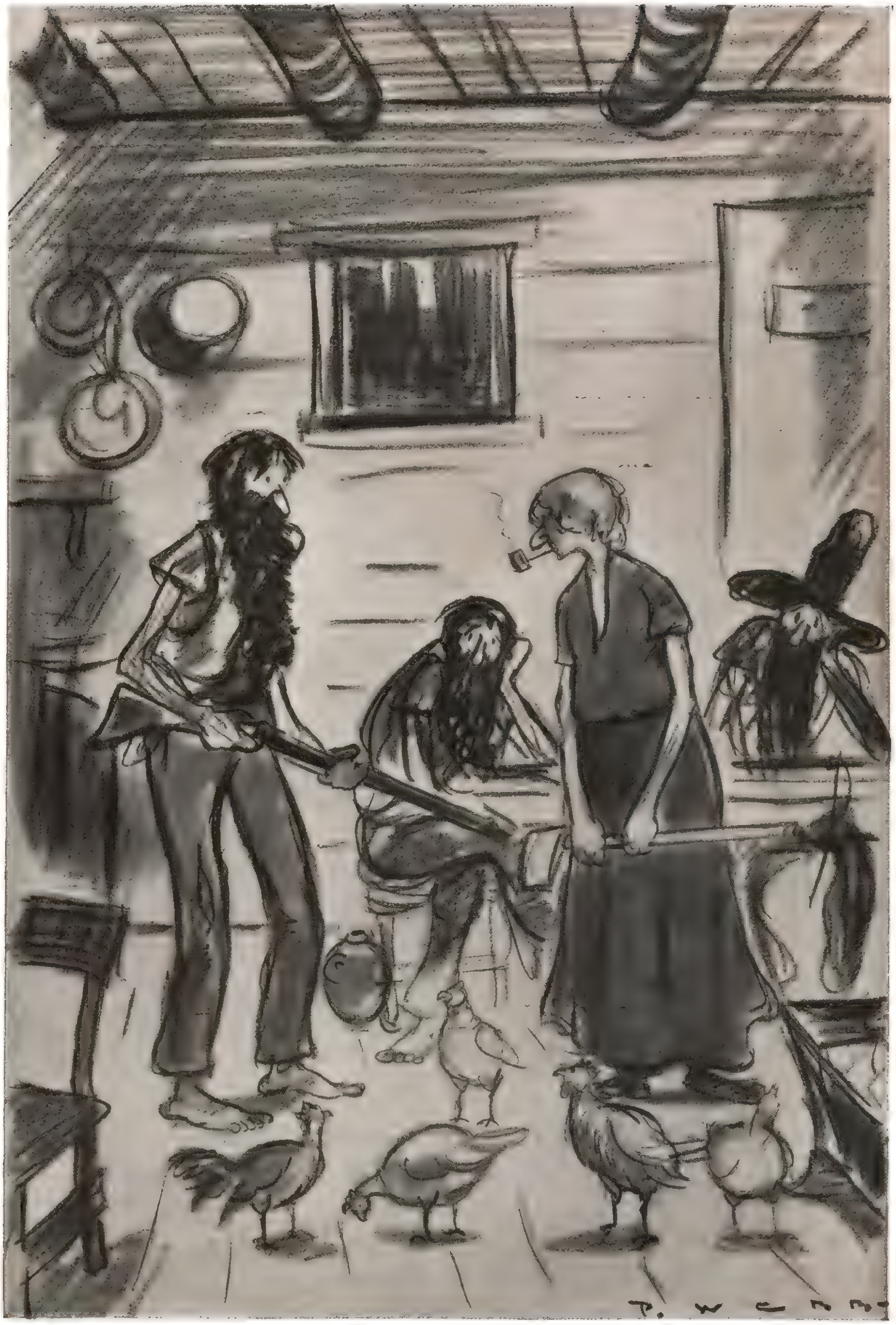
"Come! Come! Tell us why you killed Darius Ewing," despairingly ordered the Judge. "We can't be here forever!" The District Attorney took heart. He frowned disgustedly, however, thinking how soft the Judge was getting.

"Well, we was agoin' home. We wuz still walkin', cause we didn't have no money," said the woman, taking no heed of the reprimand.

"The Govn'ment don't seem to onderstan'," the man simply announced. "I been clear sick for a long while, an' they ain't never give me no pension."

"An' we came along that there lake, we

*Continued on page 126*



*"You keep yer damn chickens off'n my bed, ma—I ain't had a lick o' sleep in three days"*

# Advertisement for Angna

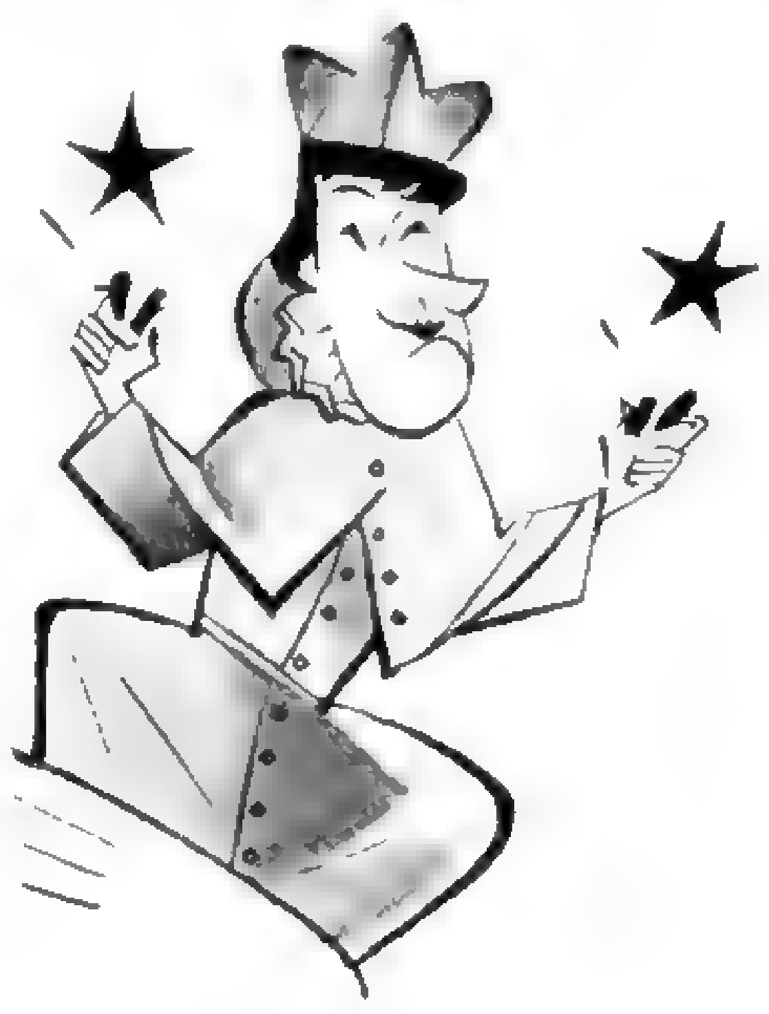
### A triple broad hint to those producers who are missing a wow in the inexplicable Enters

### by GILBERT SELDES

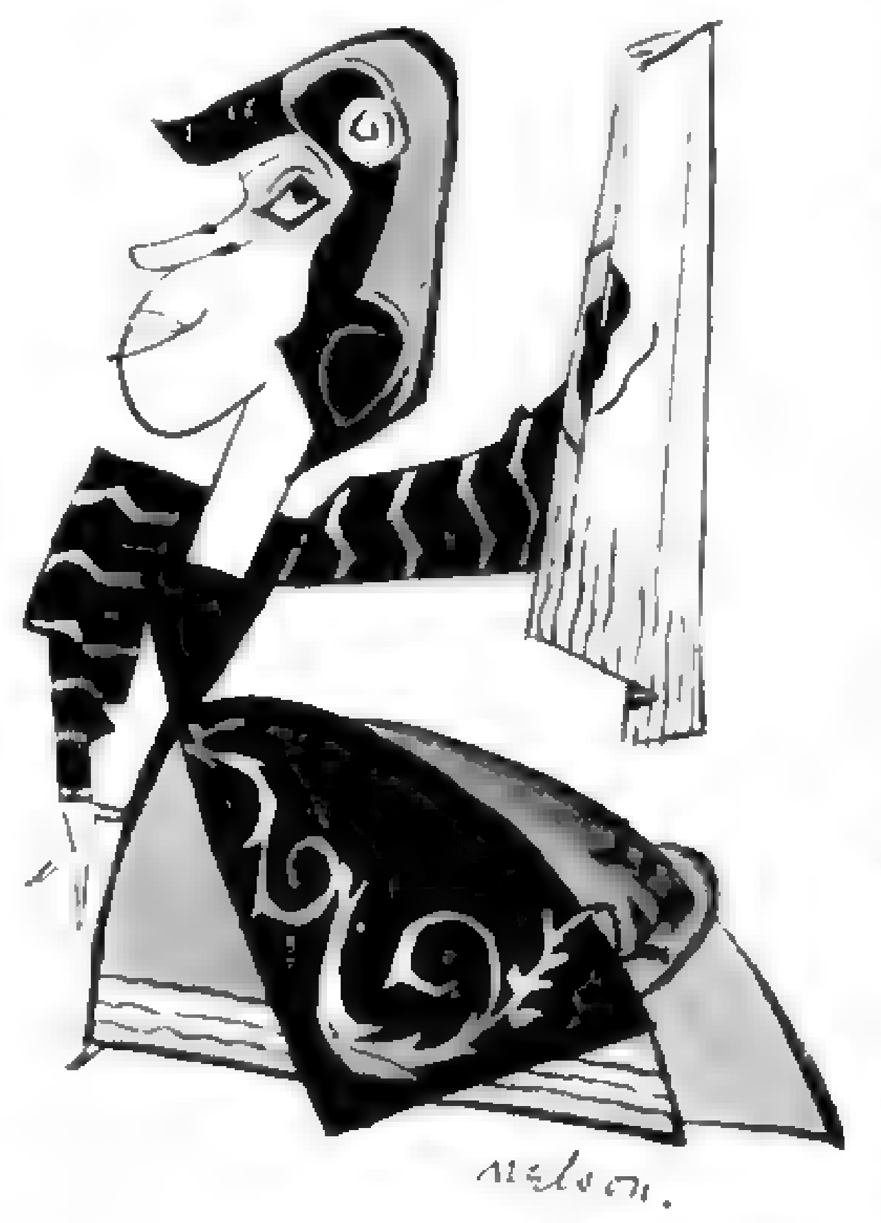
▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

I WOULD much rather write an advertisement for Angna Enters than an essay about her. It is probably true that Miss Enters has had too many essays and too little advertisement. And although the essays were written by the best and the most influential of critics, they have not done as much for her as would be done if anyone found one short word to use as a name for what she does. She herself, who has invented everything else, has to fall back on "episodes" and "compositions in dance form" and studies in "Mime." So she appears on Sunday nights or on concert platforms, and although she is now a resounding success, she has not yet reached the great number of people to whom she can give an extraordinary pleasure. And at every one of her appearances there will be an old lady behind you who will infallibly say, "You see the difference is that she expresses everything by movement and gesture, and Ruth Draper talks." It is perfectly true, but as Whistler said of Velasquez, why drag in Miss Draper?

It is my ambition to see Miss Enters in a good smart revue, and the first producer of revues who catches her will have a gold mine. He will naturally want her amusing numbers, and there are plenty of them, because Miss Enters is an excellent satirist and gets fun out of a lot of things. She opened her program the other day dressed in a costume of very wide black and white striped silk, with a slit skirt, and in something like five minutes did a burlesque of American dancing, beginning around 1914 and including the turkey trot, the bunny hug, the maxixe, the early tango, and coming down to Chicago, that toddling town, with all the dips and sways and cutenesses and vulgarities so marked and emphasized and composed into a single dance, that the audience did not know whether to shout with delight or roar with laughter. She has another number, which is always a favorite. It is called "Field Day" (to "The Stars and Stripes Forever"). A girl of about fourteen, in a middy blouse and short skirt, sweltering in the sun, plagued by mosquitoes, furious at having to take part in the exercises, going through the drill in an angry agony, and then plucking the little American flag out of her pocket and marching bravely off. The stage is positively populated with hundreds of her before she is through. In another number she runs through a score of expressions according to the Delsarte method—horror, adoration, repugnance, indignation, pride, etc., and caustically notes on her program that she will not enter into any controversy as to the accuracy of any of these. This year she has added what I take to be a mocking parody of the more tony and emotional schools of dancing. In all of these things the satire is so pat that it never misses, and this is all the more remarkable because nothing Miss Enters does is ever obvious.



These brief, almost boisterous episodes are not, however, her greatest accomplishments. The one which has appeared, I believe, on every program she has given in years is called "The Queen of Heaven," and it would take a better man than I to explain, merely by telling what happens, the extraordinary effect which this produces. Dressed in a dark green robe with a blue mantle over it, she sits in a chair and holds in one hand a kerchief, in the other a red rose which symbolizes the Christ-child. She lowers the corner of the kerchief as if she were dipping it into a stream, and touches the petals of the rose with it; she cradles the rose on the kerchief and swings it above her head, with the purest expression of ecstasy I think I have ever seen, and she places the rose with an immemorial gesture at her breast. Nothing else happens, but in the dozens of times I have seen this I have felt that the creation of a deep emotion has never been more completely, more economically, and more movingly accomplished.

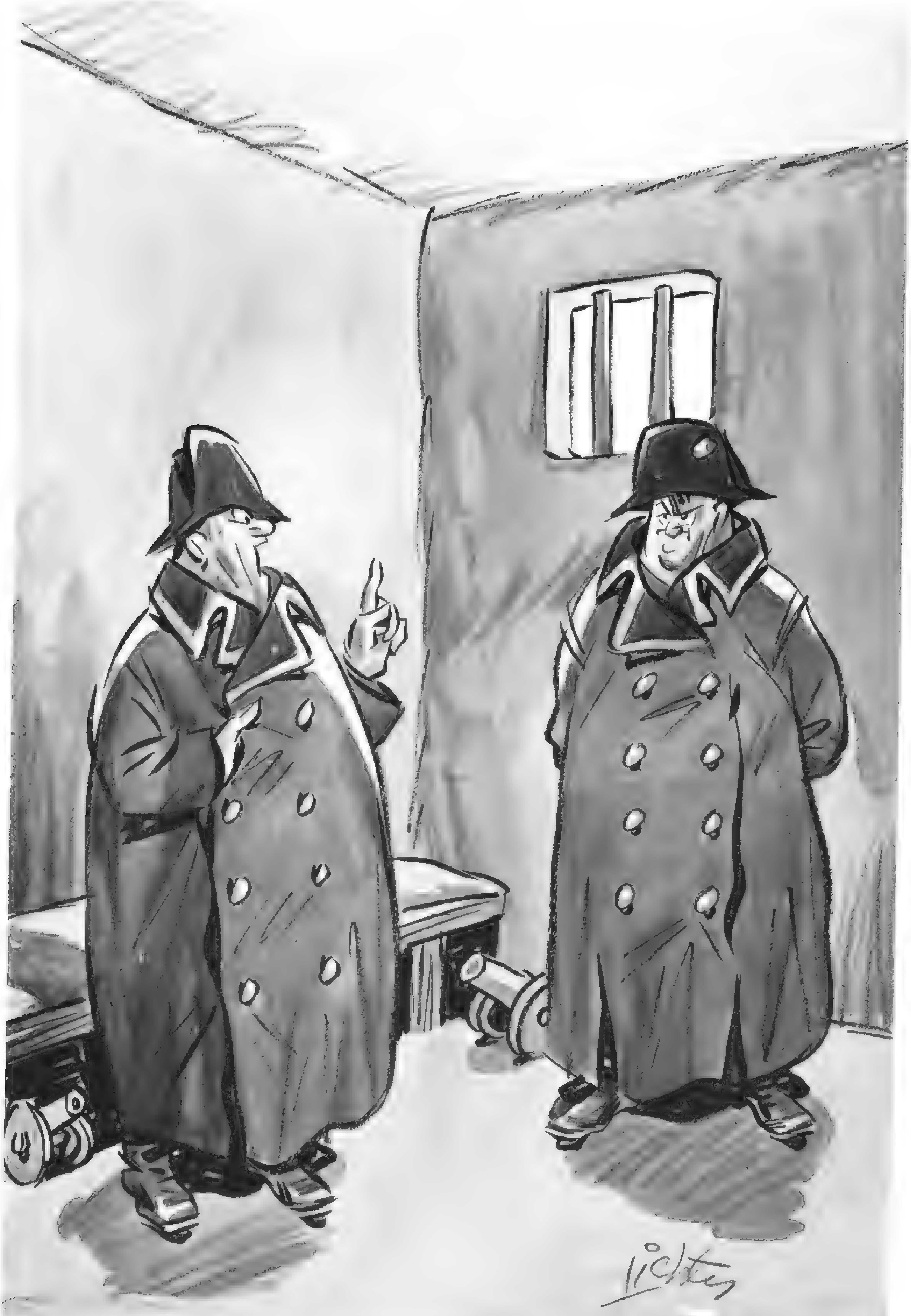


The medieval has a great attraction for Miss Enters. She does a "Boy Cardinal" which manages to give all sense of incipient and somehow pardonable evil in a corrupt court in Spain in the sixteenth century, with a shock of surprise as the red robed boy begins suddenly to play the castanets. She has another episode in Spain, the torture of a pretty Jewess in an *auto-da-fé*, the final moments of which are almost unbearable. Then she has an eye for the voluptuous vulgarity of color, which she renders in a sort of picture post-card version of "A Beauty of Seville," all pink and red, at the Easter festival.

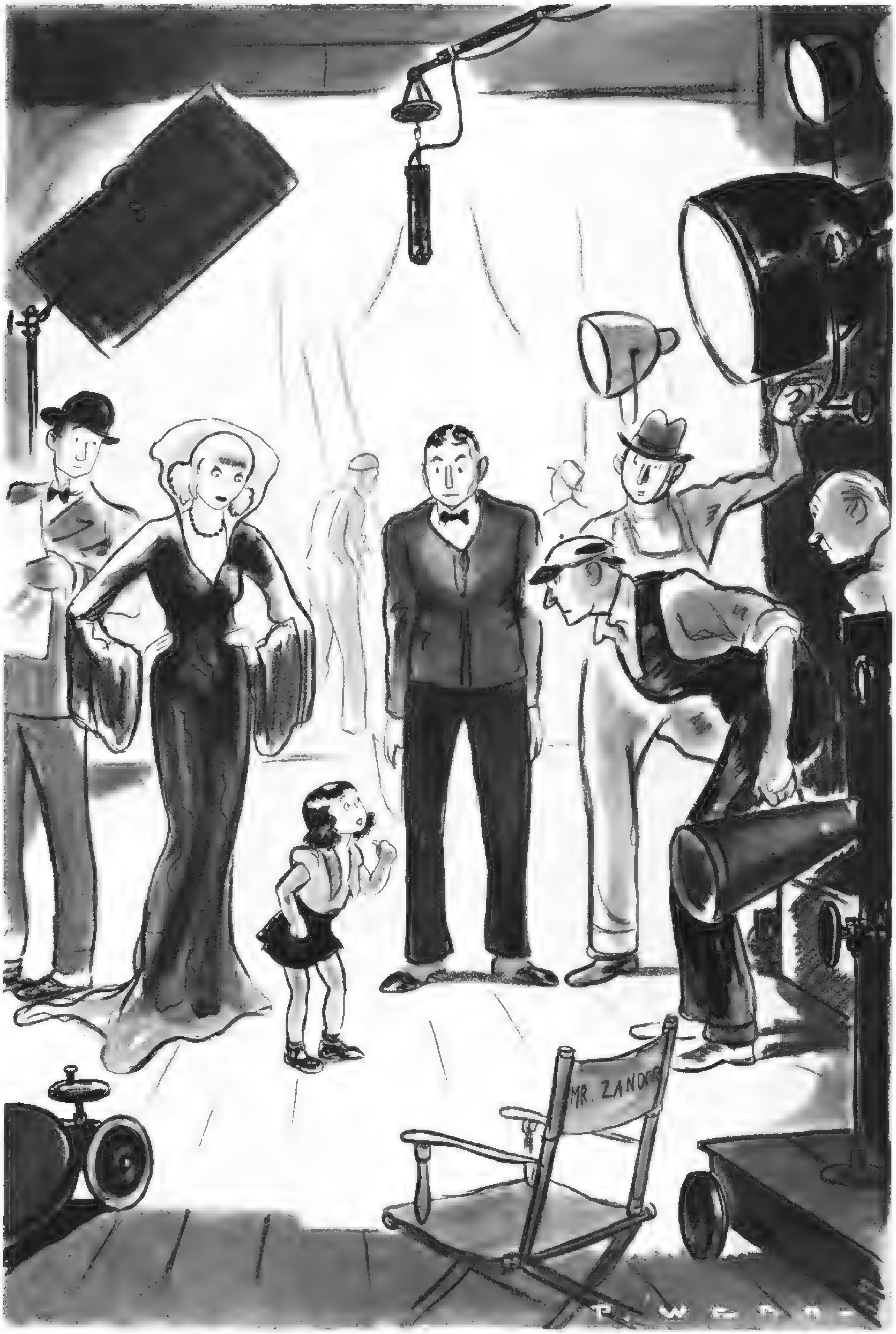
Some of these episodes, as you see, are dancing, some of them are pantomime. All are accompanied by music, none by words. All that you see and hear comes to you through Miss Enters, who designs and makes her own costumes, chooses her music, and directs herself. Her properties are a chair, a cigarette, sometimes a work basket, or a parasol. She is herself a painter, and some of her great successes are the re-creation of the moods of painting. As when she seems to lie with an imaginary lover by the side of a stream, and you are with the French painters of the Nineteenth Century, or suggests an absinthe drinker after Rops, or a cocotte working very hard for a living, in the manner of Manet. But these things have as little to do with *tableaux vivants* as her Viennese episodes have to do with literature. She takes the feeling of a sketch by Arthur Schnitzler, and then, disregarding his story, she shows you a little Viennese mending her gloves before a party, having a miserable time when no one dances with her, and a moment of ecstasy when someone does, and then coming home again, kneeling to say her prayers, and pressing one petal from a rose someone gave her between the pages of her prayer book.

You come away from one of her performances having seen a dozen human beings of all kinds and of all times at the moment when they express themselves with the highest intensity—the moment for which they have lived—so that you know them completely. It takes Miss Enters a minute, or three, or five, to do this. And you know her people more profoundly than you do a character in a play over whom an actor has labored for two hours. Miss Enters is a mistress to whom all of our actresses ought to go to school.

Miss Enters came out of the Middle West to New York to paint, and painters were the first admirers of her work. She had a devilish hard time—there were occasions when she could not afford an accompanist for rehearsals, and would have to play a few phrases on the piano, then create the movements to go with those phrases, and then go back to the piano again for the next. In those days her rare Sunday evening recitals brought out a few hundred enthusiasts. She needs to be taken into some common form of entertainment like a revue, so that the people would have no fear that she was in any way arty, which she is not, and no fear that they would have any difficulty in enjoying her extremely simple, extremely subtle, and altogether satisfactory entertainment.



*"One of us is nuts"*


MR. ZANOFF
P. WEBB

*"So I'm a love child, eh?—I thought we were putting out* *clean* *pictures"*

# The Dragon's Bride

### A man who believes his own eyes encounters the weird, vile and incredible sorcery of the Lamas

### by R. D'AUXION DE RUFFÉ

• FICTION •

KIPLING was right when he stated that East and West could never meet. I spent twenty years in China as a civil engineer, twenty years among a yellow swarm, most of the time far from the coast, in dirty, noisy cities, with missionaries for sole white companions. I directed the building of bridges of railways. I learned several dialects thoroughly, but I never understood the Chinese.

How are you going to understand a people that does everything opposite from what you have been taught was right? A country where a meal starts with dessert and ends with soup, where one writes from right to left and top to bottom, where women wear trousers and men wear gowns! Where a book starts on what is to us the last page, where white is a symbol of mourning and scarlet a symbol of virginity!

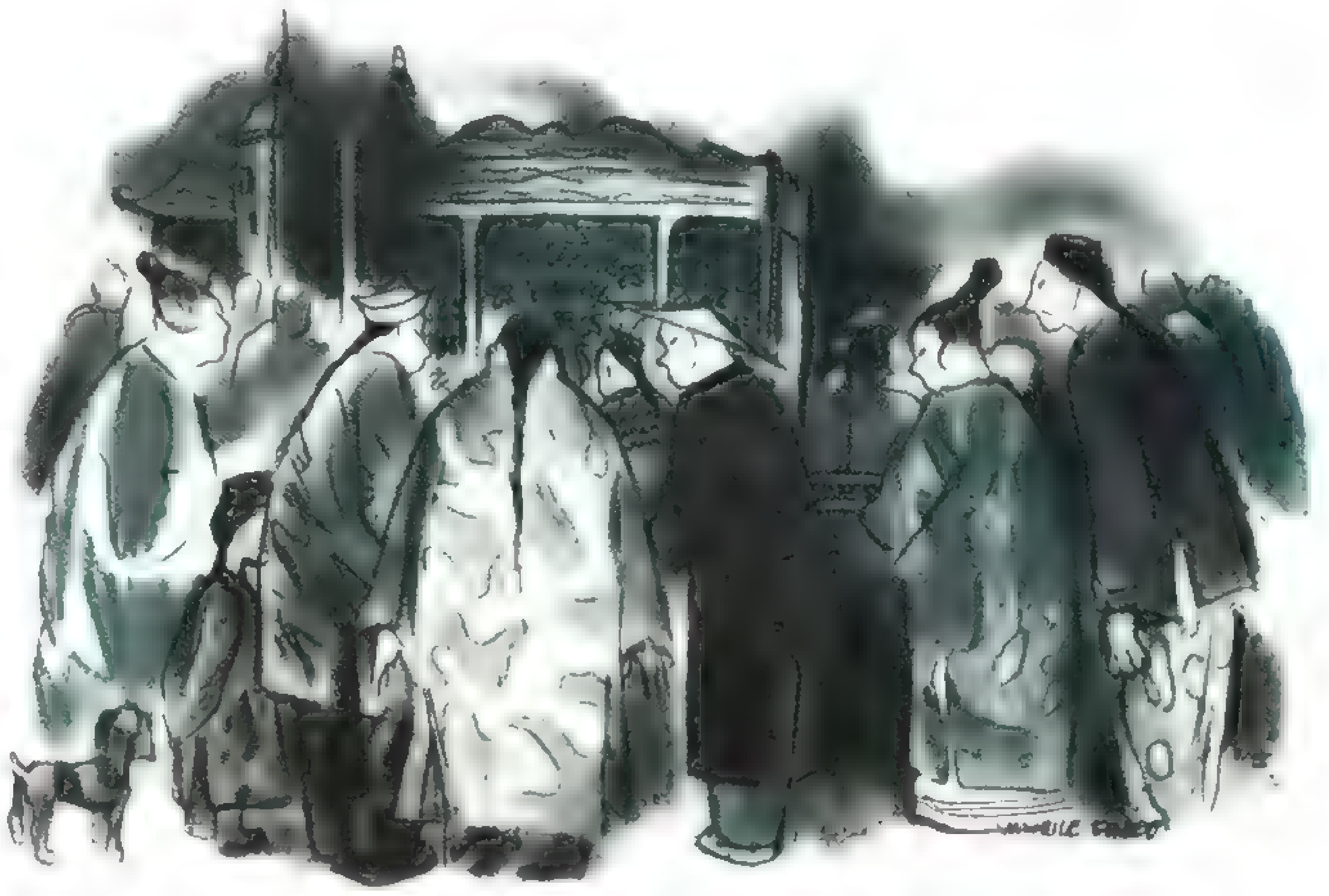
I recall, for instance, the story of the red chaise, which I witnessed myself. It delves into the occult. You understand that the priests, the lamas, are presumed to have many secrets of black and red magics. I had heard many such yarns without crediting them, when I discovered for myself that you cannot simply dismiss them as fabrications of fevered, fantastic minds.

It happened at Tatungfu, when the rail that later reached the Yellow River was being laid down. Picture a Chinese city of forbidding appearance, huddled in an enclosure of high defensive walls, loopholed and crenelated, entered through great gates which clanged shut at twilight. Under the arches of these gateways, severed heads were suspended, dangling at the end of the cue or enclosed in bamboo cages; the clotted blood dripped in thick, black drops, and the green flies were everywhere. They were the heads of river pirates, of bandits, of soldiers, I never could be sure. Often, I would pass beneath them without lifting my eyes, for the twisted mouths, the half-opened eyes sickened me.

As my work progressed, I went to live in a country village some distance out of the city, standing near a well known *lama* monastery. I was told they were Red Lamas, consequently regular devils. The inhabitants were rather hospitable, and I became well acquainted with an excellent native family. I had rented part of the home for my quarters.

One day, the Lis—that was the name of the family—announced that their oldest son was about to be married. There would be a handsome ceremony, and I was invited to participate in the rejoicing. I accepted readily, for they were honest folks and I did not have much else to do.

The following week, the priests arrived to declare that the propitious days had come. Immense quantities of food and drink were purchased, several pigs were slaughtered, and the firecrackers were prepared. The bridal chamber had to be inspected by everyone, as is the custom, and the traditional risqué jokes spoken, and gifts started to pour in for the engaged couple.



There were a couple of big chests, garishly colored mattresses, hard wood chairs, several lacquered pigs, and a multitude of other presents. The whole village had massed to behold the arrival of the gifts, and it was a beautiful, happy day.

Then Old Man Li asked me, through his son, if I would not be kind enough to go to the village of Hsiao Tien Lou, ten miles away, to escort the girl who according to ritual had to come shut in a splendid red chaise and accompanied by the friends of the family. My presence would serve a double purpose: First, it would be a great honor for them to have me along, and also I might scare off bandits along the road who might aspire to kidnap the engaged couple and hold them for ransom. Naturally, I accepted, and the next day, at dawn, I started off for Hsiao Tien Lou.

Young Li, the bridegroom, escorted me for some distance, and I saw that he had something weighing on his mind which he wished to tell me. But he did not know how to start. Finally, after a thousand false beginnings and hesitations, he told me that he had been engaged to another girl before, the cousin of his intended bride. But that unfortunate young lady had been bewitched by the *fen shouei*, the spirit of the waters, evil among evil spirits!

He told me that she was nasty to a supreme degree and that her soul probably resided in the basement of deepest hell, with ten thousand devils. She had threatened young Li and his present fiancée with all the tortures known to Buddhist lore; the entire village, even the notables, were very afraid of her. She was said to be engaged, in company with a Black Lama, that is a Lama cast out of his congregation, and in contact with the Genii of Evil, in the worst practices of witchcraft. Young Li seemed very, very worried. He begged me to guard his bride, and I understood that I had been selected as escort more to protect her from magic than from possible bandit attack.

Then young Li left me to go back home and wait there for his bride, as was customary. I continued on my way, brooding on the strange tales my companion had told me. The sun was already high above the horizon, and as it was the beginning of summer, the day started out to be very hot. I trotted my horse on a trail beside a dirty, twisting stream, rushing between high stone cliffs with a deafening roar. On my left and in the distance, I could see the crest of the Great Chinese Wall, or what is left of it in that region, old masonry dotted by the remnants of watch-towers.

It was mean, dusty, yellow country. I met a few carts, two or three priests probably going to Li's wedding, and a caravan of camels going to spend the summer on the high lands. For those odd animals, contrasting with the African species, detest heat and are only employed during the winter. Which shows you again that in China everything is different from other lands.

At noon, I reached the village of Hsiao Tien Lou and found the bride's house. Paper flowers had been placed at the door, and all the women in town, from the oldest to the youngest, were crowded before the dwelling, screaming, chattering,

Continued on page 109

# Life History of Spaghetti

### Remarking that there are other noble foods in Italy—but only as there may be other Duces, too

### by JOHN GUNTHER

• ARTICLE •

Spaghetti, it would seem, is a simple topic. But it is the basis of life in Italy and its ramifications are multifarious and profound. Every normal Italian meal contains one course of "pasta," the generic name for spaghetti and its derivatives. The Italians are an imaginative and quick-witted race, and therefore pasta may be had in an enormous variety of forms. As for instance:

Spaghettini is spaghetti's younger brother. Vermicelli, which comes from Naples, is finer and less robust than spaghetti. Vermicellini is finer still. Capellini, meaning "thin hairs," is even finer, served often in soup; sopracapellini is the finest of all, practically invisible.

Going the other way, fettuccini is broader than spaghetti and ribbon-shaped. Fettucce is still broader. Maccheroni is tubular. Ziti is fat maccheroni with a large hole, tremendously slippery, to be eaten only by pasta experts. Messa ziti has a smaller hole. Perciatelli is like ziti but even more slippery. Cannoli is five-inch maccheroni stuffed with spinach and meat. Four of them make a course. Calzoni is cannoli which is empty. Cravatte is maccheroni shaped like bow ties, and bombolotti is a maccheroni cut into inch segments and served with delicious tomato sauce.

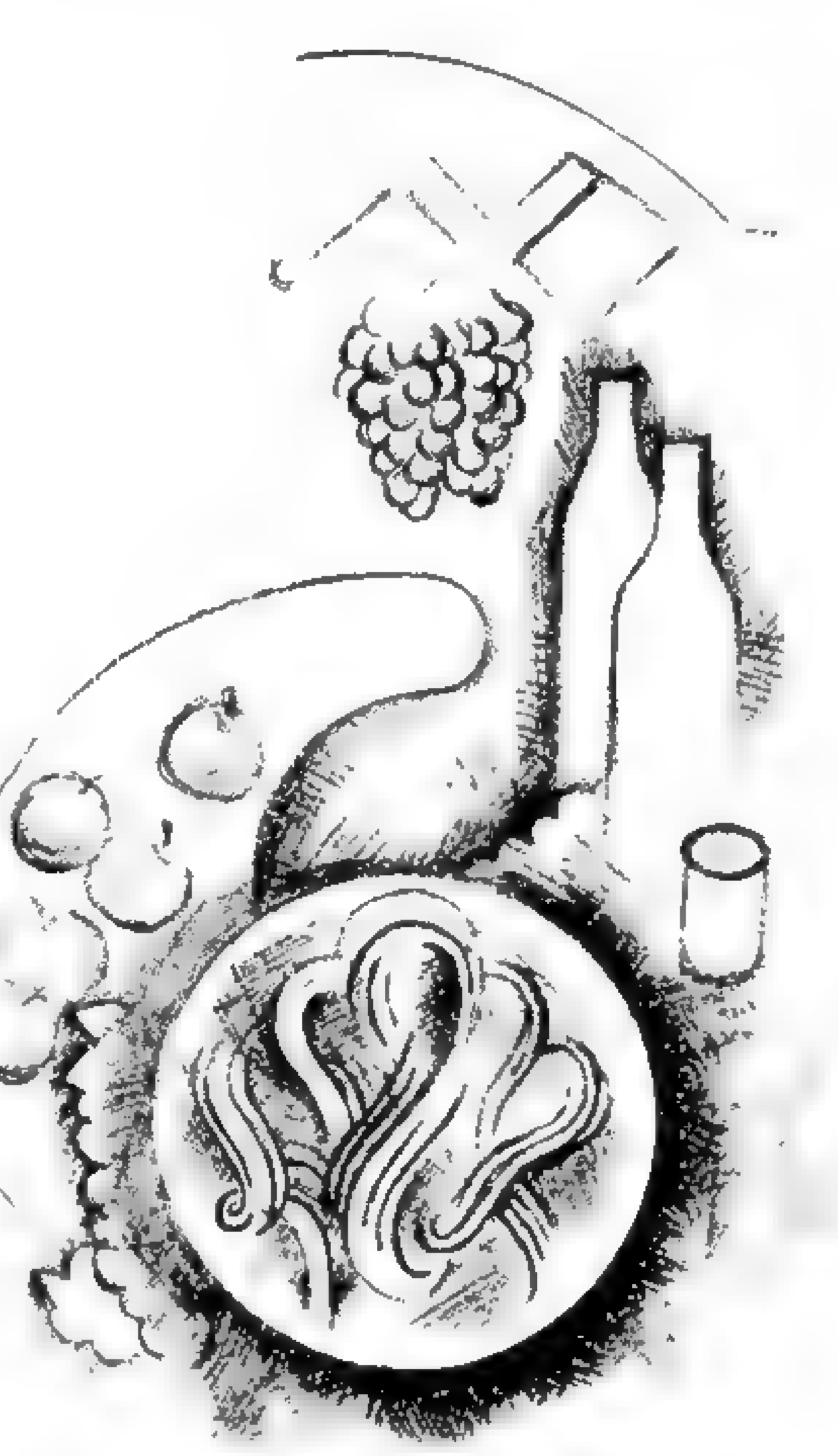
This by no means exhausts the classic line of pastas. There is, of course, ravioli. Ravioli was discovered in Genoa, and consists of two-inch squares of dough enclosing either spinach or meat or cheese or combinations of the three. Angolotti is ravioli slightly undersized. Cappelletti is angolotti served in broth. Gnocchi is a true Roman dish, and something Rome is as proud of as the Coliseum or Mussolini: tiny balls of pasta served usually with butter or cheese.

Orecchiette is dough in the shape of little ears. Timballo di maccheroni is pasta pie, served usually with tomato juice and chicken livers. Maltagliati, which means "poorly cut," comes in all imaginable shapes, and because it was the favorite dish of Rossini is much loved by opera stars. Penne is pasta cut like birds' wings. Lingue di passeri is tongue-shaped. In broth you have pasta shaped like stars (stellini), jelly beans (piperini), letters of the alphabet (lettere), little points (Ave Maria), or rings (anellini).

All pasta is, or should be, served with a sauce. Alla Bolognese means with meat and tomatoes, alla Genoese is tomato sauce only, alla Matriciana is meat sauce plus bits of bacon. Grated Pecorino cheese is also an essential to proper pasta. More specialized sauces are Vongole (tiny clams), al tonno (tunnyfish), and Alici (anchovies). Finally, there is pasta verde, which is fettuccini dyed in spinach juice.

For lunch, the restaurant I like best in Rome is Umberto's, 42 Via della Mercede. The antipasti (hors d'oevres) are refreshing and the prosciutto crudo di S. Daniele (smoked ham) excellent, at about 40c (present exchange) an order. The granpiatto bollito, is a big dish of boiled beef, boiled chicken, and boiled calves head, very good if you get to the restaurant fairly early, before the meat dries. Umberto, like almost all restaurants in Rome, makes a specialty of turkey or chicken breasts grilled. You won't get out of Umberto's for much under $1.50 per person, but if you are looking for sound bourgeois Roman food, it is worth it.

Two restaurants much tonier than Umberto's but not much better are the Casino Valadier, in the Pincio Gardens, and the Castello dei Cesari, which is some way out of town. I have had marvelous zabaione at the Valadier; zabaione is the most original of Italian desserts, a liquid and translucent confection of Marsala wine and yolk of egg. The swellest of all Rome restaurants is the Ulpia. The menu is a tawny poster 21 inches long and no prices are given. You eat what you eat and the not unamiable headwaiter decides from your costume and behavior what it will cost. The restaurant is in a cavern off Trajan's forum; it is authentically picturesque; the wine bottles lining the ancient walls are genuine; the food is not very original but quite good and there is plenty of it; and you have music as you dine.



Italian beer and bread are both terrible. The only place in Rome for good beer is a German pub, Albrecht's, near the Piazza Barberini. The most amusing cafe is Biffi's in the Galleria, off the Corso. Italian coffee is strong and good and is called "espresso." The white wine I like best in Italy is a dry Orvieto from the vineyards of the Bigi company. A good standard red wine, quite dry, is a Barolo 1924 from Luigi Calissaro in Alba. I do not like most chiantis, which to my taste are rusty. The most amusing native cocktail is the Americano, invented in Venice; it consists of Campari bitters, vermouth, a dash of lemon, and seltzer water. The best night club in Rome is the Casanova; the worst the Florida.

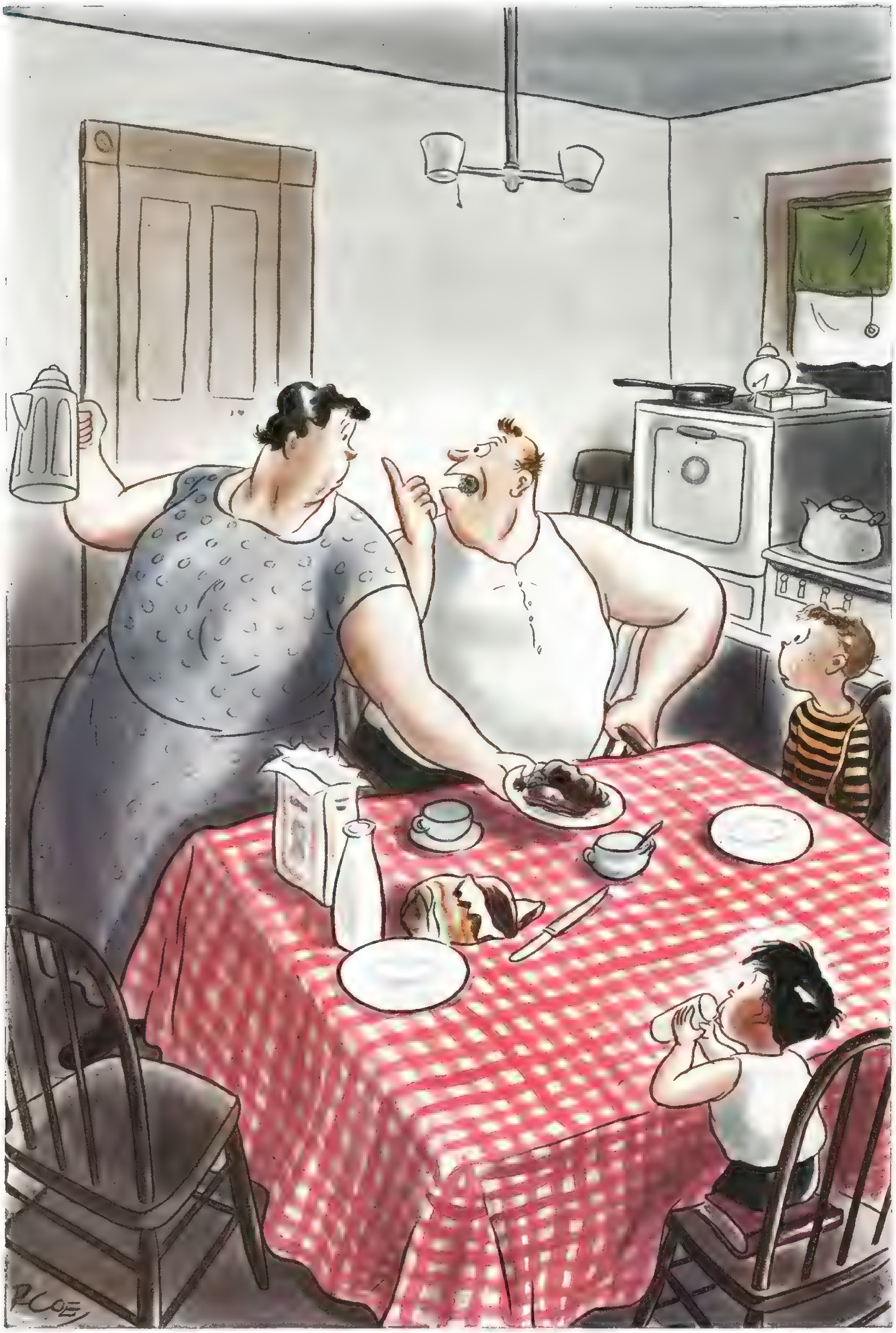
A very well known restaurant, which I always thoroughly admired, is Ranieri's, off the Via Condotti. The headwaiter, Peppino, is a local celebrity of great popularity and merit, who will tell you the history of the place as he orders your dinner for you. Ranieri's was founded in 1843. The chef to the widow of the Emperor Maximilian, who was executed in Mexico, took it over from the original proprietor when he returned to Italy, and it has been in the hands of his family ever since. Peppino has been the maitre d'hotel for about fifteen years. A few months ago I dined at Ranieri's with H. R. Knickerbocker, a delicate and zestful eater, and we enjoyed our meal extremely. This is what we had:

| | Per Person |
|---|---|
| Prosciutto crudo (smoked ham) with melon | $0.45 |
| Crêpes alla Suisse (pancakes stuffed with cream, chicken, and several soft varieties of cheese). | .45 |
| Cefalo arrosto con patate sute (breaded fillets of red mullet with mushrooms). | .50 |
| Zuppa Inglese (an odd Italian dessert, called either "English soup" or "Roman cake," made of sponge cake, cherries, whipped cream, rum, and muscatel.) | .20 |

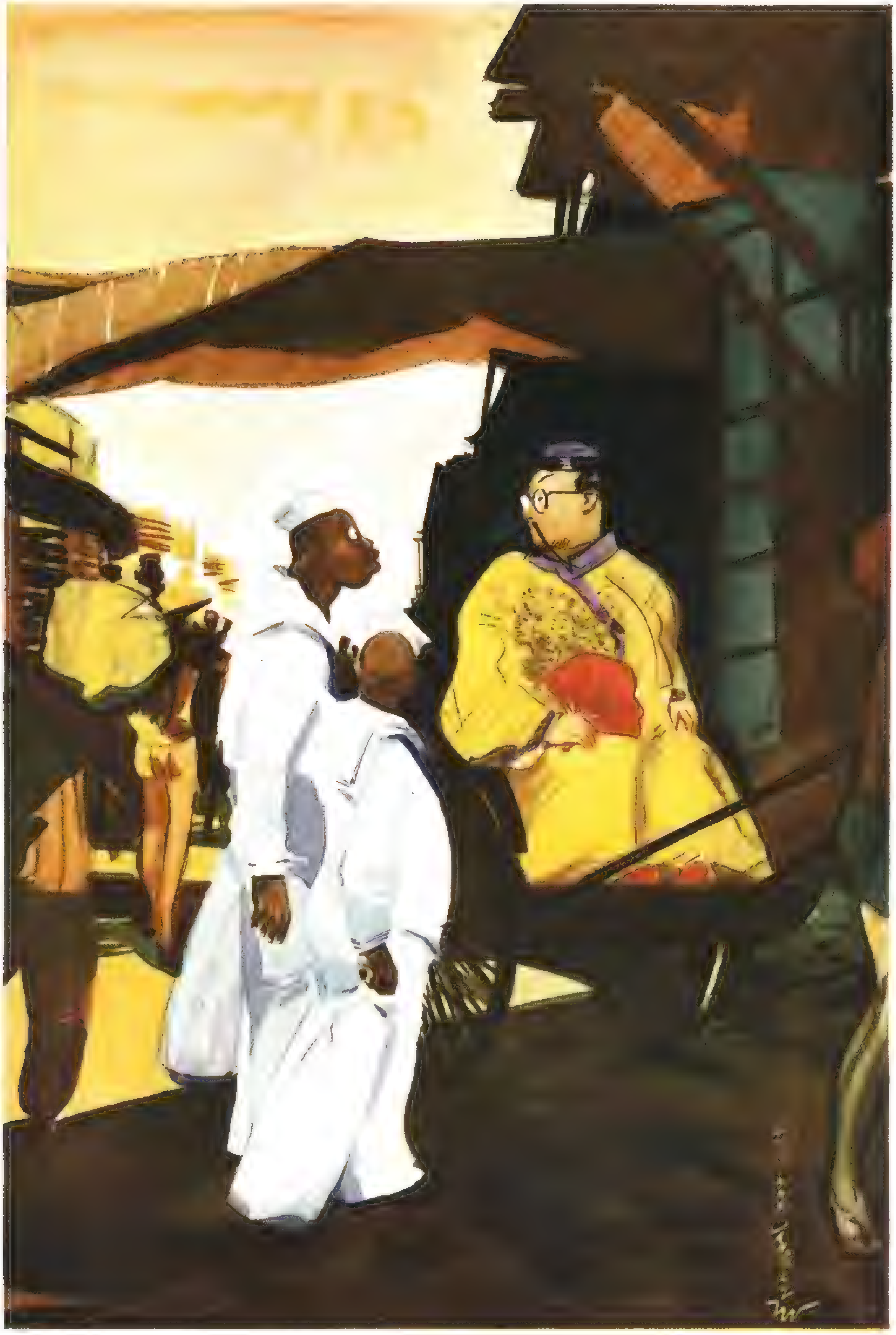
We had a dry white Soave wine from Verona and, because he seemed to enjoy our company, Peppino himself stood us to a liqueur, which he said was called "Flowers of the Abruzzi Mountains," and contained the distilled essence of one hundred different herbs. It's more common name is Centerba. It is green in color, and both Knick and I thought it tasted like benzine, but we swallowed bravely and held our tongues.

The absolute best restaurant in Rome, too expensive and too luscious to attend daily, but to which all good Roman gastronomes go once a week, is Alfredo's, Piazza della Scrofa 104. Like many of the truly great restaurants of the world, it is inconspicuous in location and modest in exterior; there are only about twenty tables and four waiters; there is no putting on the dog or front or fuss; Alfredo himself greets you, and instantly makes you feel at home.

*Continued on page 94*



*"How many times have I told you t'soive from d'left!"*



*"Pahdon, Cap'n, could you all tell us whah the colored section is?"*

# Go and Go-Moku

## Get set to go for a Japanese game that's something like chess, checkers, tick-tack-toe and bridge

### *by* EDWARD LASKER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

I DISCOVERED "Go" by accident. When I was a young student I augmented my monthly allowance from home through chess lessons. One of my pupils was Prince Lichnowski, who later became Germany's Ambassador to Great Britain. He took a lesson of two hours every day and almost always brought members of the German General Staff as guests whom he thought would enjoy the parallels between chess strategy and military strategy.

One day his wife asked me to give her lessons, too, because she wanted to know what it was that fascinated her husband so much. The Princess quit after two lessons, however, saying she dimly realized what it was all about, but she did not think any game was worth the time required to memorize complex rules.

The Princess was very beautiful, and I conceived the fantastic plan to invent a game so simple that no memorizing would be necessary.

To be sure of creating something entirely new I searched books on games in all libraries to which I had access, and to my dismay I found the history of a game called "Go" which was described as a game of Chinese origin that had developed into the national game of Japan.

There were altogether only three rules and one exception, and at first I smiled condescendingly at the statement of the author of the article that this game was a competitor of chess. But after playing a few games with Japanese fellow students I realized what wealth of combinations it offered, in spite of the surprising simplicity of its rules.

Moreover, the game had "social" possibilities which were lacking in chess, notoriously a most unsocial game. Go may be played either by two opponents or by two couples in partnership. A variation called "Go-Moku" may be played on the same board and with the same men, which is much more easily mastered and offers an ideal pastime for those who prefer games playable after three or four cocktails.

Go was supposedly invented about 2500 B. C. by the Chinese Emperor Shun who thought it would improve the mental faculties of his son. I am afraid this is a myth, for the game seems hardly a suitable mental exercise for the feeble-minded. More likely appears another version which ascribes the invention to U, a vassal of Emperor Ketsu, who has also been blamed for the invention of playing cards. Ketsu reigned about 500 years after Shun. This makes the game about 3700 years old.

In Japan Go was not played until the eighth century of our era, and at first it was confined to the court in Kioto. In the eleventh century the knowledge of the game spread to the nobility and to the wealthy classes and in the thirteenth century it was generally known and widely played in all parts of the country.

In the seventeenth century a National Academy of Go was formed from which all Generals and Admirals had to graduate because the mastery of the game was held to be proof of strategic ability. The Principal of the school was the strongest player of that time, Honinbo Sancha, who adopted his best pupil before he died. This pupil inherited the position of Principal at the Academy. He was also called Honinbo and this manner of perpetuating the name of the leading player is still adhered to today, though the Academy was dissolved about eighty years ago when the reigning dynasty was overthrown.

The masters of the game in Japan are ranked by Honinbo according to their strength. There are at present nine degrees of masters, Honinbo being the only player of the ninth rank. During the last three hundred years only nine players advanced to the ninth degree, and nine to the eighth.

A sensation was created a few years ago when a young Chinese nobleman appeared in Japan who defeated all players that opposed him. Honinbo finally honored him with a game and declared him to be of the seventh rank. This was quite a shock to the Japanese who used to say that "the noble game of Go takes but a few miserable minutes to acquire but thirty years of honorable endeavor to master."

The popularity of the game in Japan is perhaps even greater than that of Contract Bridge in this country. During a match between Honinbo and Karigane, a master of the eighth rank a few years ago, large Go boards were placed at busy corners in many cities throughout Japan, on which each move was recorded, and admiring crowds followed the game in this way, just as baseball games are followed in our cities. In Europe, a monthly Go-magazine has been published in Leipzig for a number of years.

In this country, too, the interest is growing rapidly, and a National Go-Association has recently been formed (which has nothing to do with the Association of GO-getters). Recently a Go tournament was held in Philadelphia at the Mercantile Library and another one in New York at Lee Chumley's Bar of the Intellectuals in Greenwich Village.

The implements of the game are now obtainable in most department stores, in the Oriental form with a board of 19 x 19 lines as well as in the American form which, following my suggestion, uses a smaller board of 13 x 13 lines. This speeds up the game considerably and makes it more suitable for the American type of mind.

The lines on the board are about 7/32″ apart from each other. The men consist of black and white lentil-shaped disks, about ⅞″ in diameter and ¼″ to ⅜″ thick in the center.

In Go as well as in Go-Moku the board is empty when play starts and the players place a man alternately on any intersection of lines . . . not on the squares as in chess or checkers. If two couples play the partners sit opposite each other and play with men of the same color.

In Go-Moku, the easier of the two games, the object is simply to get five men adjoining in a row, either horizontally or vertically or diagonally. Black plays first and usually occupies the centre of the board.

It is evident that a player wins as soon as he gets four men adjoining in a row if both ends of that row are open, because the opponent can block him only at one end. Therefore, a player threatens to win the game every time he gets three men in a row in such manner that on the following move he could form an open four.

It is customary to announce "three" in such a case, because the idea is not to win the game as a result of the opponent overlooking a threat but to win in spite of the opponent using every available defense which occurs to him.

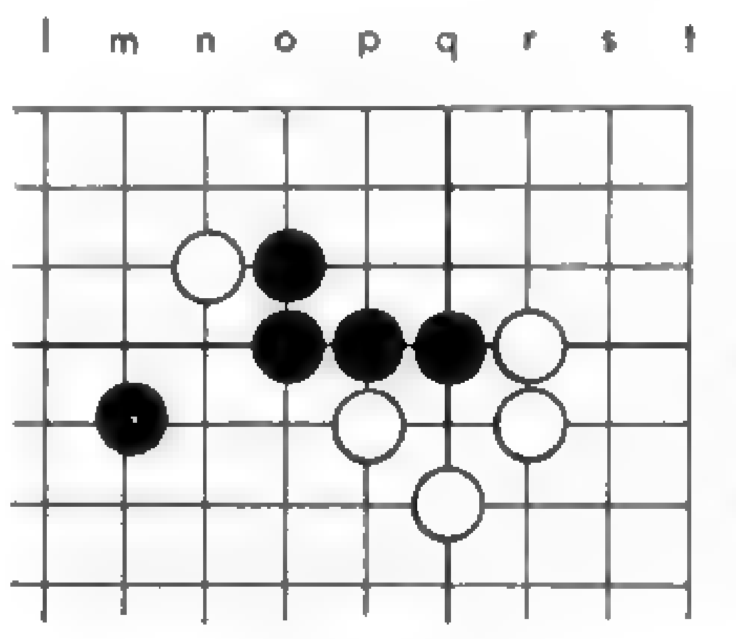


FIG. 1

Obviously, a win can be forced only if a player succeeds in combining two threats with one move so that the opponent can counter only one of them and must let the other one stand.

In Fig. 1, for instance, Black wins by putting a man on n 16 (the intersection of line n and line 16), because this forms a four and an open three. White must play m 16 to block the threatened five, and Black then continues with either l 14 or p 18, forming an open four.

At first sight the game looks almost too simple, like a sort of dressed-up tick-tack-

*Continued on page 143*

# On the Trail of the Brandywine

### Interpolating a few stops, gasps and hesitations to that old refrain, "down the hatch"

### *by* LAWTON MACKALL

• ARTICLE •

It would have wrung your heart to have seen the look on the face of my friend G— when I offered him something mild to wet his hatch with. It was as though a fellow with a T-bone appetite had been handed squab. You see, he happens to be a high-kick consumer. And dispenser. Has a big bar in his home, and all day long he toils with ticker tape in the Street, to maintain his hobby of being one of America's busiest amateur bartenders for the benefit of his friends.

As I say, I offered him something mild. He polished it off, out of politeness; but you could tell that he and his tonsils felt cheated. It just hadn't that blow-torch caress that he cherished.

"Wait a minute, old man," I apologized. "Let's see what's in the hope chest."

We surveyed it together, his bottle-loving eye inspecting my modest array the way a stamp-fancier looks at a fellow philatelist's gum-backed curios.

"That's a funny one," he commented. "That one next to the end, labeled 'Fine Champagne' (he pronounced the *fine* as in English, instead of frogging it FEEN). What's the idea of Champagne in a slim bottle like that?"

The slightly dusty item in question was an ordinary straight-up-and-down wine bottle such as Claret comes in. But not so ordinary to me! For this, obtained in Paris many years before, through suasion, pull, and brass, was one of my life's triumphs, Cognac Brandy of the First Empire—Anno 1809, to be exact. (Note to disbelievers: Go on and scoff your heads off. This *was* "Napoleon Brandy," in fact I know of a hoard of 800 cases in a certain warehouse in Cognac right now.)

Fondly taking the bottle from its roost, I recounted with collector's pride (similar to fisherman's) how I had acquired it, spoke gloatingly of its pedigree, and explained the seeming mystery of the term Champagne on such a drinkable: how, not to be confused with the Reims bubble region east of Paris, there lies in the *south* of France, some eighty miles above Bordeaux, *another* officially delimited wine-district by the name of *la Champagne*—in fact two of them, Grande Champagne and Petite Champagne, comprising a sort of geographic "lower half of a doughnut," with "Grande" as the hole and "Petite" enfolding it, and with the little river Charente cutting across as top boundary of both. I wound up my boozologue by apprising him that on the south bank of this river, in "Grande," drowses the little Old World town of Cognac, whose twenty thousand inhabitants breathe Brandy from the cradle up and are engaged mostly in rock-a-bye barrel vocations and pot-still pursuits.

He was interested, eyeing the bottle as I held forth. It, alas, was two thirds empty.

"I tell you what," I said with a sudden, wild impulse. "Let's have some."

He put up no struggle against the idea. So I poured out a pair, not into broad-beamed "aroma glasses" such as our beau monde schnozzles over (and what an elegant time goldfish could have in them!), but into mere demure-fannied tulip affairs of the sort which the French call "glasses of dégustation," and which the tasting fraternity of the Charente hold pensively (not by the stem, but by the base, pinched between thumb and second knuckle of first finger) in sage appraisal of bouquet.

I myself, gently agitating it in my non-professional way, was getting some glints and overtones preparatory to a first sip, when I heard, "Well, happy days and nights." In one quick motion up went his glass and —gulp!—down went contents.

"Yes, that's good stuff all right," he said, with something between a choke and a cough of satisfaction. It was as though a mail chute had informed me, "I enjoyed that letter of yours so much."

If there had been a sunrise handy I'd have shot him at it.

As things were, one irreplaceable glass of my treasure was gone—to what an untimely end!—and the other was still in hand, uselessly, I being too burned up to enjoy it—especially with that merry wolfer looking on, presumably wondering why we didn't go ahead and finish the bottle. There was so little left.

As I say, there was homicide in my heart. Underneath, though, I felt a bit sad for my friend's sake. I really liked him—outside of office hours he'd give you his shirt, his house and lot, every bottle on his bar—and I'd wanted to do the honors in return by regaling him with some of the earth's noblest, that I'd been hanging on to. And all he had gotten out of it had been one second of scorch.

But this hemisphere is apparently filled with gullets used as hoppers, down which choice liquids get wasted. Pleasant people, too, many of them. And seemingly so civilized. They wouldn't use a K'ang Hsi powder-blue vase as a coal scuttle, or roll dice on a Rembrandt, or swat flies with a Stradivarius, or choose a Gothic tapestry for a dog blanket; nor would they steam-engine a good Havana cigar. But when it comes to vinous works of art, modern or antique, and the pleasure to be derived from intelligent enjoyment of them, considerable haywire remains to be cleared away. Too many drinkers labor under the delusion that drinks should be gone at the way a rooster makes love; which is splendidly masculine, perhaps, but certainly splendidly moronic.

If you think I'm just a person of Scottish descent embittered because one glass of costly Cognac I loosened up on didn't get sufficiently raved over, let me match that experience with what an acquaintance of mine, just back from a grand loaf in Bermuda, told me the other day. He reported that a certain bar he frequented down there also had "Napoleon Brandy," not unreasonably priced at five dollars a drink. Every afternoon, regular as clockwork, an oldish, successful-looking man would drop in for a shot of it, served in the special way he required, which was in a pony glass, accompanied by a glass of ice water. He would lay his five bucks on the bar, pick up the pony, dispatch it, heave in the ice water, thereby "getting rid of" all after-taste (Cognac's glory), and sally forth proud of himself.

My eye-witness, fascinated by this daily performance, became convinced that the whole thing was automatic. Just blind swallowing. To prove it, he instigated an experiment; persuaded the bartender to substitute for the "Napoleon" the youngest and lowest-priced Cognac on the list—a "one-star," about five years old. (Stars denote ages up to fourteen years. Beyond that, no astronomy could do justice!) It was perfectly sound Brandy, but nothing like the "Nap" stuff.

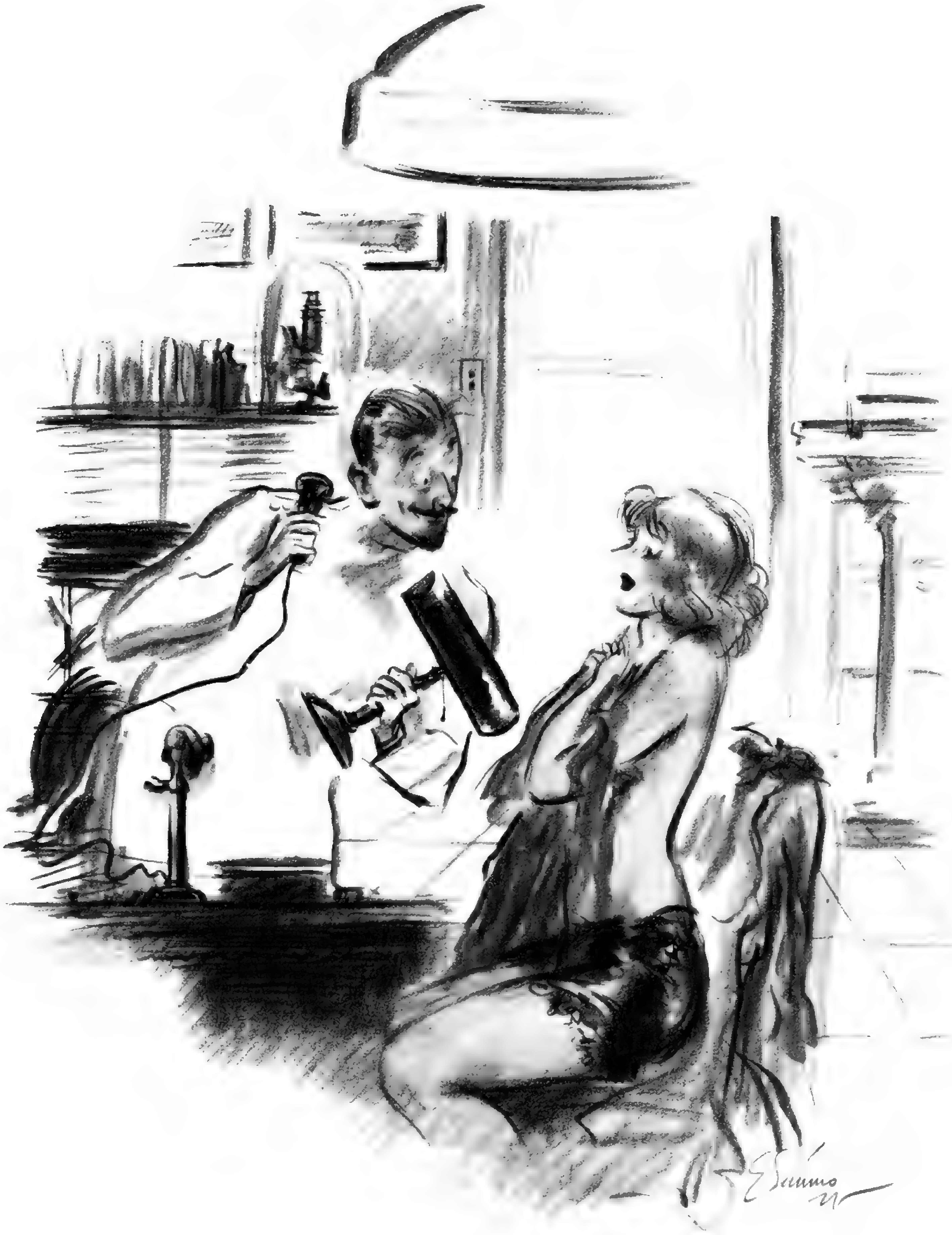
Well, the experimentee showed up on the dot. He paid his five dollars, tossed off the swindle that had been prepared for him, refreshed himself with his ice water, and strode out, masterful as ever.

"What pleasure do you suppose he gets out of it?" asked the chief conspirator.

"Just the idea of drinking it, and the good in his stummick. But hell and all, I feel like I'd robbed the baby's bank."

My witness, assuring me he had comforted the bartender's conscience, added that he wondered how baby's bank fared

*Continued on page 88*



"Just be calm, Mrs. Marsden—I'll be with you just as soon as I answer the phone"

# On the Trail of the Brandywine

*Continued from page 86*

from then on. He hoped he hadn't sent Napoleon into permanent retirement.

It was an amusing story, one might say; and yet somehow we shouldn't be amused—unless human failure is funny. For it is failure when people pay good money, no matter how much they may have, for a pleasure which they partake of in such a way as to gyp themselves out of the enjoyment of it.

And these goofish gulpers are legion. In fact, it would almost seem as though we were a nation of drinking illiterates. Not only are we in the dark on how to do with liquor when we get it, but I am informed on good authority that the top qualities are the toughest to put over with the public, there is so little spontaneous clamor for them. Too expensive? Nonsense! Right in depression times we shelled out more for bootleg mule-killer and ring-around-a-bathtub. No; the hitch is that imbibers need guidance as to what's what, and possibly a couple of hints to disabuse them of the fetish that unless somebody falls down stairs it's no party.

For such education a keen teacher is Monsieur le Docteur Cognac, embodiment of wine and liquor wisdom. Uncorking his inspiration, we are led sip by sip through interesting delectabilities to still-betters and even-betters-than-that. Deep stuff! For centuries statesmen and philosophers have rolled these mysteries on their tongues, toying with the puzzle of how Cognac manages to be Cognac. And I don't blame them for being stumped. You can see what it's made of, and be shown the stills it graduates from, but when you seek in all this to account for its personality and subtlety, you are paging a will-o-the-wisp. Cognac is Cognac.

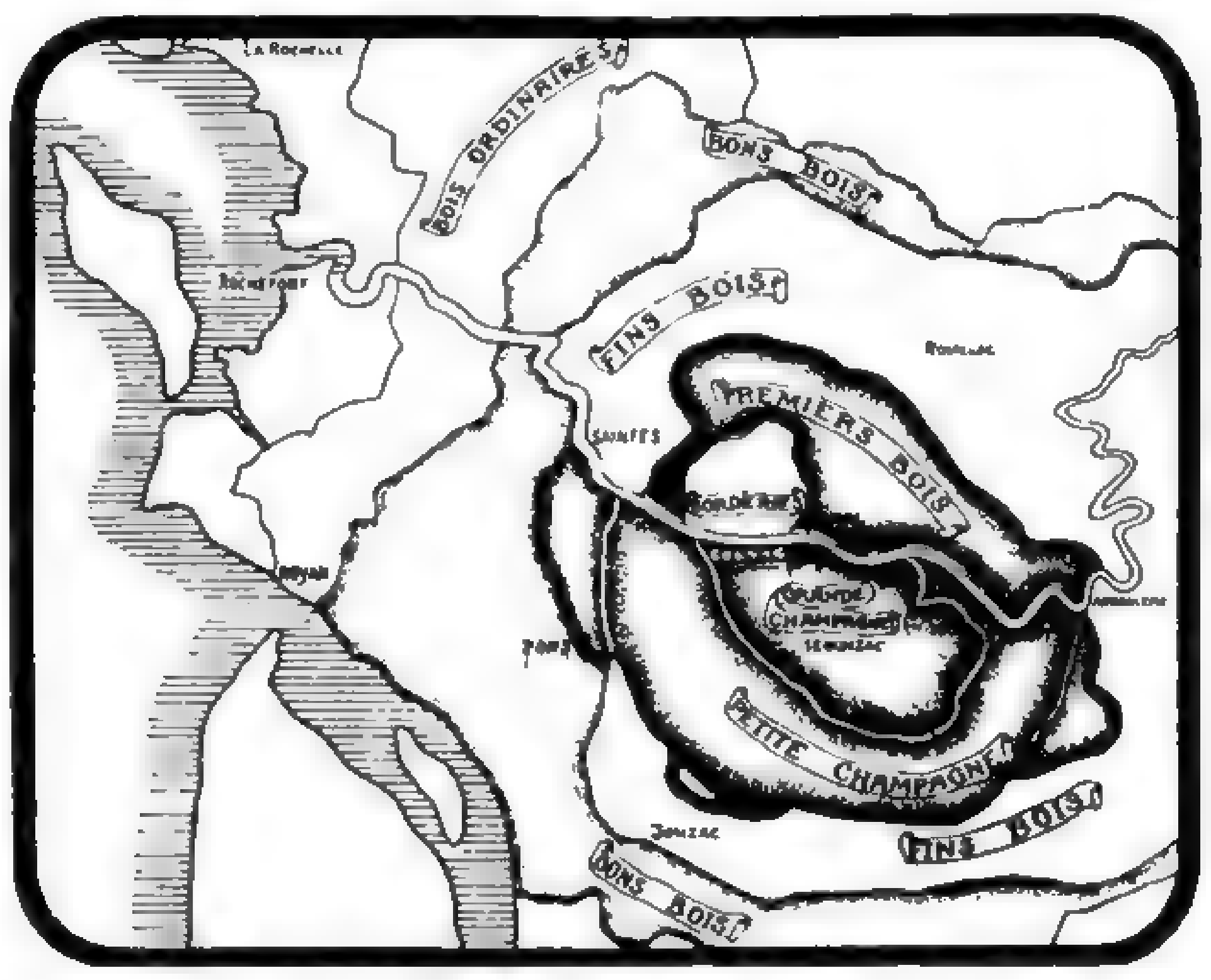
It starts with white grapes, grown on a plain which, like the other Champagne, has a seemingly poor soil, with chalk just below the surface. The vines, trained on wires, derive from their habitat a chemical something which, partly because of climate, creates a flavor so special that its double can't be found in any of France's well-known wines, or less-known ones either. If allowed to mature undistilled this vin of the southern Champagne might occupy a place along with the Clarets and Sauternes which grow almost as its neighbors. But it never gets a chance to. For it is preëmpted for a purpose which not even Château Yquem, the glorious, could fulfill.

A chance to find out what one of the celebrated bouquet wines could do if it had ambitions of vying as a brandy is offered in the Burgundy region, where, after the regular pressing has been done, small traveling stills make the rounds and are utilized for distilling the left-overs. The result is a liquor called Marc, popular locally but not exactly sought after by the wide world. Even when aged for many years, as it sometimes is, Marc sticks no plume in Burgundy's high hat. Sampling it (as all visitors should do) merely enhances one's admiration for France's great Brandies which emanate from where Nature decided they should.

The Charente region itself, totaling about two and a half million acres in all, has "district distinctions" of a complicated and choosy sort. North of the river, almost opposite Grande Champagne, there's an area known as the Borderies, different in quality because of less chalk, and not quite as valuable per acre, but remarkable just the same. Its wines, when blended in, contribute a facet to the jewel of Cognac's brilliancy. That is, of *some* Cognacs. For virtually all Cognacs are combinations of the qualities of this vineyard and that one, plus other years' wines from still others.

In general the large, well-known firms—most of them at least a hundred years old—own vineyards here and there in the choice spots, but depend on the small grape-grower for a hefty proportion of their total supply. And tons and tons are needed, because the wine shrinks nearly nine-tenths in process of distillation. Indeed, the whole history of a quart of Cognac is one of lessening and lessening—with loss of volume even in the warehouses, where the years and generations take their toll in the form of alcohol evaporation and escape. So when we taste a tiny sip we are taking in more territory, and the labor of more farmers than would seem possible.

The complete Charente district, as officially bounded and guaranteed authentic, includes three outlying bands or fringes which I haven't mentioned. These are the so-called "Bois" (meaning "woods")—namely the Fins Bois, Bons Bois, and Bois Ordinaires: "fine," "good," and "less hot." Wine made from grapes grown in the "Ordinaires" has a market price of only about half as much as that of the Grande Champagne productions. So bargain Cognacs lean toward the outskirts as regards their ancestry; if you pay an "ordinaire" price per bottle you can't very well feel aggrieved that the distiller did his grape shopping somewhat away from the heart of things.



*Map of the Cognac District*

There was, however, a time when Cognac was a name to be skeptical of. Back in the closing quarter of the last century the vineyards were stricken with the little insect called the Phylloxera, America's unintentional gift-monkeywrench. It was annihilation, neat and complete. Hence, for some years afterward, when Brandy lovers asked for Cognac they either got fine old stuff, or else a liquor which refrained from confessing where it came from. Fortunately, however, a means was found whereby the tiny destroyer could be foiled. New vines were planted, and, for a couple of decades now, the situation has been normal. Indeed, an investigator sent over from England on behalf of the British medical men, who wanted to know the truth about what they were prescribing for sick people, reported actual improvement over what had originally been: more zealous care on the part of the cultivators, and more scientific skill on the part of the distillers, but with no departure from the deliberately old-fashioned pot-still system.

Just to peep into one of the thick-walled stone warehouses (*chais* they call them) gives you a notion of the conservatism that rules. Iron shutters have rusted permanently shut. Cobwebs are so thick they out-texture Salome's veils, and messify your suit.

It's purely practical, you are informed. Old casks, even though they are made of stout oak from the Limousin, will in time be attacked by insects. And spiders play *gendarme*. Really, they ought to be on the payroll, because they are protecting the wood which gives the liquor, born colorless, its beguiling tint of antiquity—that "brighter than brown," lit up with gold when agitated at eye-level, and always with a hint of wine-hue. I must whisper, though, that some young Cognacs, if destined to be shipped soon in one of the picturesque Charente barges (to Bordeaux generally), are apt to have a bit of harmless burnt sugar added as a complexion-improver. ("How old you're looking, my dear!" "Flatterer!") You see, it would break drinkers' hearts if they bought modest-priced Cognac and found it lighter in hue than its century-old superiors.

There are marvels, too, down in the heart of Old Gascony, where the Brandy known as Armagnac is produced. When I mention that this was the country of Cyrano's young swashbucklers, the Cadets de Gascoine, I don't have to tell you that Armagnac knuckles under to nobody. The odd thing is that it's a delicate Brandy, which its special devotees declare is the most rarefiedly grapey thing going.

I had a swell chance to compare it with Cognac at a dinner given recently in New York by the celebrated Monsieur André Simon, world authority on the sublime in drinks and eats. And what a sweet party that was he threw! When I left it, wined and cuisined beyond compare, I really should have rushed to an X-ray doctor and had a picture taken of my interior, to keep always.

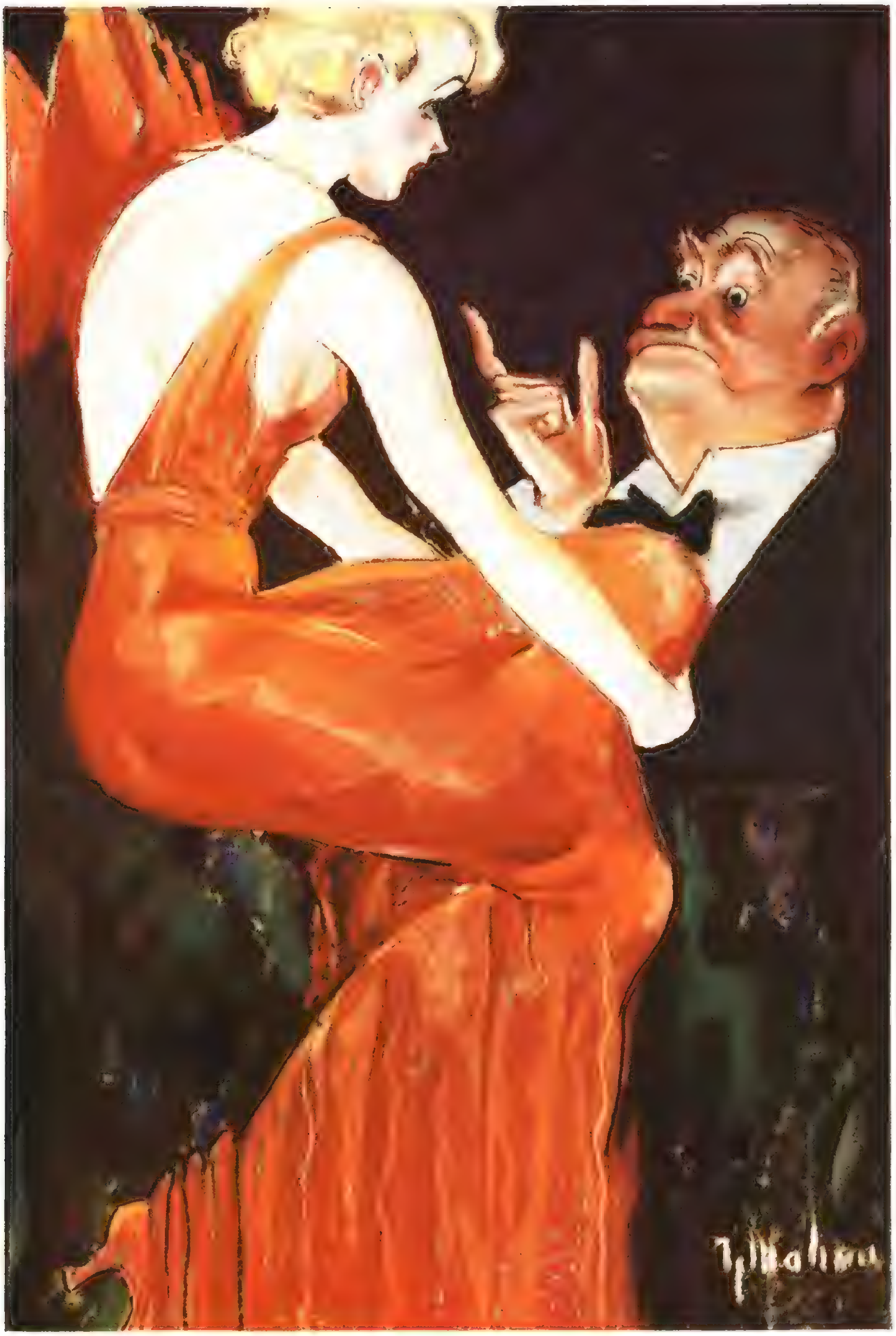
Well, at the grand conclusion of a state procession of courses accompanied by their liquid better halves (mostly from the snobbisher Chateaux), the Brandies were adjourned to, and I had some super Cognac and then some incredible Armagnac. And, to review my facts, had a repeat or two on each.

At that point Monsieur Simon arose genially to make a few remarks on the subject of the Wine and Food Society of America which was to be founded then and there, with all in favor, and so signifying, becoming Founder Members.

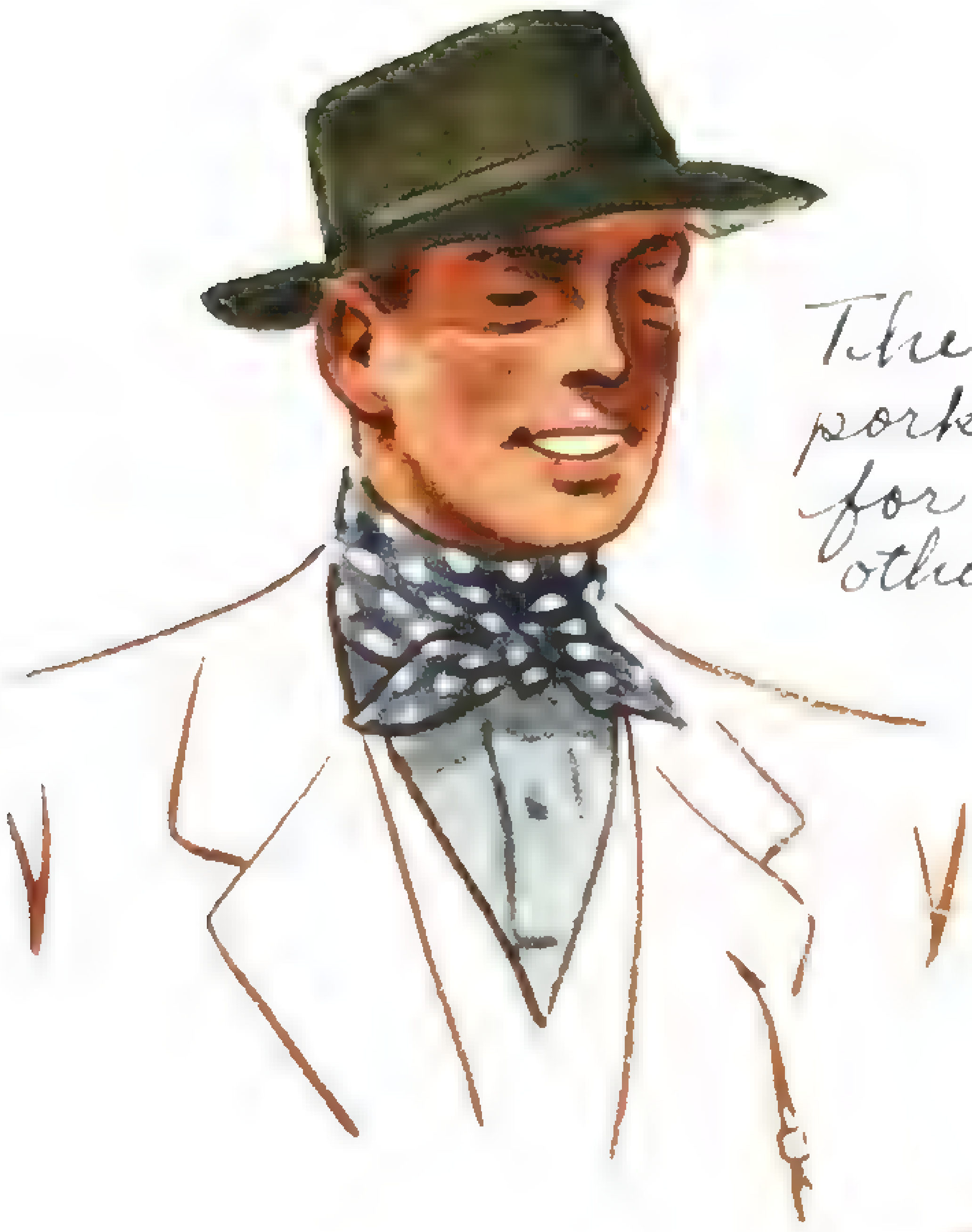
Oh, how I was in favor! And how I so signified! Indeed, I came away with a remarkably firm impression that fine French brandy is at its noblest, not when utilized in any of the culinary or cocktail ways that are so popular (though a side car can seem pretty timely at times) but as a grand solo after coffee—preferably with food and wines a la Simon as a build up for it.

As regards celebrated years, the scale of sublimity runs 1906, 1904, 1900, 1884, 1882, 1875, 1872, 1868, 1865, 1858, 1848, 1838, 1836, 1830, 1827, 1809, 1805, 1800, 1790.

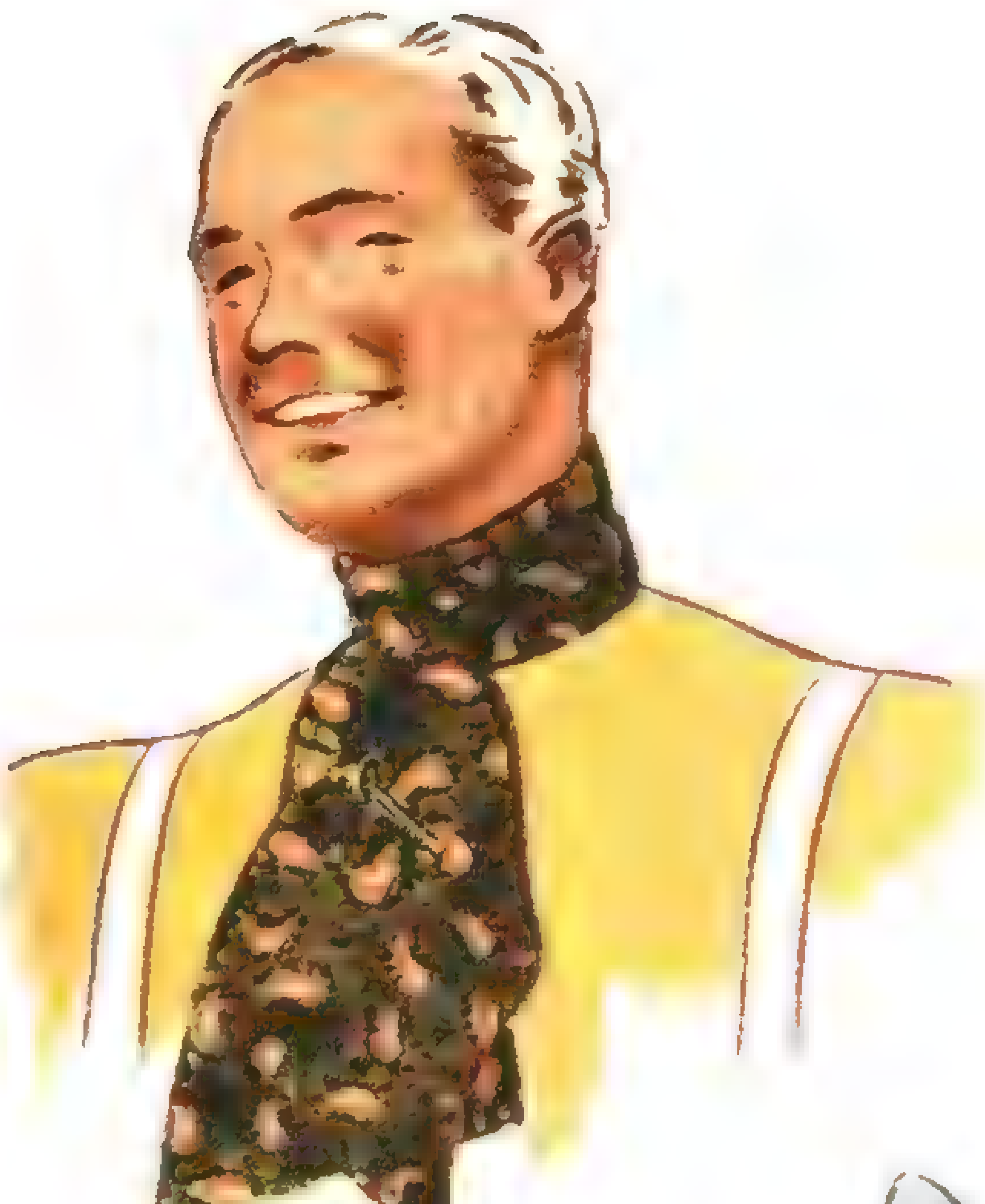
1811—the year of the comet—was the year that gave Cognac its idea of the stars.



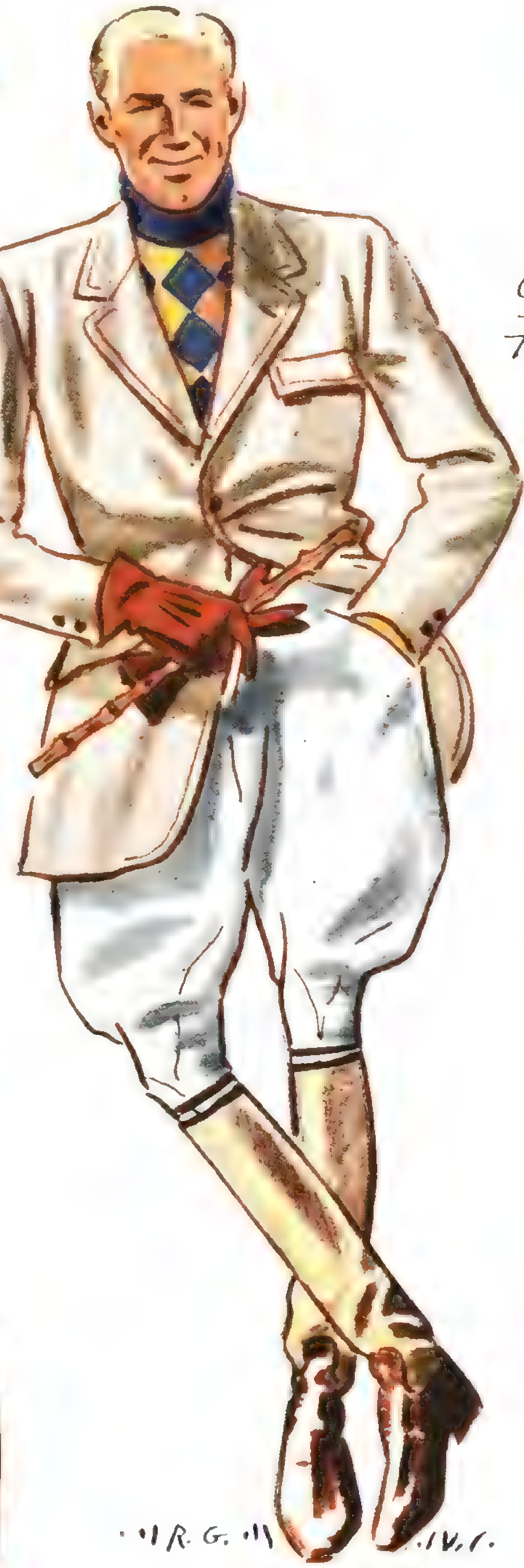
*"And remember—no Harvard boy ever put anybody in the movies!"*



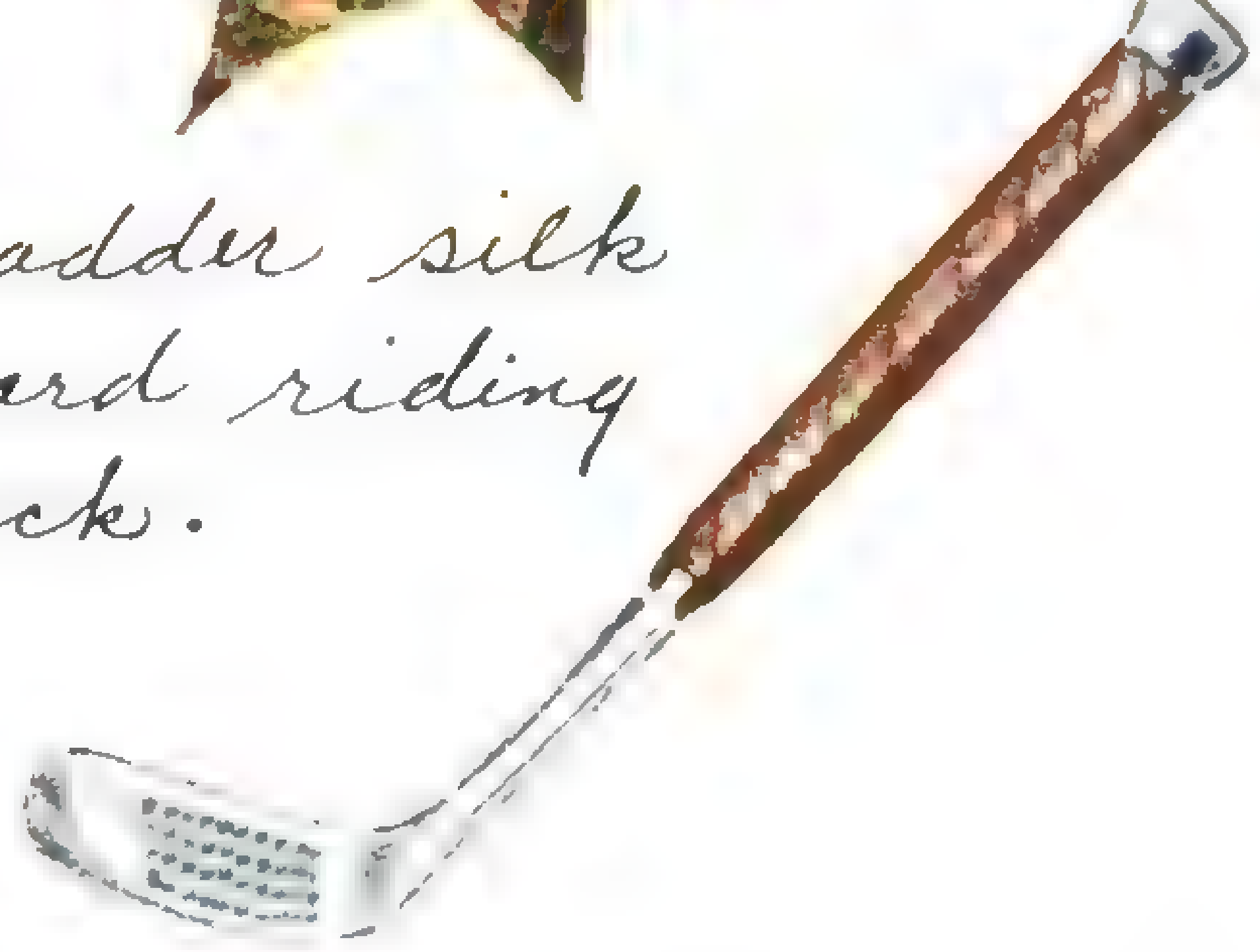
The green lightweight pork pie hat, suitable for riding, golf, and other sport activities



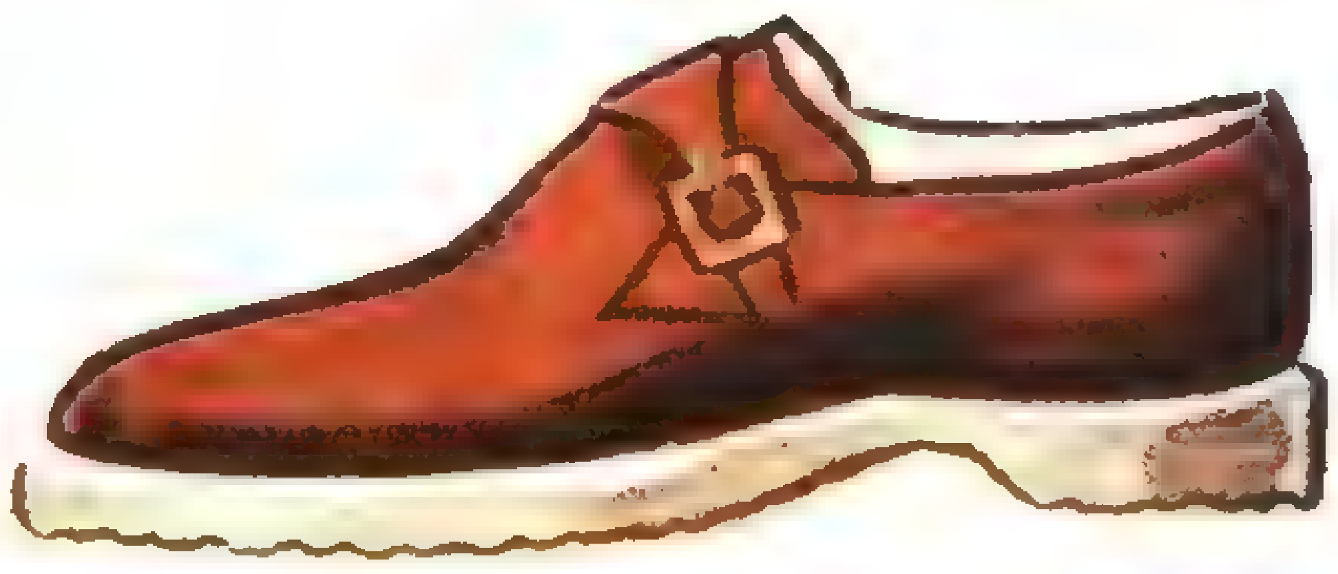
A madder silk Foulard riding stock.



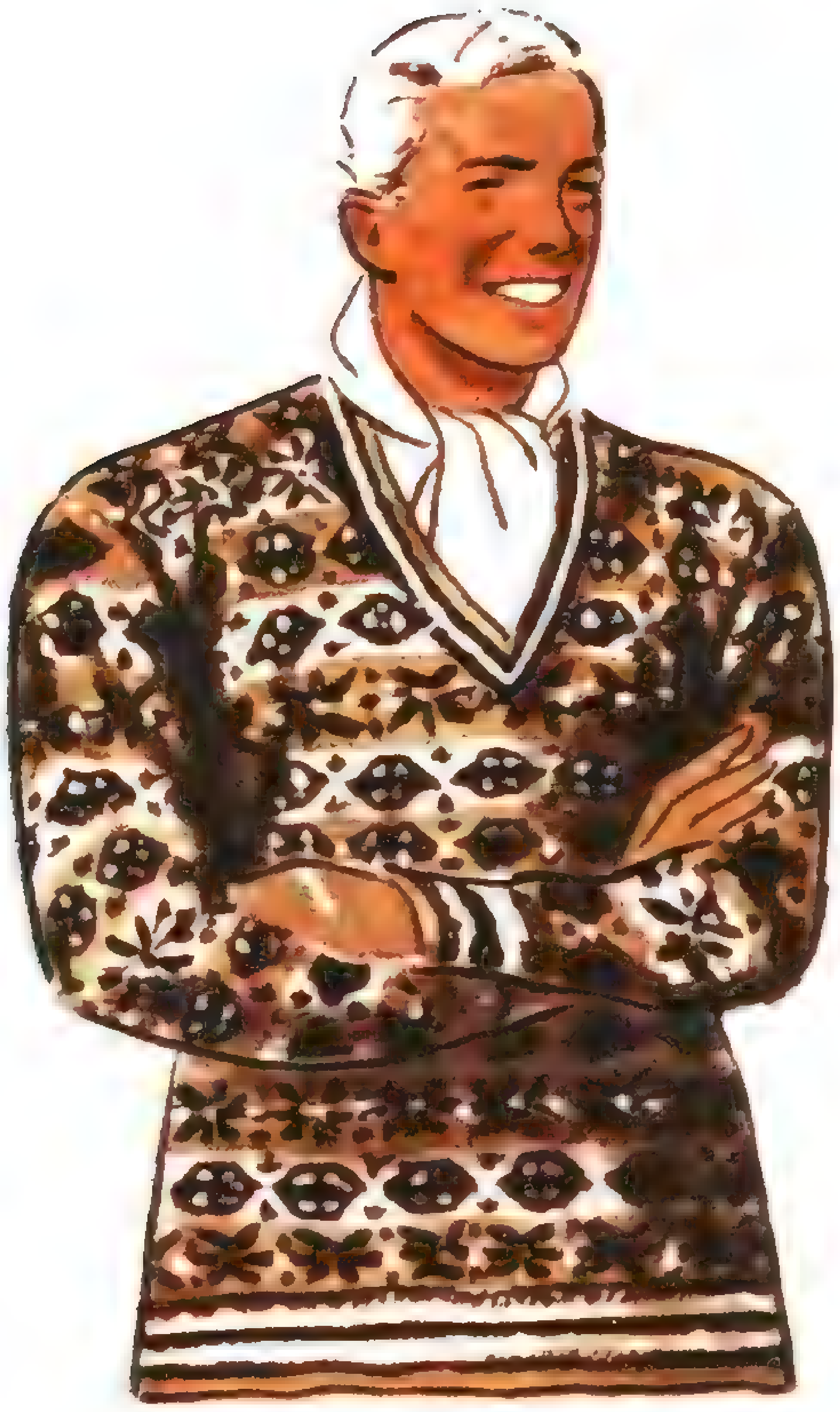
A new linen riding jacket suitable for the horsey season at Aiken—Note the canvas top Newmarket boots.



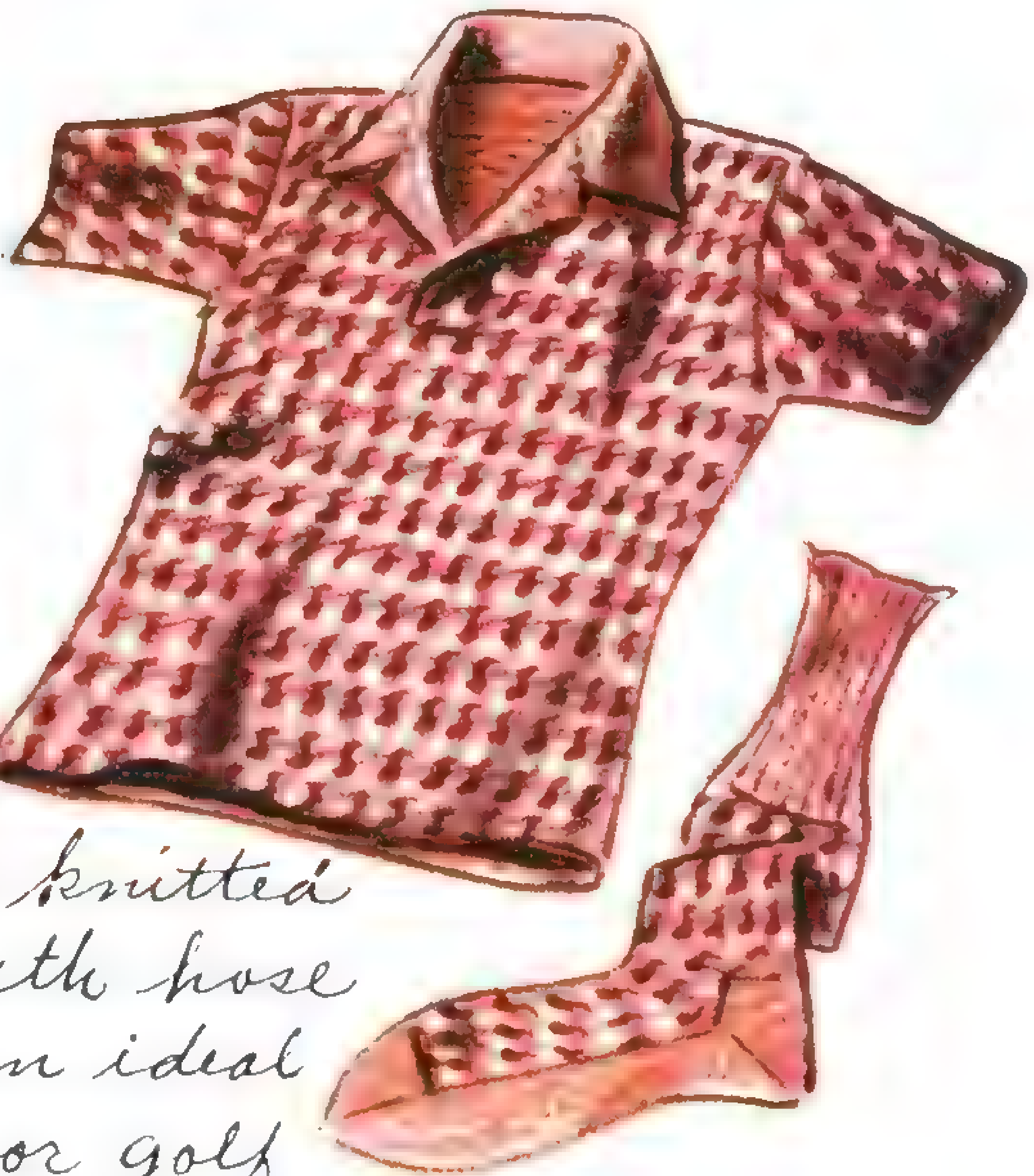
A short handle nub iron that is permissible in all tournaments



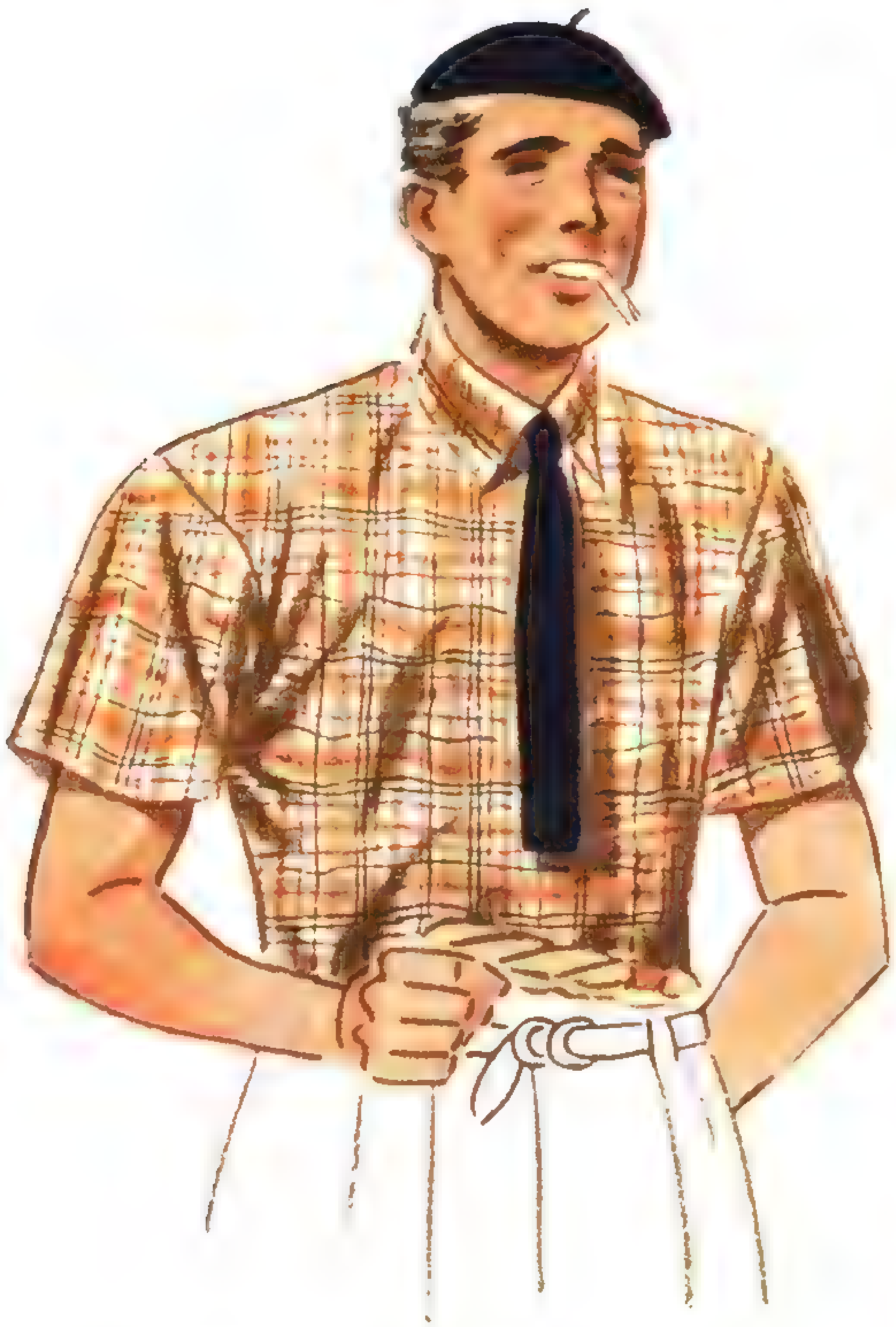
Brown Suede monk front shoe with crepe sole and heel.



The Fair Isle sweater again returns to the ardent golfer.

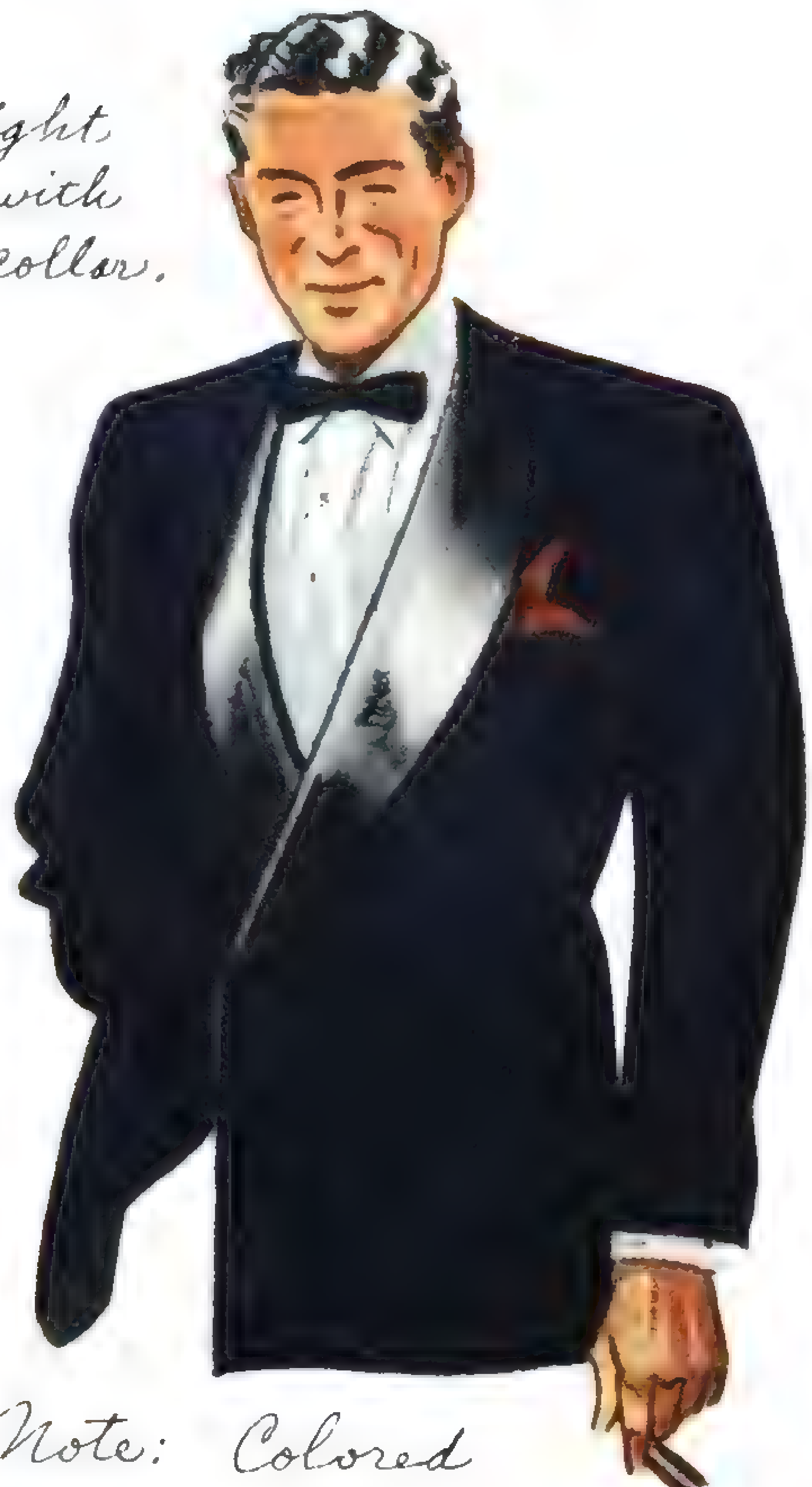


Hound's tooth knitted polo shirt with hose to match—an ideal combination for golf at Southern resorts.

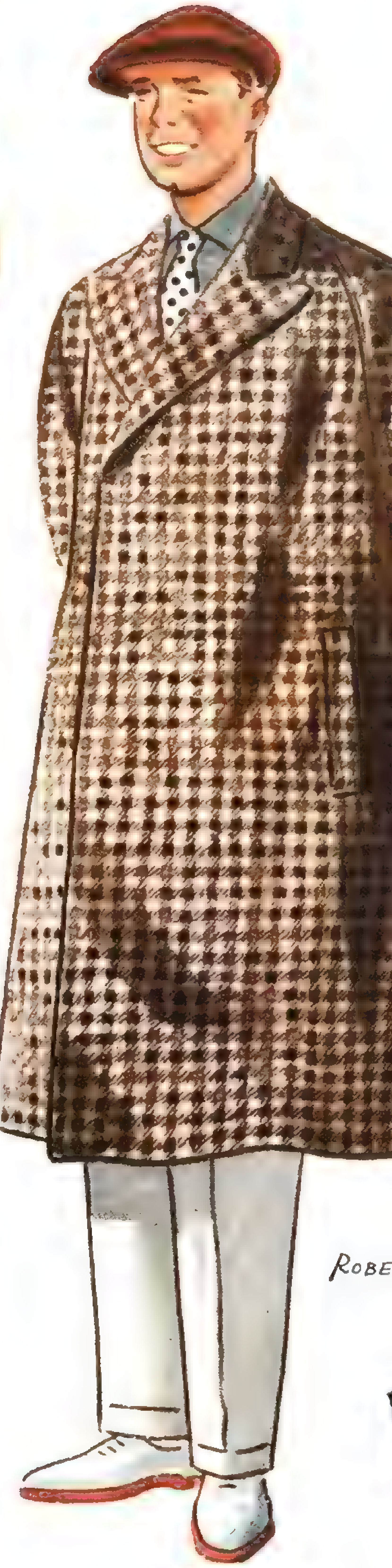


Plaid cotton sport shirt, suitable for deck games.

Double breasted midnight blue dinner jacket with shiny satin shawl collar.

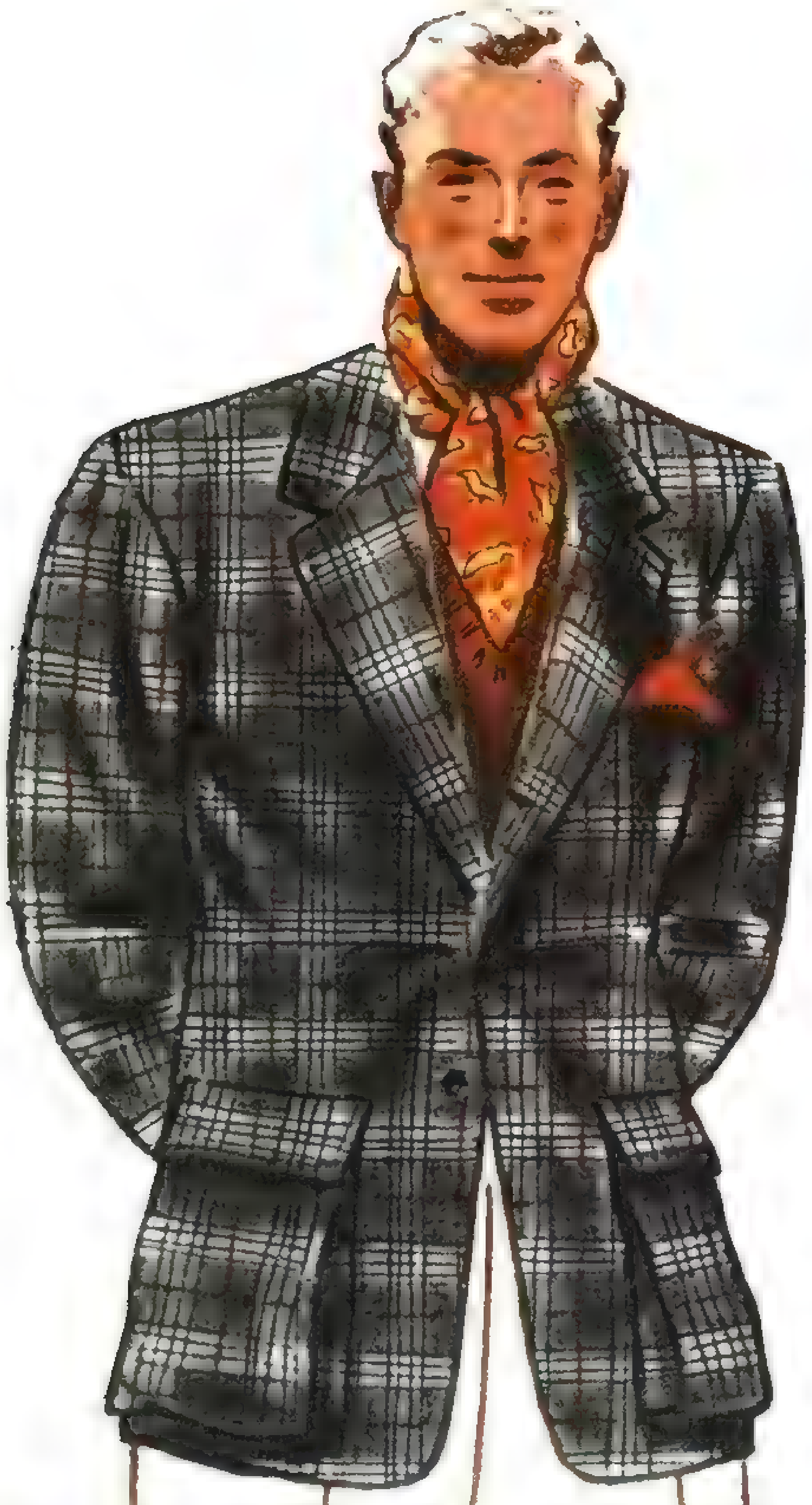


Note: Colored Foulard handkerchief

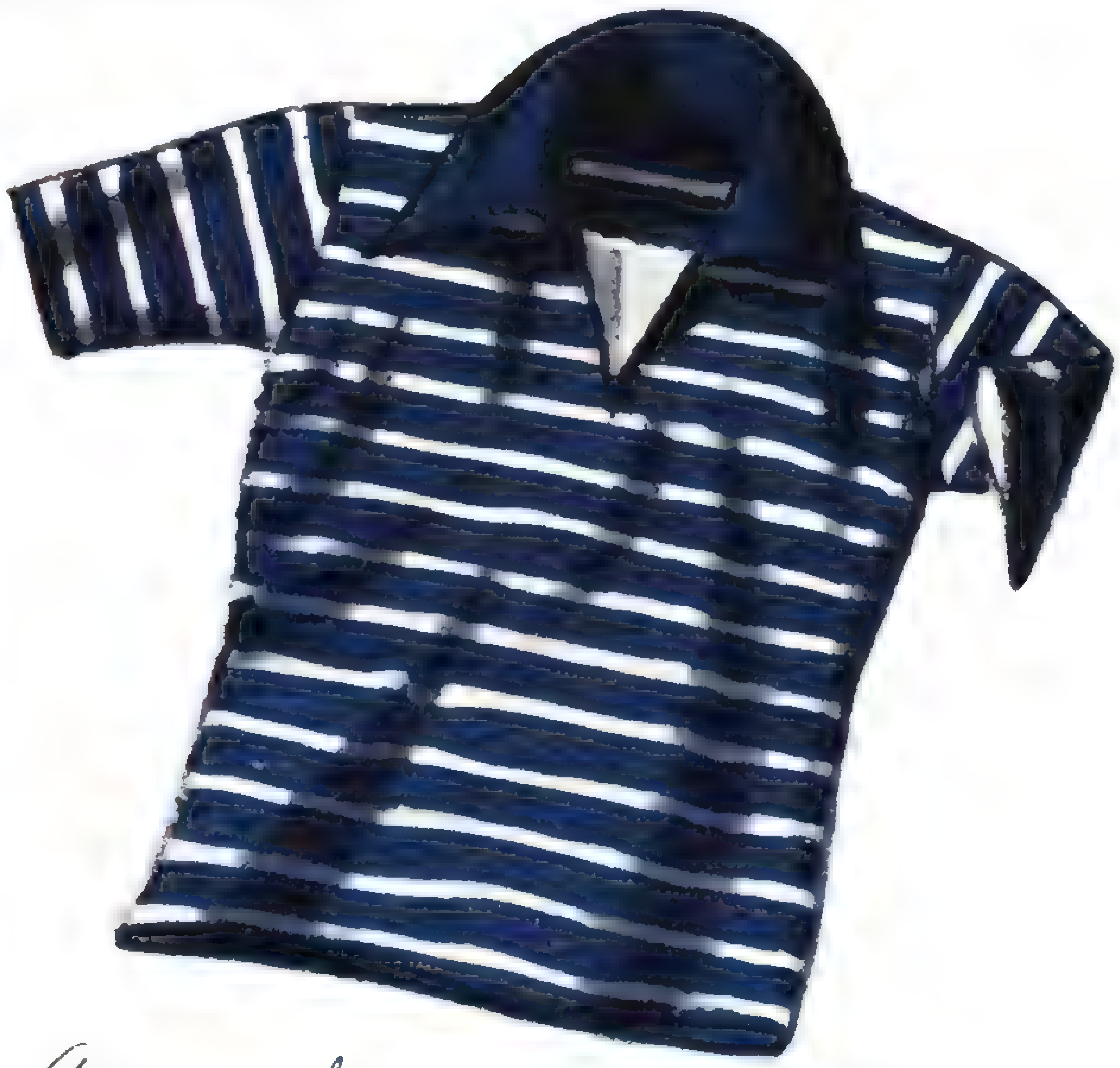


A new tweed raglan sleeve top-coat as worn by H.R.H., The Prince of Wales, an ideal coat to have on a cruise.

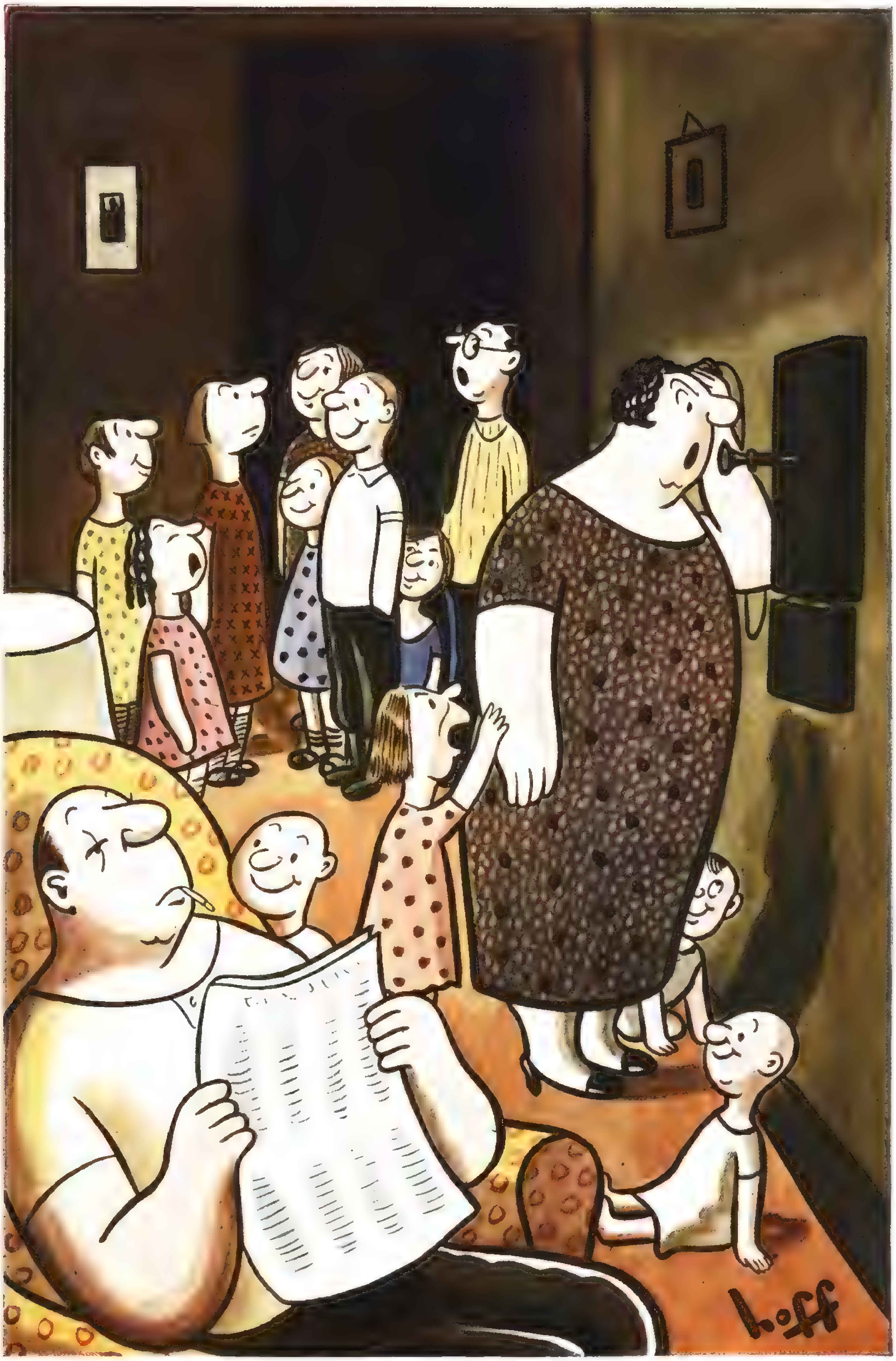
ROBERT GOODMAN



The new India Corah silk squares with animal figures worn with sports clothes aboard ship —



A wool sport shirt shown by a famous London shirtmaker



*"Mr. Havelock Ellis, please!"*

## Should He Ask Her In?

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which he invited his Colonel's daughter. Another guest, a Captain, had just returned from the National Horse Show where he had won an important challenge trophy and this cup, filled with corn liquor, lemon juice and a touch of sugar, was passed around in celebration. (Corn, I may add, was at that time the only liquor available in the section of the country where the post was situated.) The more or less hard-bitten officers and their wives, experienced drinkers all, treated the potation with the healthy respect it deserved, but the Colonel's daughter, fresh from Miss Hoopadoop's select school for young ladies, tore into the drink with the abandon of a troop sergeant on leave. No one paid much attention, what with the general gaiety, until it was noticed that the youngster had been missing for some time. A search revealed her, dead to the world, on a bedroom floor and panic struck the gathering as three officers and two wives envisioned a court martial and dismissal from the service. What applications of cold towels, what walkings up and down, what plyings with black coffee followed, I leave to my readers to imagine. Far into the night the dinner party, turned rescue party, worked, and when the girl, considerably deflated, was finally delivered at the Colonel's door, five nervous wrecks made their way back to quarters. Things worked out all right, but the host has been on the wagon ever since.

Should you be so fortunate as to have a country place of your own, you may entertain there quite as freely as you might were you married. Of course, if you run to week-end house parties you'll require a married couple to be among those present, but that should work no hardship if you pick them with reasonable care and a working knowledge of their habits. If, on the other hand, your country place consists of a shack in the woods minus adequate bedroom facilities, you'd be wiser to confine yourself to entertainment which does not involve putting your guests up overnight.

I've said very little about public entertainment for that is governed largely by common sense. You may take anyone to tea, dinner or the theatre, but if you want to go on in the small hours of the morning to Harlem (or your own town's equivalent of Harlem) or to some rather dubious night club, you'd best make certain of the degree of broadmindedness enjoyed by the lady's family. Shotgun weddings may be out of fashion but a Model "T" parent can still make life pretty uncomfortable for you.

## No Man's Dog

Continued from page 30

shot that bird. He fell off his branch and he went down all in a flutter and Gingko looked at him and then gave me the dangdest look a dog ever gave a man.

He gave me a look that said just as plainly as words:

"What a hell of a guy *you* are!"

I tell you, it made me go hot all over. It made me sore as you'll get sore when caught in a dirty trick. Something that's so dirty that a decent man hasn't words for it but just says what a hell of a guy you are and lets it go at that. I told him to go fetch and he turned his back on me and I called again and he came in, which surprised me. He followed me over to the bird and sniffed it. But pick it up? Not on your life, he wouldn't. He just waited for me to get tired trying to make him and then went on.

For what I call my self-respect, I think he got the idea right there. Maybe he'd have gotten it, anyhow; maybe that bird had been still so long there wasn't any scent. Maybe Ginkgo would have pegged the next one without my shooting the first one sitting but I hope not. I'm still ashamed of myself and I can't get over the low feeling he gave me. . . . .

But anyhow, he didn't run over the next one. He pegged the next one right in the middle. He went down like a ton of brick; he went down like a concrete wall, and I flushed and poured it into him for fair and went over and picked it up myself. He just wouldn't be interested in dead birds.

Well, it warmed up and we had good days. We were out from early morning until dusk and I've never seen a dog work like that pointer. Fact is, there never *was* a dog like him. With all his sourness and stubbornness and limitations, there never was a dog like him.

He had no more style than grandma's wrapper. He worked at a heavy-footed trot. But he'd hunt to the gun. He never left the gun. In the seven years I shot over him, he never left me. Not once, I tell you. Where it was open, he'd swing out; in thick stuff he'd stick right close. He was always where he should be but he didn't work as a dog is supposed to work. We weren't a couple of fellows having a good time. He didn't belong to the crowd when I took others along. We were a dog and a man or a dog and a couple of men, if you understand. There was no companionship, no gang spirit. No hook-up, no gearing-in, you might say. Nothing but a hunter or two and the swellest dog work—up to a point—you ever flung an eye at.

A finder? Boy, they didn't get by that nose! He'd false point and he'd putter but he didn't run over them, which the best of dogs'll do on grouse. Hot or cold, wet or dry, windy or still, he just *didn't run over them!* I'm swearing on a stack of Bibles high as my chin he wouldn't run over a bird a season, on the average. Even when he was blind as a bat and so old he just dragged around, he didn't run over them. And when he did muff—when he did make one of those rare misses—he was the most ashamed dog you ever saw! He looked the way I felt when he said what he said when I shot the bird sitting. He'd lick his chops and hang his head and drop his tail and go on like a grouchy old man who's made a mistake and tries to cover it up by being more irascible than ever. . . .

I say he hunted to the gun, but sometimes I'd lose him. Sometimes I'd lose him for what seemed like hours. But he hadn't gone. He'd have something cold and be waiting for me to come up. He wouldn't break point. You couldn't call him off. He'd stay there until hell froze or the bird got up. If he was out of sight for over a minute and you couldn't hear him lumbering around, it was a case of looking for him. And when I got up there after a long wait he'd roll an eye at me. Not move a hair but roll an eye, and that roll of an eye would say as plainly as if you'd said it:

"Well, where in God's name have *you* been? I've had this baby dead to rights for minutes and minutes! If you can't look after your end say so and let a good man try!" he'd say, just as plainly as if you said it. And by rolling an eye. . . . .

It never bothered him if you missed, as it does plenty of good dogs. The way he'd go on after a miss made me suspect, lots of times, that he was having a laugh for himself, like a superior person will snort at a lesser. Maybe he was glad when you missed. Maybe. Trying to indicate that, anyhow, is one of the reasons I'm writing this yarn.

He'd find a dead bird only under certain circumstances. If you put a bird down, understand, you don't go on until you find it. You just don't go on until you've been over and over the ground. It's indecent, going on and leaving a grouse down. And anybody who likes the game will hunt for a down bird until the cows come home. After I'd hunted for a dead bird just so long, with Ginkgo going on and coming back and going on and coming back and standing and looking and, now and then, sneezing as if in disgust; after that, I say, he'd go find the bird.

He wouldn't bring it in, understand. He'd just rough it up and get a mouth full of feathers and come to you and you'd look over in that direction and find the bird. If you couldn't find it yourself without interfering with his fun he wouldn't help. I said fun. It was fun for him. He didn't show that it was fun by any of the usual manifestations but it was fun and perhaps something more. Working birds was a passion with him. A vice, maybe. Perhaps, on the other hand, he had a kinship with grouse.

("Ah-ha," you say to yourself, "the boy's going soft," you say. "He's beginning to drool sentimentality," you say. Wait 'til I get to the end of this piece, brother. You've not read *anything* yet!)

When you'd stop for a cigarette or lunch he wouldn't join in like a gun dog should. He'd curl up off to one side or stand around and look impatient. Never any of this nuzzling or trying to crawl up on your lap or teasing you to get going; none of this begging for half a sandwich, either. None of that stuff for him. Not on your life! . . . . In the army we used to call it the give-a-damn attitude. . . . .

But hunt? Oh, boy!

He hunted in his own way, too. He'd go in the general direction you went, but it stopped there. You couldn't wave him this way or that. He went where the birds were. What I mean, where the birds *were*. He seemed to know. It was uncanny, the way he'd figure out where they'd be. If I thought they'd be close to the swamp edge and he

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## No Man's Dog

*Continued from page 93*

wouldn't hold there they'd be up on the ridges or down in the swales and you'd better go with him, too. He wouldn't run off; he'd just mooch along and head where he wanted to head until he talked you into it. It was no use arguing with him.

Age didn't mellow him. He got over making passes at people, mostly. He even got so he'd let John and Elizabeth maul him a little. Once in a great while he'd come over and lean against my legs and bunt and pant when I scratched him. But that was as far as it went. He never was my dog.

Why, along toward the last he'd have jumped me if I hadn't hit first. He'd been trying to rip my Keith, the sweetest and gentlest setter that ever worked cover, to pieces. I kicked him off and he turned on me and gathered himself and I had just time and sense enough to pick up a shovel and lay the flat of the blade along his ribs. It wasn't punishment; it was, you'd better believe, self-defense, because that pointer had murder in his eyes. It knocked him rolling and showed him what was what because he kenneled as soon as he got his feet, looking back over his shoulder, and what names he called me! Man, oh, man, what *names* he called me!

Age took its toll. He got so he couldn't go for a week straight, whipping his tail bloody and wearing his pads off and getting to be skin and bone, but still going strong. Then he got so he couldn't go for a whole day without lying down. And then, between seasons, he wasn't simply an old man but a patriarch, if you get me.

Warts on his eye-lids; and the liver going gray around his face, and legs stiff and coat harsh and that blue film thickening over his eyes. I'll tell you how blind he was. He'd run into trees when making game. It's a fact. At the end he'd go head-on into saplings when making game. It never stopped him. He'd bump into trees making game the way you'll bump into people hurrying through a crowd and never notice them.

And soon after that he got so that he couldn't hold still on point. He'd tremble with the slow vibrations of palsy. Standing a bird, his flanks would flop and his tail wobble and his bald old gums rattle. And then he got so his hind legs would give when he tried to stand. Fact. He'd go down in the old way, like a ton of brick, like a concrete wall. And then, in a minute, his hind end would quit him and he'd sink down on one hip, but the old head and forefeet would hold it, *hold* it, H-O-L-D it until I got up!

Now, you can't work an old dog like that. Not for long. But I did a little. For his sake; not for mine. I'm telling you, when it got so bad that his hind end would tip over on point it put a lump in your throat. But it meant a lot to Ginkgo, hunting. So I'd put him down for a short swing—ten or twenty minutes or so—and when I'd pick him up and put him into the car and take the setter down he'd sit there and glare at me through the window and his eyes would go green and his worn-down fangs show and that ragged old growl would rumble and grumble. He didn't give a damn about me or anything else but birds. And live birds. Keep that in your head: just live birds.

And I've used up all these words to get around to the graveyard scene. I've got quite a dog graveyard. Behind my study rest the bones of some danged good dogs. I think it's a nice place for their bones because grouse nest over the ridge and walk over those bones on their way to pick gravel out of the drive and the pines stand tall and straight and birch and poplar are on the skyline. You couldn't find a better graveyard for gun dogs.

Old Ginkgo died on a Sunday. On a Sunday in May, at noon. And I did a little conniving and got the kids out of the way because there's always the devil to pay around here when a dog dies.

And then I dragged him out of the kennel and honest to cripes I was as soft as they get! There wasn't any good reason for getting soft over losing a dog like that; no more reason than if this typewriter should finally play out. He'd never let himself mean anything to me. Not as a dog should, I mean. But I sure was soft. Right then I'd have given the rest of my shooting days if he could have growled at me and made one more slash for my hands dragging him out of the kennel.

I lugged him down to the graveyard and dug a hole. It was a swell day. May, as I've said. And bright and warm and still. The birches were in tender leaf and the trilliums out. And after I'd rolled him in—telling myself not to be a damned fool; that all you have to do to lose dogs is to own 'em; that he'd never really belonged, anyhow; that he'd never been any more to me than this typewriter. After I'd rolled him in and thought those things, I say, I knelt down and curled his feet up so he'd look comfortable. You'll do that for any dog. And I was still kneeling there when it came. . . . .

I'm not going to juggle letters and dashes and things to try to indicate the drumming of a grouse. I'm just saying that a grouse began to drum and if you can't hear it in your head when I say it, you've missed something, mister!

Yes sir, a grouse began to drum. Starting slowly. Swelling through the sunshine. Increasing to a roll, to a rumble, to a blurred thunder of sound. . . . Old cock grouse, drumming on his log. Drumming for his gal, you'll say. Drumming to get to be papa, you'll say. But I was there and I know better.

That wasn't just a grouse drumming. That was a salute fired by a soldier over a valiant warrior's grave. That was a requiem, sung for one of the cult. It wasn't for me even to *hear* and I never felt so lonesome in my life!...

I didn't belong there, see? Not even on my knees, I didn't belong. You can hoot and snort all you want, but there was something between Ginkgo and birds—*live* birds—that you can't explain. Live birds mattered. Live birds were the only thing in his *life* that mattered!

He'd said what a hell of a guy I was for shooting a bird sitting; and he seemed almost glad when you missed; and he knew more about them than any man or dog I've ever seen; and he had no more interest in dead birds than I have in calculus. . . . When I buried him a cock grouse drummed. Take it or leave it, mister; that happened. . . .

## Life History of Spaghetti

*Continued from page 82*

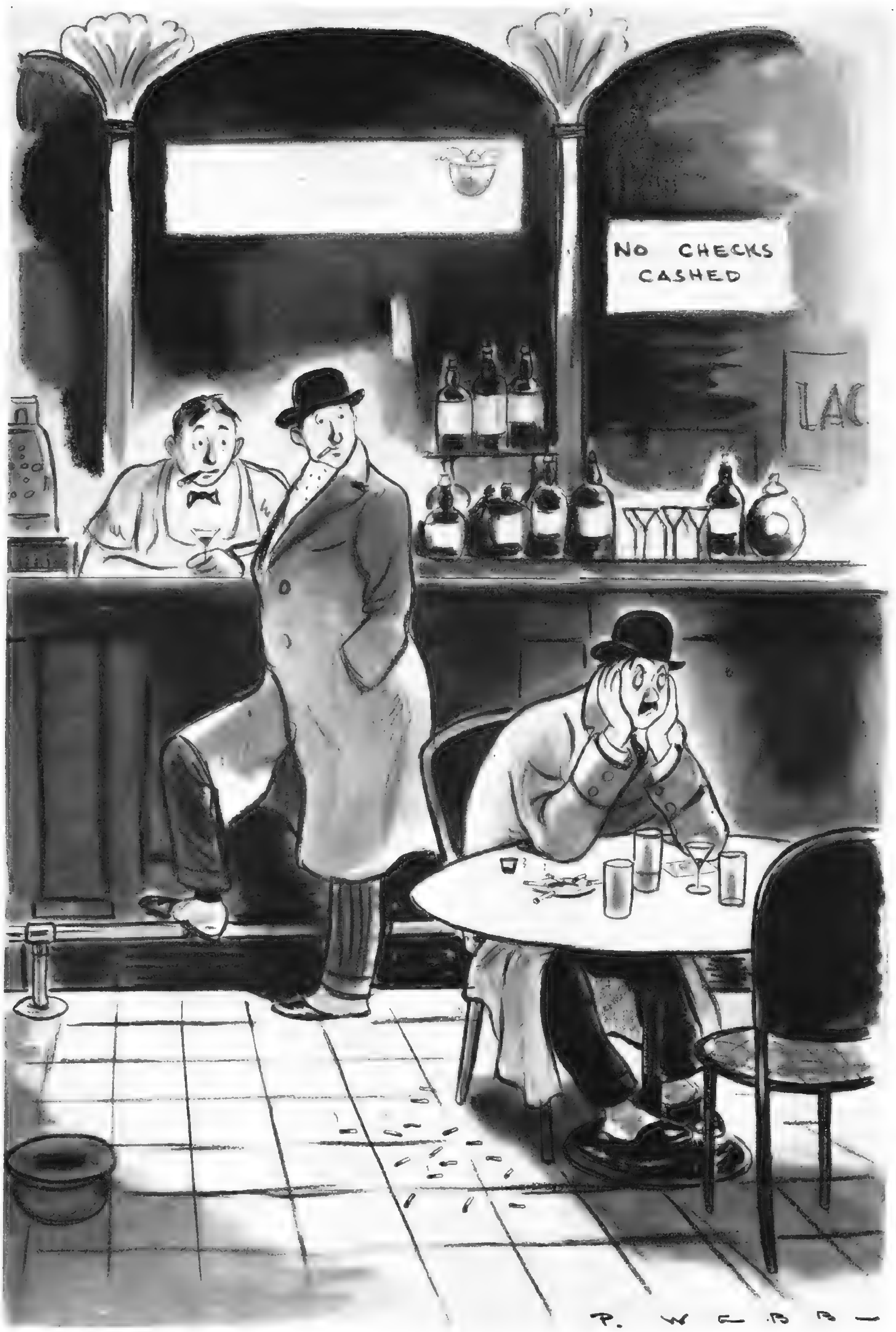
Alfredo's full name is Alfredo di-Lelio. Mussolini recently made him a Commendatore (Knight) because of the quality of his intoxicatingly good fettuccini. Alfredo and fettuccini have become synonymous; Alfredo produces the greatest fettuccini in the world.

He serves it himself. It is your compulsory first course. He brings the dish to the table; pauses and inspects you; lifts his hand for warning; with an incredibly swift gesture whips a knife and spoon out of his upper coat pocket; then lunges savagely into the fettuccini, whipping it, beating it, paddling it, spearing it, coddling it, stirring it. Concluded, the composed dish is the color of Naples yellow, a sort of combination lemon and ivory, and it melts in the mouth like unbelievable ambrosia.

Alfredo, who is a man of about fifty with a wide, high, thin mustache and hearty red cheeks, limits his cuisine to the fettuccini and three or four other specialties. He produces a written menu only reluctantly. After the fettuccini you are supposed to have filetto di pollo all'Alfredo and that is all there is to it. This divine substance is the breast of a young chicken boned and transformed into a sort of pouch and filled with alternate layers of ham, green beans, and cheese. Cut in cross section, it looks like some miraculous pastry in delicate shadings of gold, pink, and green. For dessert at Alfredo's you are allowed nothing but omelette confiture al Rhum Jamaica. It is stuffed with apricot jelly and Alfredo darkens the room as he serves it, so that you may the more dramatically see the burning rum.

My friend Hal (Sinclair to you) Lewis was one of the original discoverers of Alfredo's about twelve years ago, when he lived in Rome while writing "Babbitt." He was one of the early signatories in Alfredo's memory book. He did not visit Rome again till the autumn of 1932. He went to Alfredo expecting to be recognized and greeted as a returning conqueror, but the restaurant, which is interested only in food and cares little for celebrities, had forgotten him. Sad and neglected, Lewis finished his dinner. Slyly he asked if he could see the memory book. Alfredo brought it. Hesitantly he asked if he might add his name to those within. Alfredo looked a little dubious at the boldness of the unknown stranger but politely he agreed and furnished a pen. Lewis ignored the page with his own early signature and at the end of the book scrawled "Simon X Schicklgruber, Brooklyn, New York," and left the restaurant without telling Alfredo who he really was. But Alfredo, mind you, had given him just as good a dinner as if he *had* known or remembered him.

A thorough meal at Alfredo's costs between $2.50 and $3.00. And it is worth it. (*This is the third of a series of six articles on food in European countries*).


NO CHECKS CASHED
LAC
P. WEBB

*"Two months he's been like that—somebody he never heard of sent him a Xmas card"*

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

### A rap on the knuckles for the boys who have indulged Thomas Wolfe with paeans of over-praise

### by BURTON RASCOE

▪ BOOKS ▪

TOPS

Heaven's My Destination (Harpers, $2.50) by Thornton Wilder—Wilder tells the story of the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter with all its implications if the salesman lived up to his Baptist creed. A serious, comical, easily read study of the problem of good and evil reduced to its simplest American elements. A puzzling book but a very good one.

Road of Ages (Knopf, $2.50) by Robert Nathan—A fantasy wherein the Jews are driven out of all the civilized countries and forced to subsist in the Gobi desert. The story concerns their migration, on which they take all their hopes and their quarrels. Tender and sardonic.

Come and Get It (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Edna Ferber—A novel of the lumber kings of the Northwest and their wives and families in the days before the war. Well documented and entertaining.

A House Divided (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50) by Pearl Buck—Concludes the epic of the family of Wang Lung which was begun in "The Good Earth" and carried on in "Sons." Rich and satisfying story.

The Man on the Barge (Dutton, $2.50) by Max Miller—More of those quiet and utterly charming anecdotes by the inimitable author of "I Cover the Waterfront."

Heaven High—Hell Deep (A. and C. Boni, $2.50) by Norman Archibald—The personal record of a dare-devil American aviator who frankly enjoyed the war.

RECOMMENDED

Week-End (Harcourt, Brace, $2) by Phil Strong—High comedy involving a miscellaneous group on a house-party. It is a showing-up of sophistication.

Sold Out to the Future (Harpers, $2.50) by Roy Helton—A fascinating development of the thesis that we never make as much of our lives as we should because we are always planning for the future. Only incidentally a criticism of the New Deal.

Hornet's Nest (Macmillan, $2.50) by Helen Ashton—The hornet's nest is that of gossip which wrecks the career of one young doctor and brings out all of the best in the character of another. A story of love in a hospital.

Delay in the Sun (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Anthony Thorne—The technique of "The Grand Hotel" applied to a group of tourists who are held up in a Spanish village on account of a strike. The fact that some reprobates separate the first word of the title and make a pun gives you a notion of the complications which arise.

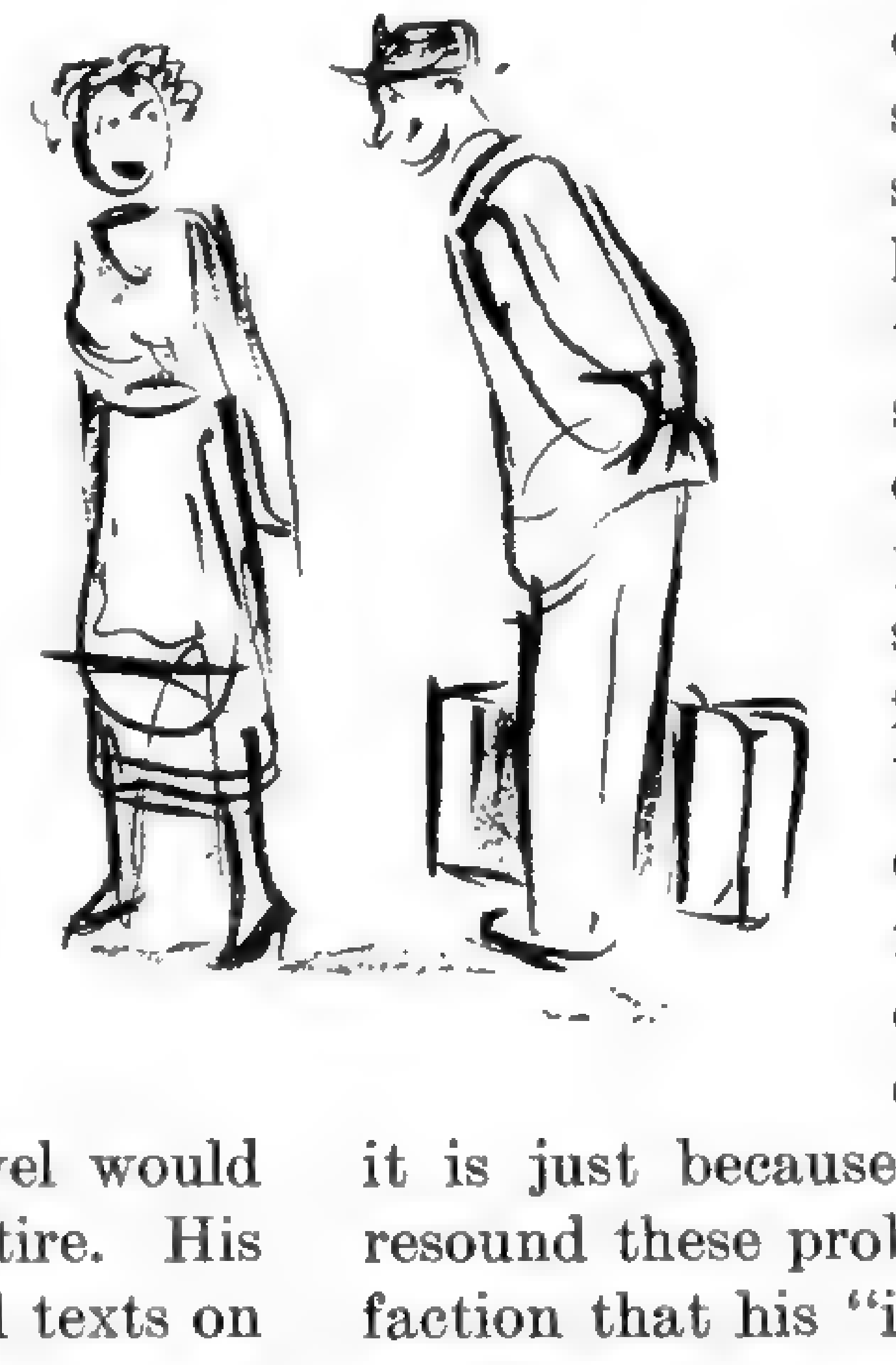
Passing Judgments (Knopf, $2.50) by George Jean Nathan—Even when he is talking through his hat, Nathan is more readable than most critics. Here are epigrams and long essays to shake up your set notions.

The American Diplomatic Game (Doubleday, Doran, $3) by Drew Pearson and Constantine Brown—The inside story of our peace pacts and other acts of political window-dressing, sensationally presented.

Joshua Todd (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50) by Fulton Oursler—The story of a newspaper man and of the women who ruled him. Gusty and humorous.

* * *

Thornton Wilder's new hero in *Heaven's My Destination* is a likable nuisance, a Babbit you are constrained to respect. He does all the wrong things with the right intentions. He gets into all sorts of trouble but emerges unscathed. He has made only one mistake in his life, according to the way he sees things, and that was to have intercourse with a girl to whom he was not married. The girl bore a child as a result of their meeting in a hayloft one night and she was cast out by her parents. It all happened in the dark, so he did not know what she looked like and since he left before daylight he could not find the girl when he looked for her to ask her to marry him. He dedicates his life to finding her and when she turns up as a waitress in a restaurant she will have nothing to do with him at first and is only persuaded to marry him when she is convinced that to do so will cause her father to forgive her. The marriage turns out badly, but our hero makes the best of it and discharges all his responsibilities in relation to the girl and the child.



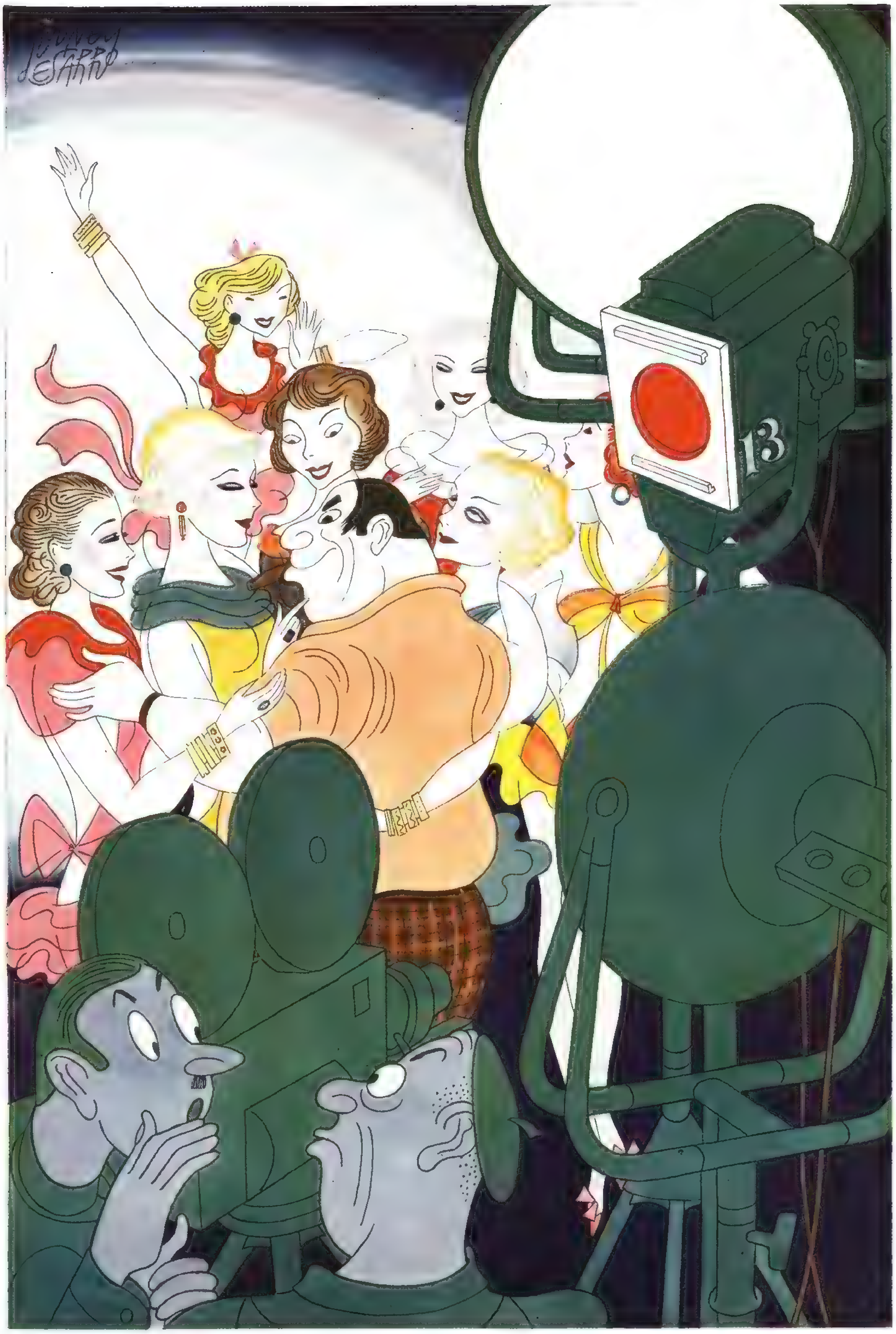
In the hands of almost any one else now writing who has talent comparable to Wilder's, the George Marvin Brush of the novel would have been made a figure for satire. His obnoxious habit of writing Biblical texts on blotters in hotel writing rooms, defacing theater posters, praying in the aisles of a railroad train, telling pretty girls that "women who smoke are unfit to be mothers" and otherwise annoying people with his evangelical zeal are traits difficult to portray sympathetically, but Wilder does it. It would seem that Wilder is saying, "Here I am offering you the very best product of your Middle-Western and Southern ideas of conduct and of the good life. You have thought of him as a boob; but he is not a boob; he is intelligent, efficient and happy; he is the embodiment of all the things which the American Protestant professes to be desirable and good; and, in fundamental essentials, those things are relevant and true. It is desirable that people have the integrity of George Marvin Brush. He is a healthy man; he does not smoke or drink; he does not pamper his senses; he has no greed, no selfish pride, though of self-righteousness he has great store; and he has a fine sense of his responsibility to himself and to society, and that is a laudable virtue."

A Polish priest figures in the story, although we hear about him only at second hand. Brush never meets him but he profoundly impresses Brush, for the priest is also a good man, with a life like Brush's dedicated to good works. Brush has a theory that illness is caused by lack of faith and it so happens that on the one occasion when he is plagued by doubts he falls desperately ill. When he hears that Father Pszìewski, before he died, always prayed for Brush once a week and that he bequeathed one of his silver spoons to Brush, Brush immediately recovers his health and sets about his good work again—a work that is misunderstood and that gets him in trouble all the time but is a work that makes him happy.

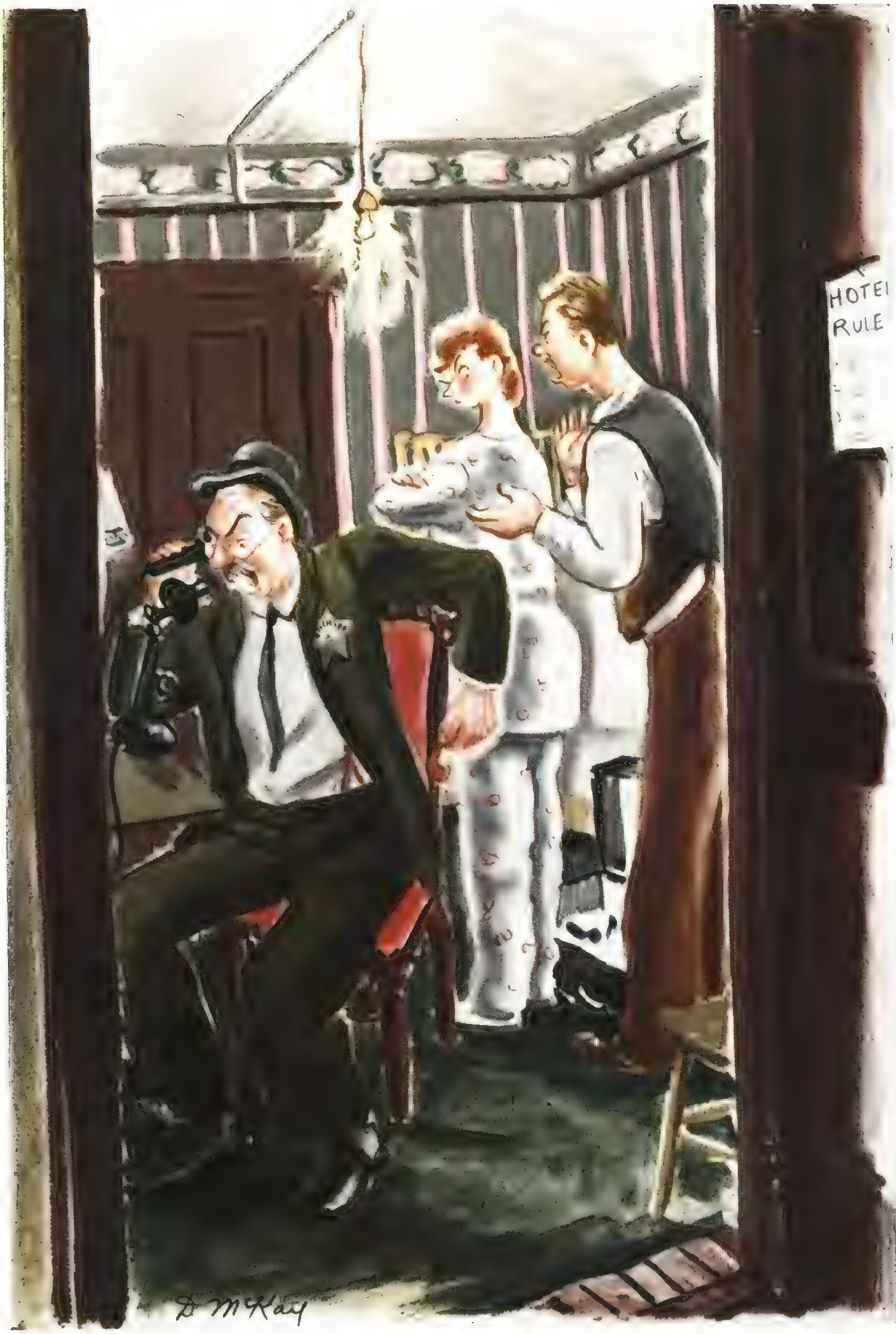
Robert Nathan asked me the other night what was the symbolism connected with the silver spoon Father Pszìewski sent to Brush. I do not know and I am not sure that the spoon has any special significance. The old priest had only a few possessions and he gave a spoon to each of his friends. But I do think Wilder is deeply concerned in this latest of his novels with the problem of faith and the problem of good and evil and that it is just because he has been unable to resound these problems wholly to his satisfaction that his "intention" in this book is very clear.

Robert Nathan's new novel is beautiful, tender and wistful, with many touches of smiling irony. It is the story of the long trek

Continued on page 176



*"You know that 'Harem Nights' picture he's castin' for?—He's decided to play the Sultan part himself."*


HOTEL
RULE
D. McKay

*"Hello! Justice of the Peace? Mr. and Mrs. Smith wanta get married"*

# What Well-Dressed Men Will Bear

Continued from page 47

wrong according to every tenet, and I spared Mr. Morgan the knowledge that a number of people "who ought to know better" had been slipping into the tweed-brown-shoe-spat heresy. This trend toward "brass tacks," as Mr. Morgan said, has eliminated the monocle, that so very British institution. The biggest optical people in London claim they don't get one order a month now, which will come as a blow to the international cartoonist: he'll have to put a flag on his Englishmen.

"Away from the fop," then, constitutes the watchword of the second long-term trend, and the first might be summed up in the idea "Down from the peg." The second is a depression phenomenon, the former a post-war development, which, since 1927 has been gaining momentum. The best-dressed men in England died in the first years of the war: one Conduit Street firm lost over fifty percent of its customers in the First Hundred Thousand. In 1918, the demobilized officers of England's armies, demanded civilian clothes: but those men were of a different age and class from the "Guardsmen" of 1914. They wanted clothes, not works of art. A dinner coat was a dinner coat, nothing more or less, so they bought the first one they saw in a shop window, and the ready-made business which had never gotten to first base before, suddenly sprang into prominence. With increased sales and lower cost per unit, the "ready-mades" perked up considerably and became sufficiently conceited to begin to compare themselves with their brother industry in the United States, to which, up to this time they hadn't been able to hold a candle. The present enormous popularity of the "Fifty Shilling" tailors is the flowering of this trend. There are over three hundred shops of this one firm in England today, selling suits and overcoats at twelve dollars and a half per garment, no extras. The suits are either ready-to-wear, alterations free, or else may be had to measure, in which case the measurements are sent to Leeds where the cloth is cut "by hand" and the garment shipped back.

"Of course, Sir, *those* clothes are *very* fashionable," Mr. Morgan assured me, and I could see what he meant. Outside of the "Grand couture" class, lapels expand and contract, waists move up and down, trousers flap or cling: the "latest" is vastly important. The current shop-window vogue for dress shirts of a diamond piquet design with collar to match, altogether gracing some of the best windows, is undoubtedly a pseudo-monde conception, and, I am quite confident, will prove to be wholly abortive.

The shirt I produced for Mr. Morgan did not have a piquet collar to match. In fact, so exemplary was the shirt that I could actually feel my stock appreciate. I was encouraged. "The stage," I suggested, "has a considerable influence on your business, doesn't it?"

"*Do* you think so!"

So I knew it didn't, and went right ahead. "But there are some very well dressed men on the stage," I pointed out.

"Quite, sir. There's Mr. Owen Nares, and —er—."

"Yes?" I encouraged him.

"Mr. Nares is *very* well dressed," Mr. Morgan concluded.

"And the Americans? How about the men in the movies—in the cinema?"

"The Americans are, as a rule, Sir, *perfectly* dressed."

That distinction was far too subtle to drop. No one, I decided, would know more about it than Owen Nares himself, so I confided my difficulty to his ear. He, of course, denied it, pointing out that Ronald Coleman and Clive Brook were undoubtedly the best-dressed men in the profession. But then he went on, and I began to see what Morgan was talking about. Mr. Nares never wears a new suit on the stage, almost never wears a suit on the stage that he hasn't knocked about in for over a year. And the only preparation a suit receives for its theatrical debut is a pressing. But that is something of an event in the life of an English suit, theatrical or otherwise. English suits just don't get pressed. That may be due to the climate which encourages a heavier type of cloth—heavier materials naturally hold the intentional creases better—or it may be due to superior cut which eliminates the gratuitous wrinkles. At any rate, a wellbuilt English dress-coat may live its life without benefit of iron from the cradle to the grave, from the tailor to the vicar's rummage sale. The daily or weekly pressing still seems to an English mind, just another example of American thoroughness, like our subways and depressions. Mr. Nares, of course, in omitting the razor crease, forfeits "perfection" but in doing so, he wholly justifies his reputation. He's "at home" in his clothes: the audience doesn't notice them, and in failing to do so, pays both Mr. Nares and his tailor the highest possible compliment.

However, I feel I ought to point out, that in the first act of "Lover's Leap," he does wear brown shoes with a blue suit. In England that's optional, you can take it or leave it: I've noticed most Americans leave it, and they have my blessing.

The accumulation of the foregoing items had occupied the time between "fitting" and "trying-on." Mr. Morgan, I am pleased to report, seemed satisfied with his handiwork, and went so far as to throw in an unsolicited remark about the way I buttoned my lounge-suit vest.

"But," I protested, in Mr. Morgan's voice, "one never buttons a vest all the way down, does one?"

"A waistcoat," he corrected me, thereby assuming the advantage, "has been incorrectly cut for generations. It is too long. But gentlemen have become used to it now and insist on perpetrating the error—It is really our fault," he admitted, I thought, with a great deal of magnanimity.

Finding him thus, temporarily, humbled, I pursued a subject dear to my heart. Was the Prince of Wales, I wanted to know, the best-dressed man in England. Mr. Morgan thought not. The Duke of Kent, he decided, wore his clothes better, although in defense of the Prince he was forced to add that there was a correctness about the Prince's clothes which no one else could approach. I gathered that his accessories were unimpeachable, whether military or civil. Turned out as a Highland officer the mess has no word of criticism. If being inducted into the chiefdom of a red-indian tribe, every feather has a Bond-Street rightness about it.

"But anyone," I argued, "could copy that. It just requires money. A man might even rent correctness and gain a reputation in a day."

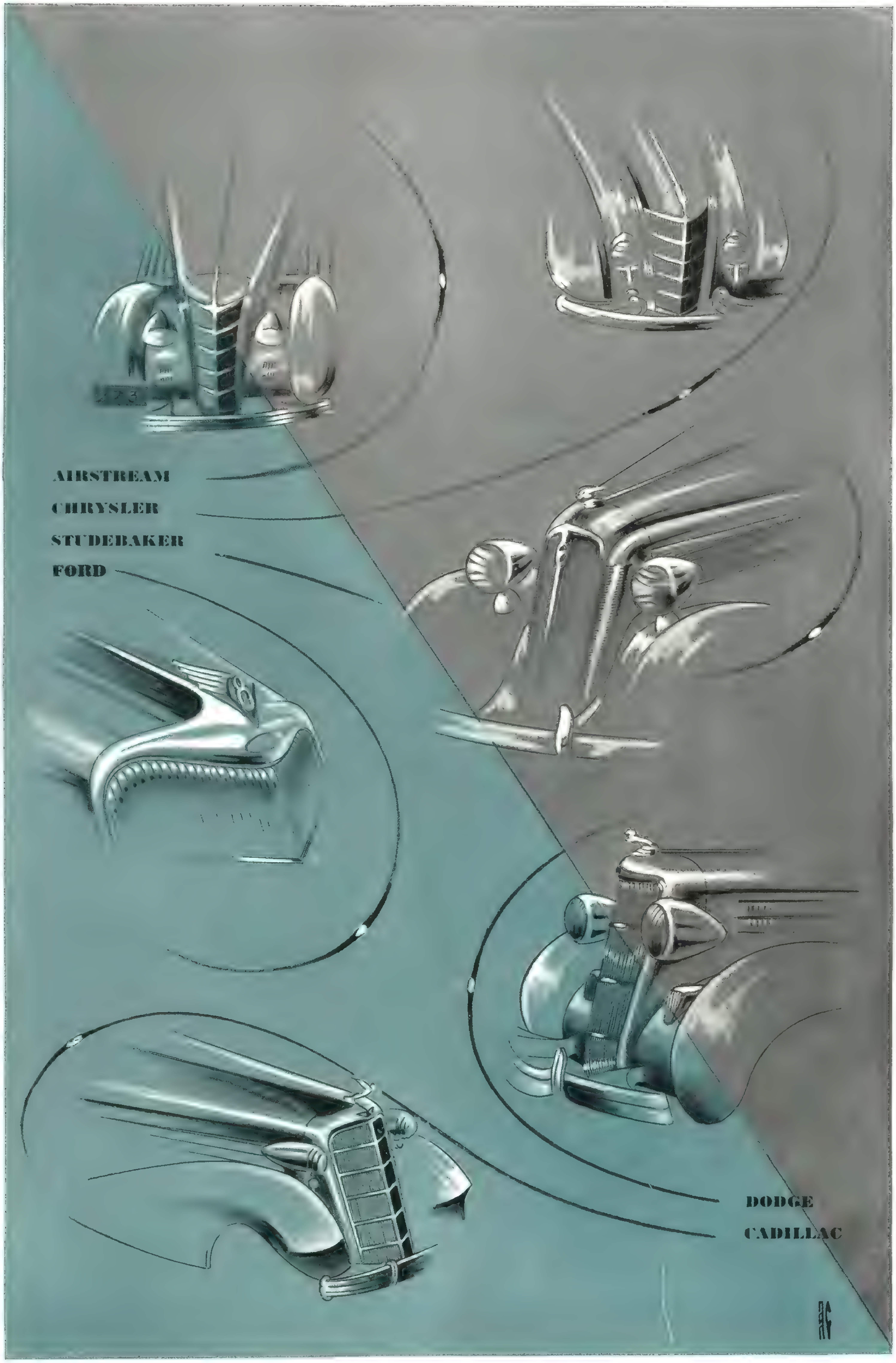
Mr. Morgan smiled. It was a self-satisfied smile, with a strong admixture of malice. I waited, and was rewarded with the full story of what has come to be known as the "Great Ascot Ramp of 1932." A "ramp," by the way, is slang for the more classic "fast one." A fast one, then, was slipped over at Ascot in 1932, to the great glee of Morgan and his ilk. It seems that Moss Brothers, one of the best non-Saville firms in London where clothes are not only made, but rented, had been building up a thriving business around the historic Ascot meet. And a very good job they were doing, too. Checked trousers, black morning coat, spats, topper, bow tie—the whole "correctness" could be rented for the day. And was. To a most astounding degree. The Moss Brothers Ascot Uniform became ubiquitous. Then, enter Morgan and his dark plottings. He, or someone like him, went around to all the big names in the business, and knowing full well which customers the big names had, he spread a fashion rumor about the *other* customers. "I hear the Duke of York is going to wear this"—"I understand Lord Derby is going to wear that."

Ascot dawned. The Moss Brothers contingent moved on en masse, only to find "the observed of all observers," to a man—dressed in gray! His Majesty, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Lord Derby, Lord Roseberry—everybody, including Sir Robert (Jock) Buchanan-Jardine, and the "best dressed American," Mr. Ronald Tree—all in gray, gray hats, gray morning coats, spats, everything.

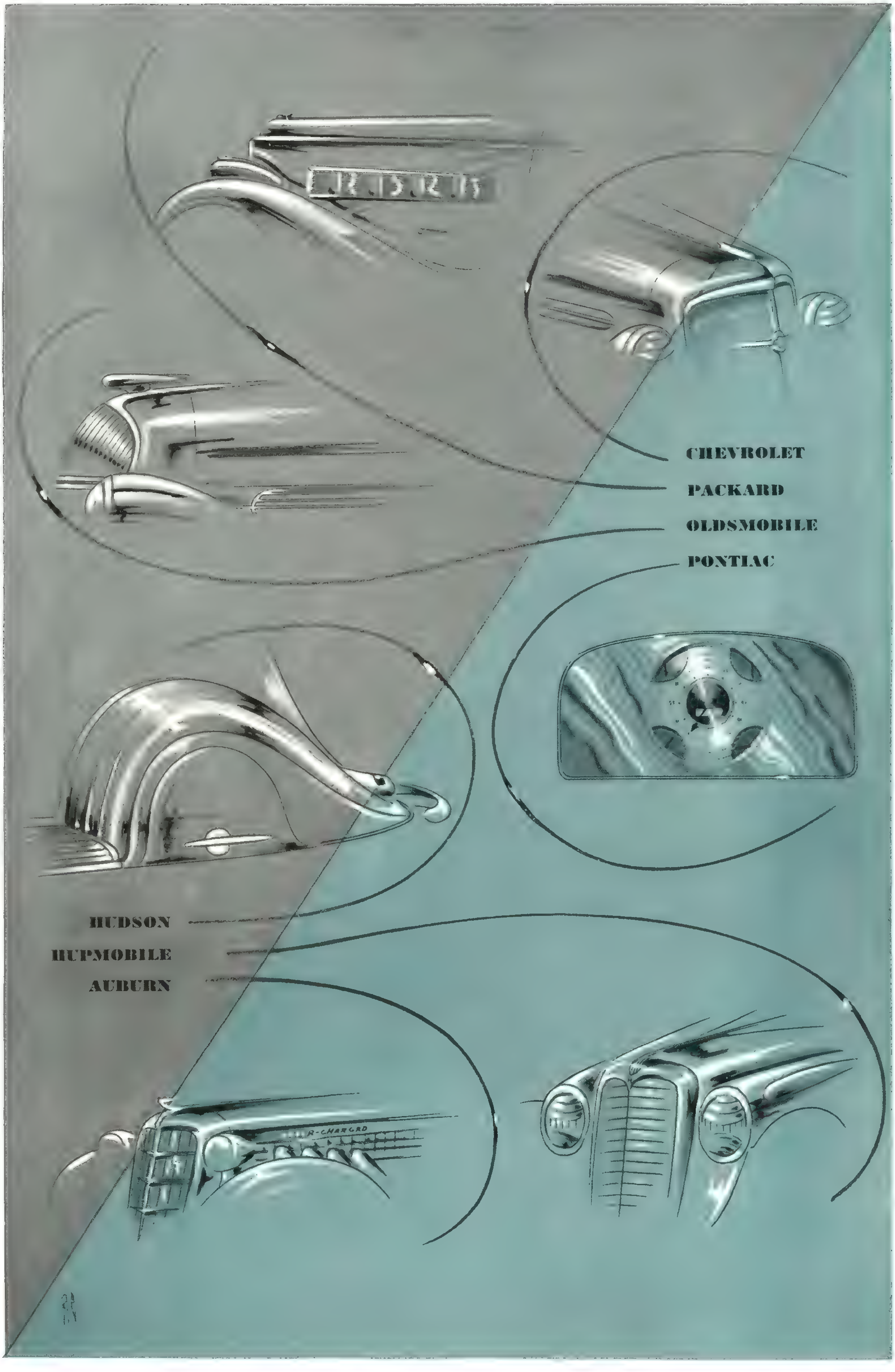
Mr. Morgan was hilarious, or as hilarious as an English tailor ever gets. Personally, I thought it a rather low trick, my sympathy going out not only to the Moss Brother Boys, but to the other men of good will who hadn't been let in on the deal. However, the principals, I am assured, had no hand in the "ramp": they even were a little ramped themselves, as I pointed out to Morgan. But he didn't admit that.

However, this wasn't getting us on with our subject, so I reverted to my "best dressed man." Why was the Englishman supposed to be so well-dressed? Why the "English type"? Mr. Morgan didn't know. Nobody seemed to know. But during the discussion a theory began to form, a theory, which for lack of a better name, we shall have to call the predominance of "long loose-jointedness." This doesn't explain the English tailor who will, given half a chance, explain himself. But it does do something toward clearing up the "English type." It is based on deduction, from observed fact: little fat roly men are never illustrious for their clothes, notorious perhaps, but never illustrious. Neither are dumpy women. Length of limb, in both sexes, a controlled loose-jointedness in men which corresponds to suppleness and rhythm in women, and above all height—those are the ingredients

Continued on page 102


AIRSTREAM
CHRYSLER
STUDEBAKER
FORD
DODGE
CADILLAC

DISTINGUISHING DETAILS OF THE NEW CARS


CHEVROLET
PACKARD
OLDSMOBILE
PONTIAC
HUDSON
HUPMOBILE
AUBURN

**SKETCHED BY ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY**

## What Well-Dressed Men Will Bear

*Continued from page 99*

of sartorial fame. The nation which supplies those in the greatest quantities has its reputation "in the bag." The traditional Englishman of the upper classes is cut to that pattern. America offers the feminine counterpart. But women can do a lot by the skillful use of proportion. The well-dressed woman can compensate for lack of height. But the man—"the best-dressed man in the world," always has been, and probably always will be just a shade over six feet.

Morgan denied this vehemently and then vitiated his denial by saying that, of course, anyone *would* rather dress a tall man. On which note we dropped the metaphysics of dress and concentrated on my dinner coat The pants, I suggested, fitted beautifully.

The trousers, Mr. Morgan thought, hung well. I dropped the matter. After all, it isn't just a question of nomenclature. The difference between a pant and a trouser, on any mutually acceptable definition, still remains at about one square foot of cloth. —And that situated just below the seat. American pants, Mr. Morgan assured me, "stand" better than trousers, but trousers "walked" better.

And, I might add, "sit down" better. After all, they are structurally sound garments, trousers, and their lines are strictly functional. They are designed to be suspended from above and hang straight down. The gentleman inside, motivating them, is shrouded from the public view like a *deus ex machina.* They aren't supposed to "fit" in the sense that pants "fit." And they don't.

Mr. Morgan drew this to my attention, while suggesting that I might have "tails" made, now that he had my recent measurements. The more elaborate evening gowns which the ladies had affected recently, had the dinner coat pretty well on the ropes, he explained, although not using that simile. I knew that and regretted it. Morgan revelled in the thought. But it was no deal at the moment. Sixteen guineas I had for clothes, and no more. I gave him the address for the new garment to be sent. Then I tendered him seventeen pounds, a ten, a fiver and two one pound notes. He hesitated. He hesitated for so long I counted the money over, to see if it were right. It was right. Then I glanced at Mr. Morgan.

"Of course, Sir," he said quickly, "*if* its more convenient." He came back and gave me four shillings. Then he held the door for me, but I could see it was a burden to him. I could see that I'd lost all the ground I'd gained with him during our transaction. Then, suddenly, I remembered. I'd made the same mistake when I was eighteen. Paying cash for one's clothes "just isn't done, you know."

## Seated One Night at the Organ

*Continued from page 72*

morrow night and will you shut the front door tight when you're through? O K said Mr. Dickie and went on working. Pretty soon he was through and he went down into the parlor and put a newspaper on a gilt chair and sat down on it and stared at the organ and swore. Then he got up and looked at the organ more carefully and then he stood on a chair and lifted out one or two of the smaller pipes and looked into them. and then he began to grin.

Well when Mr. Dickie arrived the next evening the salon was in full blast. Mrs. Waglett was looking Directoire on a couch and there was Miss Wilkins who painted china and Mr. Goldman of the Rialto Picture House and Mr. Waddell who wrote his own gents' furnishings ads in the local paper and Mrs. Schultz whose husband played a violin and a dozen others. And there were Mr. and Mrs. Huber and their daughter who were of the *haute noblesse* and Mr. Dickie wondered how Mrs. Waglett had got them there. And there was Mr. Binns gracefully hurling mots and epigrams about.

Pretty soon Mrs. Waglett announced that the event of the evening would be several numbers on the organ and Mr. Binns bowed and said he would play first a little thing of his own composed in honor of his hostess. And then he sat down and looked at the ceiling like Saint Cecelia and pressed the keys. And a sound like ten million cats and lions and tigers came out of the organ.

Well Mr. Binns jumped and looked at his hands and then he looked at the keys and then he turned and looked at the audience. But everybody had recovered and just looked expectant. So Mr. Binns shivered and went on.

Well of course most of the audience had heard about modern music though none of them knew anything about it and if this playing was a test of their appreciation they were going to show that they could take anything Mr. Binns could dish out. So they clenched their teeth and took it. But in a minute or two Mr. Binns stopped and turned around and said I am sorry but there seems to be something the matter with the organ. But everybody clapped and said No no go on and Mr. Binns turned back and started again. But the noise was worse than before. So he got up and said Really I must ask you to excuse me there is really something wrong with the organ. It was all right yesterday said Mrs. Waglett. Well well said Mr. Dickie those pieces are pretty difficult except for a experienced player and perhaps you better play us something simpler that we all know like *Poet and Peasant.* Mr. Binns snarled at him but the others said Yes play *Poet and Peasant.* So Mr. Binns sat down again looking kind of pale and sweaty.

But after the first three or four bars Mr. Goldman got up. Hell he said that ain't *Poet and Peasant* I guess I heard it often enough even if I ain't up on all this classical hooey. Well it *is Poet and Peasant* shouted Mr. Binns It's the organ it won't play what I want it to. Yeah said Mr. Goldman that's the same trouble I'd have with it if I was to try to play.

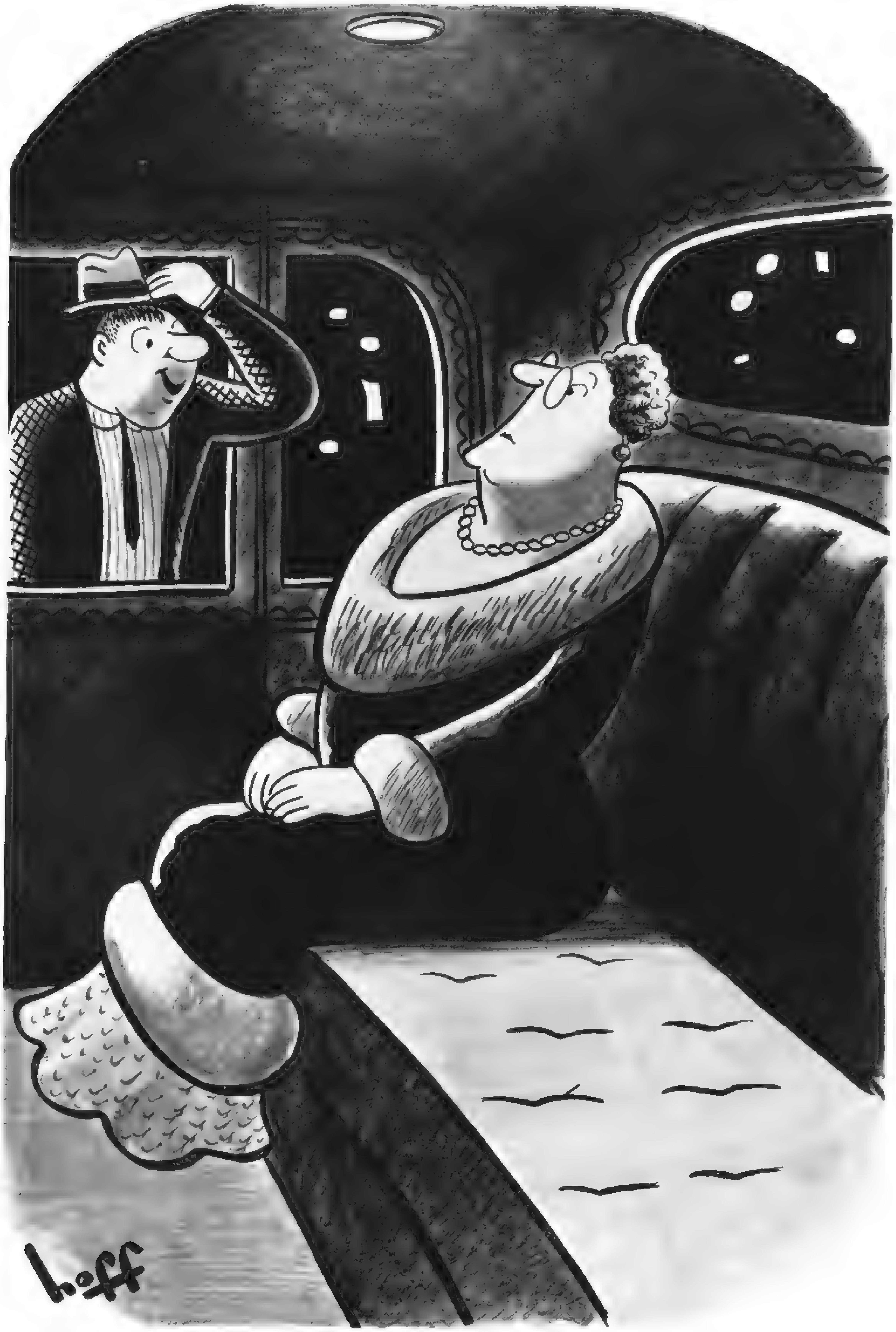
Well then Mrs. Waglett got up. She had seen Mrs. Huber yawn and she was pretty mad. And she said I think you're mean Mr. Binns here we've got together a group of cultured people who want to hear some nice classical music and you spoil it by trying to be funny and I don't think it's very refined humor. If it comes to that said Mr. Binns it isn't very refined to invite me to play on a trick organ. What a strange man said Mrs. Huber he certainly lack polish. Ho said Mr. Dickie lacks polish that's a hot one that is!

Well by that time the salon was pretty well unbuttoned. Everybody was arguing with everybody else and Mr. Binns was trying to explain to Mrs. Waglett who was waving him away and beginning to cry. And then Mr. Binns suddenly looked hard at Mr. Dickie and he said Ha I begin to see. The plumber he said The saxophone player. Well I can play it anyway said Mr. Dickie I don't sit down to entertain folks and then make a noise like a strangled cow. O said the Huber girl can you play the sax? And Mr. Dickie said Sure. Have you got it? said the Huber girl Go get it and give us something good. Sure said Mr. Dickie and went out into the hall. Mr. Binns was out there looking for his hat and he made a pass at Mr. Dickie but Mr. Dickie pushed him aside and grabbed the Wonder-Sax and began to play Schubert's *Serenade.* Only he jazzed it. And pretty soon the Huber girl was at the piano vamping a crazy accompaniment and the entire salon was shoving back gilt chairs and rolling up oriental rugs and the evening was saved.

Well Mrs. Waglett was pretty grateful to Mr. Dickie for saving the evening and when everybody else had gone they sat side by side on the couch and she said Well Mr. Dickie I guess you were right and that classical music is nice but for a real good time—But she said you were pretty attentive to that Huber girl. That little spindle said Mr. Dickie Why she ain't a armful for a chipmonk Why I guess you know what my ideal is Mrs. Waglett curly golden hair and rosy cheeks. O Mr. Dickie said Mrs. Waglett. But said Mr. Dickie I got to tell you the truth about that organ. What? said Mrs. Waglett. So Mr. Dickie told her that he had changed the pipes all around the day he had fixed the water pipe so that whatever note Mr. Binns hit was bound to be wrong. But all's fair in love and war said Mr. Dickie with a passionate look.

Well Mrs. Waglett didn't seem very mad. She said she would have been sorry for Mr. Binns if he had been nice about it. Well Birdie said Mr. Dickie daringly I was afraid you would marry him. O William said Mrs. Waglett I could not have married him anyway because I had made up my mind if I ever got married again to have the wedding march played on my organ. And if I had married him she said there wouldn't be anybody to play it. I could have played it on the saxophone said Mr. Dickie. You bad boy said Mrs. Waglett. Birdie Dickie to be said Mr. Dickie tenderly My Dickie-bird.

Well they were married and Mr. Binns played the wedding march for them just to prove to people that he really could play. Sometime Mr. and Mrs. Dickie played Schubert's *Serenade* together but not very often because the neighbors objected. But Mr. Binns came in and played the organ for them quite often and eventually all three of them got to be very good friends.



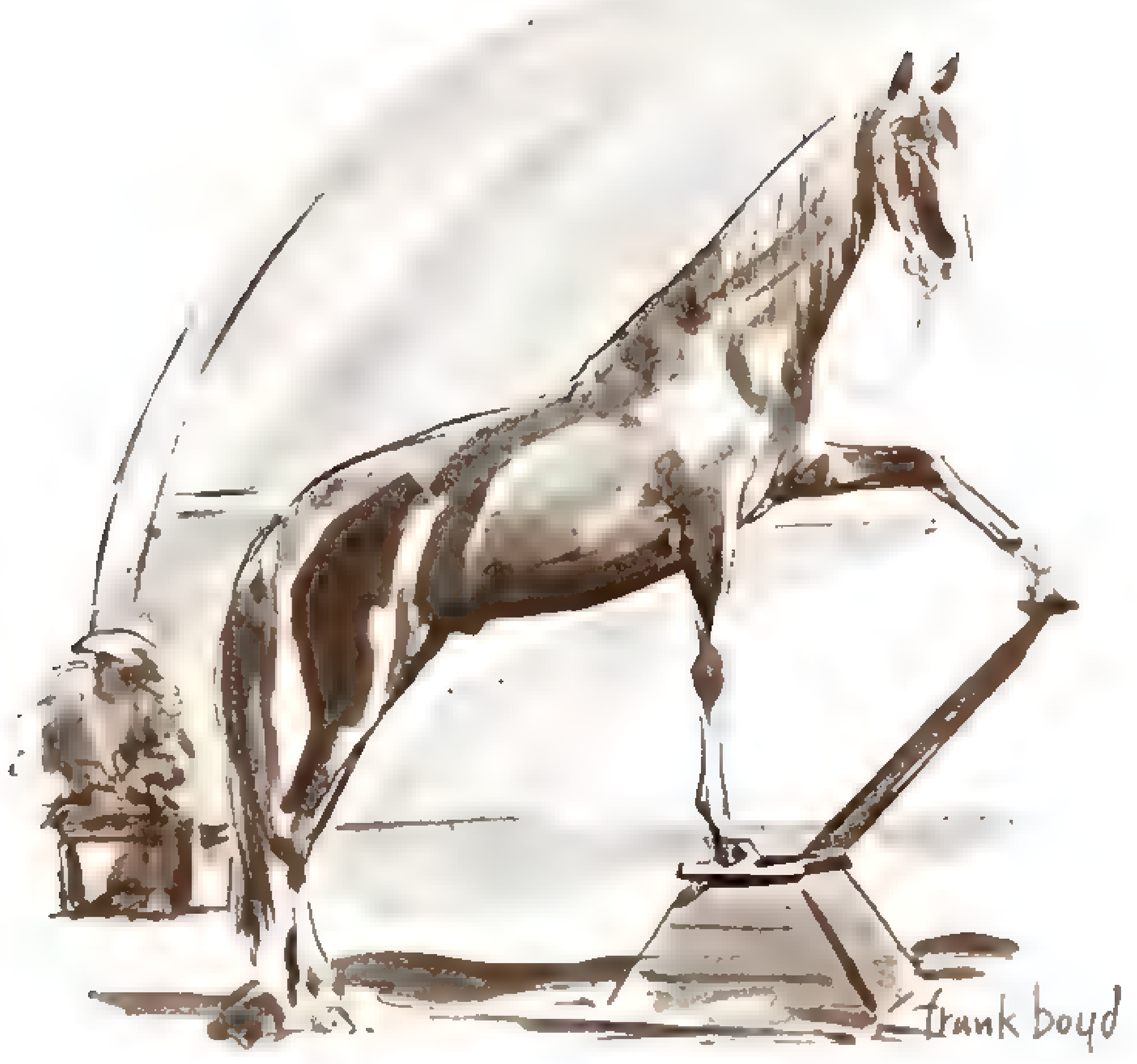
"Lonely, Babe?"

# Arabian Royalty

### The Bedouin relinquishes the breeding of the noble horse to the man from Battle Creek

### by E. H. SHEETS

• SPORTS •



The horse has been the glory of Arabia from time immemorial—the most treasured possession of its people. Bedouins have pride of race, and of their independent spirit, and poetry of soul; but above all these is their reverence for the noble Arabian horse. And the desert tribes have handed down from father to son, the ancient laws for keeping the blood stream pure. The story of the Arabian is romantic and full of glamour.

If we had been present when Abraham fired his son, Ishmael, from his royal tents, we would have seen, according to tradition, one of the earliest horse trainers in action. It was more than 3500 years ago that Ishmael went forth, caught a wild Arabian mare, and tamed her to ride, say the old records.

Then Salaman, a descendant of Ishmael, was known as Faris, the horseman. To him is given credit for establishing the five leading families of Arabians that are known among horsemen to this day. They are Kehilan, Seglawi, Abeyan, Hamdani, and Hadban. Any horse of pure blood, tracing to one of these families, is a real aristocrat.

But to go back to the story of Salaman as it is found in an old legend: Salaman was in need of high spirited horses having the greatest endurance, for he had planned an intensive campaign against the enemy. He selected a hundred of his finest Arabian mares, placed them in an enclosure, and kept them there four days without water. Making their thirst still more intense, a sparkling stream ran within sight.

Finally released, the frantic animals dashed for the stream. Just as they reached the water's edge, Salaman had his bugler sound the call to halt. Five obeyed, and aligned themselves in perfect battle formation, thus proving their blood. The others, of course, continued their mad rush for water.

The five were known thereafter as the "Prophet's Mares," and were bred to the best Arabian stallions in the land. Thus the five leading families of noble stock were produced, and the best horses have sprung from them.

Later, about a thousand years, King Solomon built up an immense stud. And if we had been living somewhere in his neighborhood, in that far distant day, we should have been thrilled to see his cavalrymen ride forth, 20,000 strong, mounted on Arabian mares. History states that it was a beautiful sight to behold. It was King Solomon's delight to gaze upon his spirited horses. They gladdened his eyes, says the old legend, and more than that, they caused him to sin by diverting his mind from his evening prayers.

And chief among King Solomon's favorites was the fair Arabian mare, Safanad, presented to him by the Queen of Sheba when she made her famous visit.

Through all the centuries, and even up to the present time, we are told the desert horse has had excellent care and treatment, whether his master be king, sheik, or only a wandering tribesman. Colts are brought up as loved members of the family, which probably accounts for their gentle and affectionate nature.

Generations of training for the chase, and for war, have developed courage and endurance to a degree never attained by any other breed of horses. He was trained to withstand the burning heat of the desert, to endure hunger and thirst, as well as the cold winter winds.

Mares stand higher in the favor of Bedouins than do stallions. They say mares have greater endurance and are more trustworthy; they are chosen for mounts because they are quieter—they do not whinny or call to other horses. This is an invaluable feature for an Arab to consider when he wishes to make a surprise attack, or if he has to sneak quietly and swiftly away to make his escape from an enemy.

True Arabian blood has always been difficult for strangers to obtain because desert owners are not willing to part with their beloved animals. Especially is this true of the mares. An edict of the Koran forbids the sale of a mare to strangers. She must not be sold for money, but often she is transferred from one owner to another in an exchange of gifts. As there is no religious aversion to the selling of stallions for money, they change hands more readily.

And an Arab believes that he and his family would come to ruin if he should lie about such an important thing as his horse's breeding. It is said that no Bedouin has ever been known to give a false pedigree of his horse, even though it might be of great benefit to him, and he may prefer a lie to the truth on all other subjects under the sun.

The Bedouins have fanatical ideas for keeping the Arabian blood pure and they hand down from father to son strict desert rules for breeding. A horse must have an unstained record or it is classed as a "kadish," (unworthy) and is discarded from the select line. He may have courage, intelligence, conformation, refinement, but he is not accepted unless he has pure blood.

The greatest fortune that can befall a Bedouin is to become the owner of a fleet mare of noble birth. She is to him more than great riches; she is the joy of his life. She will blind his foes with the dust from her heels and win for him honor and glory.

Changes that are taking place in the land of the Arab do not alter his affection for his horse. That has remained steadfast. In former days, when a Bedouin rode forth to war, to hunt, or to rob, he was armed with a spear; but of late years, a gun slung across the back of the raiding Arab, is more often seen. Automobiles have also found their way to the desert and are taking the place of horses. The number of Arabians being bred there is constantly decreasing, and they may become extinct in their native land.

England has done more perhaps than any other country to preserve and to improve this noble breed. From there the pure blood of the Arabian has gone to all parts of the earth. It flows in the veins of the creole of Argentina, in the broncho and cayuse of the western plains, as well as in the hackney of England and the Orloff trotter of Russia. Our American saddle horse, the Morgan breed, and the thoroughbred all trace to Arabian blood. Also the draft Percheron attributes his best qualities to the desert horse.

Every winner of the English Derby for more than a century has been a descendant of the Arabian. Queen Victoria was a lover of beautiful horses and while she was on the throne the Arabians in her stables at Hampton Court received much attention; but the leading stud in all England is at Crabbet

Park, now owned by The Right Honorable Lady Wentworth.

Fox hunters and polo players, as well as owners of race horses owe much to the Arabian for the fine qualities of their mounts, but cavalrymen are perhaps most appreciative of the desert types. The intelligence, courage, and never-failing endurance of this breed, endear him to the cavalry. Frequently he saves the life of his rider, gallantly facing any danger that besets his way. His master can depend upon him to carry him cheerfully to the finish of the longest journey.

Many years ago a small boy living in Battle Creek, Michigan, was the owner of a gentle old horse that was loved and ridden by all the children near his home. The boy and old Spot were constant companions and happy were the days they spent together.

There came a time, however, when Old Spot had to be sold. His small owner was heartbroken, and to ease his sorrow he formed a resolution to have horses of his own, some day, and every one of them should be Arabian, in memory of Spot.

That boy was W. K. Kellogg. His youthful dream was never entirely forgotten through the busy years that he was building up a successful business of making breakfast foods. His cornflakes and his signature became widely known, and he then found that he had the time and means that permitted him to devote attention to his love for horses.

On one occasion he visited an Arabian stud near Indio, California, and he saw that here was an opportunity to make his dream come true. He bought the entire string of Arabians, and in a short time had begun to establish a permanent home for them at Pomona, California. This was in 1925.

The location was chosen because the climate, soil, and rolling hills are similar to the native land of the desert horse. As sunshine is a great factor in the development of young horses, Southern California was found to be an ideal spot for Mr. Kellogg to carry out his plans. Stables having the most modern and scientific equipment were erected. They are white, fireproof buildings of Spanish design, grouped around a patio of green turf.

Hundreds of acres were soon fertile fields of grain. The rugged hills were the finest pasture land imaginable. Landscaped gardens were laid out and now are gay with blossoms the year round. Winding drives were flanked with trees and shrubbery, through which one now may catch glimpses of artificial lakes, water lilies, and swans; or orange trees laden with fruit.

Mr. Kellogg then traveled the world over, selecting the finest Arabian stock for the foundation of his ranch. As a result, his horses form the greatest collection ever brought to America, and the blood lines are as pure today as the finest specimens owned by the desert sheiks. The five leading families of Arabians are all represented.

A number were imported from the Crabbet stables in England, now owned by Lady Wentworth. Her mother, Lady Anne Blunt (granddaughter of Lord Byron), having spent many years in Arabia, was able to procure some of the best horses in the land. These she shipped to her stables in England between 1870 and 1880.

Mr. Kellogg brought to Pomona descendants of horses imported by that early Arabian breeder, Randolph Huntington; also of the fine stock owned by Homer Davenport. Other interesting traces are to the stallion, Leopard, given to General U. S. Grant by the Sultan of Turkey; and to the great Skowronek, champion of England. This stallion has an interesting history. He was bred in Poland; but after the late war, when everything pertaining to royalty was being destroyed, he was plastered with mud and smuggled into Russia. Arabian horses being regarded of noble birth, were executed publicly along with other Polish royalty. Skowronek was saved from that fate by the camouflage.

Skowronek was later taken to England and is now owned by Lady Wentworth. She is said to have refused 50,000 guineas ($250,000) for him.

To manage this great string of Arabians, Mr. Kellogg chose a man who excels in his knowledge of horses, Mr. H. H. Reese. He has made a big success of his job.

The Kellogg Ranch is now recognized as one of the foremost Arabian studs of the world. The entire stable is registered with the American-Arabian Horse Club, and many are registered in thoroughbred stud books of England as well.

On the main highways leading into Los Angeles from the East, many road signs have been erected to aid in locating the ranch and to invite all travelers to stop and see the Arabian horses.

The public responded so freely to this invitation that a grandstand, with loud speaker equipment was built to accommodate the crowds. And there every Sunday and holiday throughout the year, free horse shows are given. So popular have they become that in the past two years, close to a half million people have attended these exhibitions. It is said there are no other shows in the world like these.

As the horses come into the tan bark ring, a man at the loud speaker tells interesting facts about each one of them. Some perform under the saddle, stepping off five gaits with rhythmic ease; some jump hurdles with and without riders. One of the horses likes to jump the rope; another picks up coins and puts them in the proper drawer of a cash register; opens a box, takes out a flag, waves it gayly, puts it back in the box and closes the lid. Two chestnut colts play teeter-totter on a plank.

"Pep" tells his admirers that he is seven years old by pawing that many times with his forefoot; and when he smiles every one in the grandstand smiles with him. "Rosika" picks up a rag doll—a tiny colt—in her teeth, drops it in a cradle, covers it up, then vigorously rocks the cradle with her nose. So far her trainer has not taught her to sing a lullaby.

Eight beautifully matched creatures step into the ring and with only a word now and then from their trainer to guide them, go through what is called the "Liberty Drill." In this performance the superior intelligence of the Arabian is well demonstrated.

Each horse carries a large letter on his side, and these in proper order, spell "Kelloggs." No matter how much they are mixed up, at a given signal, each finds his proper place as they gallop around the ring like playful children and are soon in exact order as they were when they started.

Horses are continually being sold and shipped to many parts of the world. Several times the "Liberty" eight have been thus broken. The trainer brings another horse in from pasture and in a few days he goes through the drill without a hitch.

Two years ago, Mr. Kellogg presented the ranch containing 750 acres, and his 87 registered Arabians, also an endowment fund, to the Animal Husbandry department of the University of California. The University now operates the ranch along the same lines as planned by Mr. Kellogg; but even now it has surpassed his fondest dreams. He has the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing his beloved Arabians contribute to the improvement of saddle horse stock of the nation and foreign lands as well.

The Royal Arabian is increasing in America, not only in numbers but in excellence. The glory he brought to Arabia is fast shifting to the United States.

## Guardian of the Lambs

*Continued from page 63*

"No company that is making truthful statements and doing an honest business can be hurt. I will put that another way. Every company that is doing an honest business and telling the truth will be distinctly benefited. That underlying distrust is being wiped out."

The Commission is engaged in the active regulation of the operations of the stock exchanges of the country.

"But we are not sitting as prosecutors. We are not trying to bring in a verdict of guilty. Nor are we coroners. Business is not dead. We are only trying to help it show more life. Some business practises have been good. They will not be interfered with. We propose to get rid of those that are bad. Proper enterprises will be helped by the new checks and standards. The man who has something good to sell will co-operate with us. Only the man who is trying to run a panful of black ink and an overstuffed office into easy money will kick."

One of the practises found in every stock exchange in the world is pool manipulation. Mr. Kennedy pointed out that a pool which tries to run counter to the market must crash eventually. When the country sees prosperity ahead prices will go up. When the country goes sour on the immediate future prices will go down. The Commission will not interfere with buying when the buyer sees a profit ahead, whether the buyer is one man or fifty or the purchase is of one share or a million.

"We will not interfere with speculation," said he. "Speculation is quite legitimate. I have been a speculator all my life."

"What is the difference between speculation and gambling?"

"Find it in the dictionary."

But when a pool is discovered made up of sharpshooters who use artificial and unfair means of influencing the values of a stock, or who issue false statements and set untruthful rumors afloat in their efforts to get a swatch of wool from the Wall street lambs it will be just too bad. He does not see any way of protecting the lamb from himself, however:

"Any man will go broke if he has plenty of credit and inside information."

In his own market operations he never accepted another man's idea of what might be "inside information." He got it for himself. The Commission can do no more for tomorrow's buyer. After truthful information has been put in his hands it is up to the prospective purchaser to inform himself on trade conditions and the state of the nation. Mr. Kennedy began his business career with fifty cents' worth of milk chocolate. The story goes that he retired from business with one safe million dollars salted away for each of his nine children. I did not ask him about that. It was none of my business. But it is a good story.

Another business practise that is unethical and dishonest and hard to handle is the scooping of profits by insiders who trade on knowledge that has been kept from stockholders and the public. Each move in an individual stock is prefaced by a trickle of buying or selling. The officers who are in a position to know just what the company is doing make a profit by their knowledge. It is as unfair as can be, for the men who own the stock are entitled to the same advantage.

"Section 16 of the act provides penalties for such inside operations. But the insiders will be hard to catch. We know that we face one of the most delicate and difficult tasks ever given an agency of government. We have the responsibility of giving all the aid of which government is capable to the better organization of the mechanism through which the savings of the people find their way into securities. We will not use a hammer on the works because some of the wheels are out of gear."

His view of the future value of the Commission's work has significance precisely because he is a Wall street man himself. He is credited with knowing all the tricks of the Wall street trade. He may have been fooled now and then but it is not on record that he ever stayed fooled. Every man who ever got out of Wall street with a fortune has been a buyer. Bears have had brief days in the berry-patch but without exception they finished with more thorns than berries in their paws. He has always been on the constructive side.

"I want to see the business in securities start up again and grow larger. It is the biggest business in the country. It is the most important in its effects. Directly and indirectly it is the greatest tax-producer and the government will need taxes. I want the dealers in securities to make profits and to accomplish that a sound and broad market is needed. Not one member of the Commission, nor any one who had a share in the framing of the act, wants to see anything but an extension of legitimate business by legitimate means. Confidence can most easily be restored by making finance more responsible. Blue sky laws do not protect the buyer. They never have. The Federal government is the only power which can assure to the buyer that he is purchasing gold value and not gold bricks."

Kennedy has a record behind him. He has done things. What's more, the things he did in his private capacity were done along the line the Securities and Exchange Commission is following. When he saw a chance to buy a good business that was going bad he did so. Then he made it work. One night he dined with the Thursday Night Club in Boston. It is no secret that he would rather have been at home with Mrs. Kennedy and the children. He does not hesitate to say that he likes their company best. He is, however, also a business man. The Thursday Night Club was an informal and unorganized club of friends who rarely had a chance to meet during the day. Each Thursday night those who could do so dined with the club at a hotel. No excuses were necessary if a member brought a friend. One night the Yankee owner of a string of small Down East theaters was a guest. Kennedy sat next to him:

"It's a good business" said the theater owner. "But troublesome."

Kennedy listened to his stories with delight. Next day he looked up the theater man and asked for more stories about the business of running a string of theaters. Pretty soon he had theaters of his own. He found things that were wrong with their management and with the quality of the shows produced and righted them. He made money out of the theaters and sold them. He was in New York one night, on his way to Palm Beach. His bags were in the cab at the hotel door. A page ran out:

"You're wanted on the telephone, Mr. Kennedy."

Five minutes later he was out again.

"Take the bags out of the cab. I'm in the movie business."

Kennedy has been a dealer in things all his life. The other man's eloquence only interests him when the other man gets something tangible on the table. Early experience made him practical. Perhaps his early practicality shaped his experience. When he was eleven years old the battleship fleet anchored in Boston harbor and one of the harbor boatmen got a concession to ferry visitors out and back again. Young Kennedy got a job as collector on one of the boats. Eleven years old, but no one got aboard who did not produce the two bits. He noted that the sharp harbor air made his passengers hungry. When his work was over at eleven o'clock that night he took his pay to a candy store:

"Give me half a dollar's worth of milk chocolates."

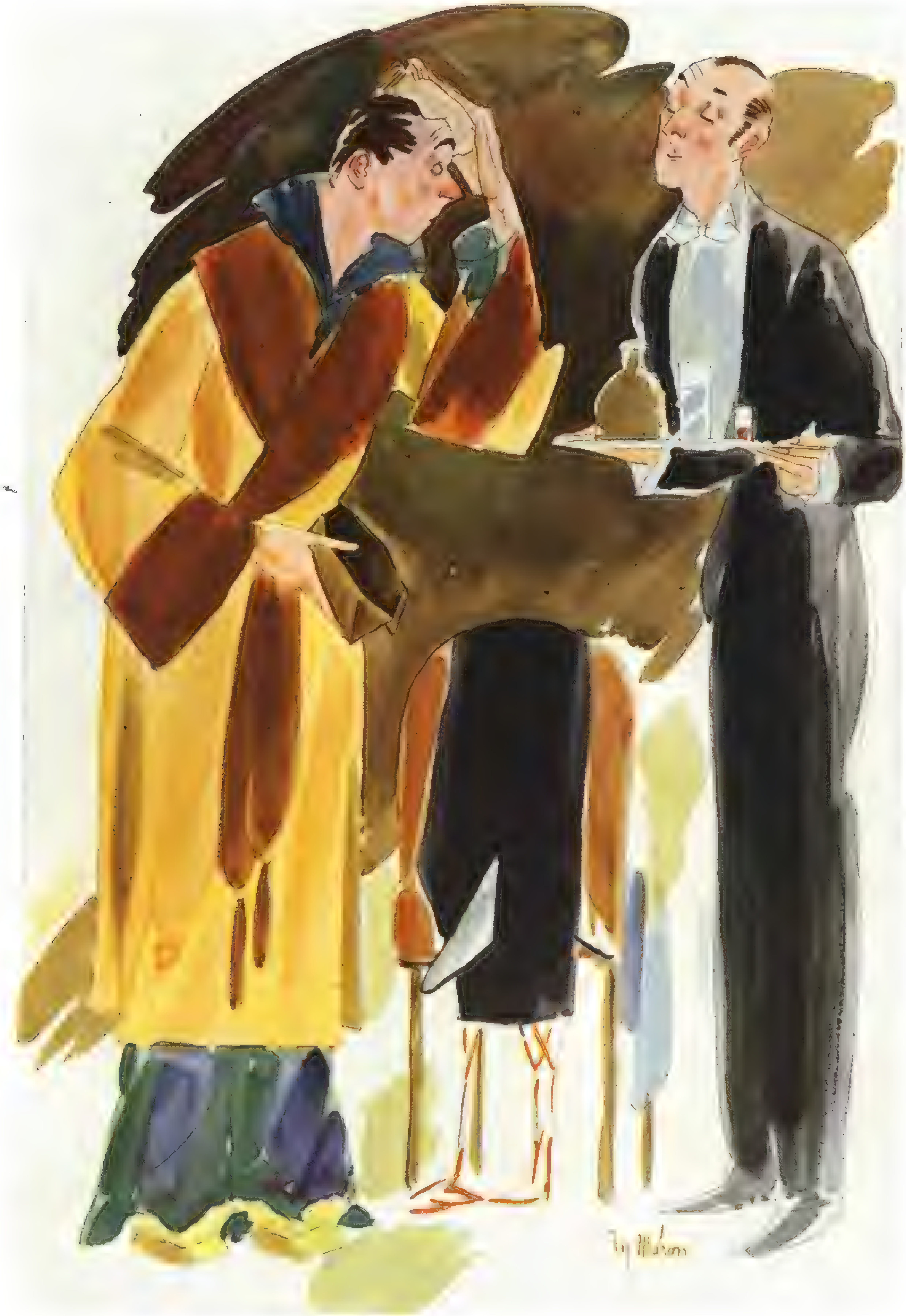
Next day he sold his milk chocolates to his hungry passengers. A business had been started which was to make him head of the Securities and Exchange Commission and a member of President Roosevelt's new Emergency Council, which appears to be an outsize cabinet armed with power and money. Young Kennedy tried selling newspapers. Then he became errand boy in a bank. He did what Oliver Optic's young heroes used to do but not for the same reason. They hustled because if they did not hustle they would have starved. He hustled for the love of it.

The Kennedy family had been solid citizens in East Boston for four generations. His father was a successful business man and also a leader in politics. The Kennedy home was one block from the East Boston waterfront. Young Kennedy was the kind of a youngster who could lead his playmates without bullying them. His nearest friend in his boyhood days was asked—by way of priming the pump of reminiscenses—to tell about the time that Kennedy got his first black eye.

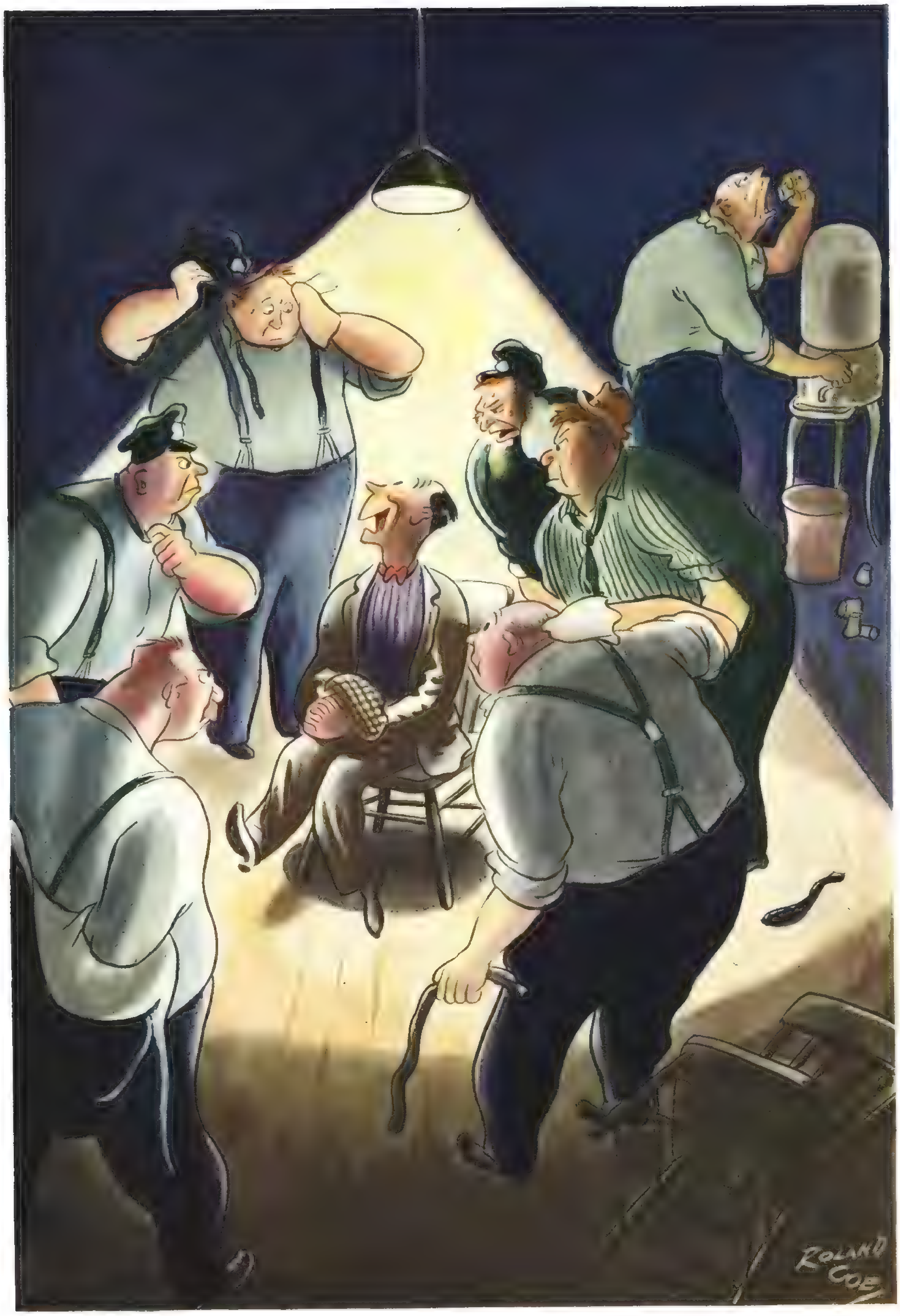
"I don't think he ever got one" said he. "He wasn't that kind. He was boss because the other kids liked him and because bossing came natural to him. If any one ever got sore at him he could talk the other kid out of it."

He finished the normal six years course at Boston Latin School in possession of about all the school honors in sight. He was captain of cadets in the school regiment, and after his company won the competitive prize drill, became colonel of the regiment; he played on the bastketball team; he was captain of the baseball team for two years and manager of the football team, also for two years; and climaxed his school career by being elected President of his class. He matriculated in Harvard as a matter of course—Latin School graduates are expected to do so—and roomed with Bob Fisher, captain of the football team and later head

*Continued on page 109*



*"She left quite early, sir"*



*"Well, I'll tell you this—you're gettin' warm!"*

## Guardian of the Lambs

*Continued from page 106*

coach at Harvard for four years. Kennedy made the freshman and varsity baseball teams and subsequently coached the freshmen. A friendship with "Copey" was established which lasted. Any Harvard man will say that is a testimonial of character and intelligence. He saw a business chance.

"Sign here" he said to a friend.

"What's it all about?" asked the friend when he had signed.

"You're in the sightseeing bus business" said Kennedy.

For two years he ran the Puritan and the Pilgrim through Boston and made money. Yet he was able to keep up with the social and scholastic activities. He made D K E and Hasty Pudding and graduated with the degree of A.B. When he graduated he saw the right man and had himself appointed as one of the state bank examiners. Two years gave him the insight into the banking business that he needed. The Columbia Trust Company was a small, sound, sedate neighborhood bank in East Boston, in which his father had owned a little stock for years. When he was twenty-five years old he became its president and the youngest bank president in the United States. Then he resigned and his father succeeded him in the presidency. He was offered $1,000 a share for his stock years later and refused to sell.

"That goes to my son" he said. "I want to keep it in the family. I think it's a lucky spot."

Charles M. Schwab wanted a man who knew how to get business for the Ford River plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation in 1916 and Kennedy got it for him. Then Galen Stone of the banking firm of Hayden, Stone and Company, called him in.

"You are the type of young man I want in this organization," said Stone.

His career in big business had been fairly launched. Observers noted that he was always a step ahead of the multitude. He organized the R-K-O circuit and became a first aid to the movie business. Jesse Lasky said of him:

"When anything goes wrong they send for Joe Kennedy to put it right."

But he withdrew from it when it was on the top of the world because he could not persuade the magnates that bad diction and worse plots would be injurious in the end. The history of the past few years shows that he was right. Too much hard work compelled him to take a rest and he began to enjoy himself with his family at his three homes at Hyannis on Cape Cod and Bronxville and Palm Beach.

"No one ever liked to play more than Joe Kennedy" his friends say. "Yet no one ever worked harder. He is a sybarite by inclination who is willing to plug."

He will tell stories of his nine children and his pretty and brainy wife, who is a daughter of former Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, when he will not talk business. He takes his guests to Bradley's in Palm Beach and the platinum and rose diamond Colony Club as a gesture of hospitality but he does not care a tinker's curse for either. He is an airplane addict, a confirmed golfer and the leader in business conferences which end only when the work is done. In the Commission he has surrounded himself with high-priced men who could not be hired by the government. They came to Kennedy because he is a friend and work until two o'clock in the morning because that is the only way in which they can get their work done. Pecora said of him:

"More than any man I have ever known he knows how to get things done."

The picture is that of a hard boiled sentimentalist. He has plenty of affections, a few man-sized hates, no discoverable illusions and a conviction that the Securities and Exchange Commission will take the soft spots out of American business. The thing that he most wants to do is to make business sound and its future safe. The last thing in the world that he would do is to harm business in any way.

"I have nine children" he said. "I look on them as hostages I have given to the future. They must be made safe."

## The Dragon's Bride

*Continued from page 81*

howling. It was two in the afternoon, there was a milling mob on hand, for the traditional red chaise had been brought, and the bride was about to come out escorted by two elderly women and garbed in a parade costume, as called for by custom. Friends of the family, astride worn out nags, were to ride beside the chaise, which would be preceded by a band of flutes and cymbals.

The rest you can believe or not, as you please.

I entered the courtyard of the residence and the red chaise was brought before the main gate, so that the bride could enter without being subjected to too many enthusiastic calls from the crowd. The entire family was there, and the friends, in their finest silks. Kids were shooting off firecrackers, the native band was making a terrifying noise outside the yard, the chickens darted their beaks at food between the hoofs of the small Mongol ponies. Everybody was laughing, chattering, and I was pointed out as a 'foreign devil' and most ridiculous.

Suddenly, there was a stir among the spectators. The bride had appeared, supported right and left by the matrons, hardly able to stand on tiny stumps of feet. She wore colorful robes, her head was surmounted by a sort of tiara ornamented with velvet tassels. She had been painted and made up according to Manchu style. Nevertheless, she was pretty, and showed the daintiness of her breeding.

I regretted not having brought a camera, but later I was glad I did not have it. After what happened, they would surely have accused me of having bewitched the poor child and who knows what would have been done to me? When the bride passed before me, I looked at her closely, but she did not seem to notice me, passed straight and calm, looking neither right nor left, according to rites. She had to stoop to enter the chaise, for her tall headgear was awkward. She was placed like an idol, tiny and haughty, and the matrons draped her robes over her and closed the door of the bizarre vehicle. The bride was hidden from sight.

At that moment, I heard cries, laughter and insults at the front of the house. A woman was shouting at the top of her lungs, and I knew something unusual was going on. I noticed that everyone in the yard appeared very frightened. The women scattered, the horses reared, the dogs yapped, and I urged my pony, whose hair was bristling like a brush, to the gateway.

There, at the side of the path we had to follow, I beheld a curious spectacle. The whole population of the village formed a circle around three strange beings, a man, a woman and a boy. The man was a sort of priest, with a grimacing face, draped in a black cloak. He was squatted before a sheaf of burning incense sticks he had planted in the earth, and was fanning the glowing tips from which rose thin, perfumed smoke. With the other hand, he was playing a small drum, shaking it so that small balls of lead held at the end of leather strings, struck the sonorous surface.

I recognized the sacred drum of the Lamas. The boy was also garbed in black, wore a comical pointed cap, and beat a gong in rhythm to the song of the older priest. Then there was the woman, a savage female, with her hair flying free, her garments in rags, who shouted insults, brandishing a gaunt fist at the end of a skinny arm in the direction of the house. She was horrible to see, with her protruding eyes, her black hair writhing like snakes, her fingers hooked into talons; she was the very picture of Mad Rage.

I understood immediately. She was the fiancee whom Li had mentioned, having her little fun. She had hired the services of some fakir or other and was trying to cast an evil spell on the bride. I urged my pony on the group, but no matter how I tried, I could not get near. The animal seemed insane with terror and almost threw me. The priest continued with his incantations. He had stopped fanning the burning sticks and now coaxed shrill notes from a Lama flute, that ignoble instrument made of human bone, a tibia in this case. I was tempted to alight and start striking with my riding crop, then I recalled that I was in China and that if the people tolerated this, it was their private business.

Therefore, I went back into the yard and told the bearers to pick up the chaise and start out at once, to end this sinister scene. I rode on the right of the vehicle, on the side where the evil trio was standing. Other horsemen rode ahead, while the frightened musicians trotted as fast as they could and the kids shot off more crackers and exploded little bombs. These noises covered the sounds of the incantations.

And we were off.

I could not keep from bending my head as before a strong gale when we passed the group. The woman was frothing at the mouth, the lama played his little drum and blew in his macabre instrument, and the dirty little boy beat his gong with all his might. During that time, the incense smoke

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## The Dragon's Bride

*Continued from page 109*

curled around us, and I felt sick to my stomach at this disgusting ceremony.

A few minutes later, with the bearers trotting as if the devil had been pursuing them, we left the village behind and reached the plain. The cries of the woman and the squeals of the flute were lost in the distance. I breathed easier, inhaled the pure air of the countryside. We had to get to our destination before dusk, the time called for by the ritual.

During the trip, I did not lose sight of the chaise, for my pony trotted behind it. The trail was narrow and the panting of the bearers increased the monotony of the jaunt. Three or four other riders followed, friends of the bride's family. Ahead progressed an odd mob garbed in dirty robes of loud colors, with tall, pointed red hats perched ludicrously on shaven skulls. These people held up triangular standards, and walked to the music of four or five native clarinets and a gong-man, who pounded loudly at regular intervals.

Soon, we saw the roofs of the village, in the shade cast by giant trees several centuries old. The gong pounded louder, the clarinets blared, the dogs barked and the chickens fled cackling. We were greeted by another mob, firecrackers went off, incense smoked, in that din which is called for and traditional in China when one is born, marries or dies.

We stopped before the bridegroom's residence.

He was waiting for his bride inside the house, beside the altar devoted to ancestor worship. Before the main gate, the crowd was pressed, leaving barely enough room to deposit the chaise, the massive, scarlet chaise. The bearers left the shafts and stood aside, wiping the sweat from their dripping faces. Then three matrons came forward, to open the chaise and assist the young bride in alighting.

I had backed against a wall and my eyes were on the open door of the chaise. I could see the back of one of the matrons who was helping the bride to adjust her clothing and headgear to get out without trouble.

And suddenly, the matron leaped back, uttering a long, sad howl, a horrible yell. She hid her face in her hands and yelped something to the rest. There was tremendous excitement, the children ran away, the women concealed their eyes in their hands, and the men drew near, aghast. I stepped forward myself, puzzled.

A bundle of garish garments and a tall headgear was stirring in the chaise, and as I saw more clearly, I was shocked by a hideous sight. Imagine a shrunken mummy, a mass of wrinkles, a face no larger than a man's fist, dark yellow in color, with tiny blinking eyes peeping in a maze of pleated, crinkling skin. A toothless, gaping, drooling mouth appeared below the tiara ornamented with silken flowers, and a few wisps of dirty gray hair!

That strange apparition was laughing, a cackling, harsh laughter, and to alight from the chaise, rested a hand on the red wood upright of the door. I recognized, beyond possibility of a mistake, the beautiful bracelet of green and red jade which the bride had worn when she had left her father's house, for I had noticed that odd piece of jewelry. The same bracelet that had adorned the slender, young wrist of the bride now slid loosely on the length of bone covered with parchment-like hide which was the crone's arm!

And that old face turned to me, those blinking old eyes saw me, and the hole that was her mouth opened in a smile of recognition! She knew me . . . !

By that time, the whole village had fled, the bearers of the chaise had vanished. I was left alone, face to face with this ridiculous being, who was struggling to emerge from the chaise, muttering and her horrible little head shaking with a senile motion! I had not as yet understood.

Then I recalled the black lama—he had done this, this was the result of his incantations. I was not afraid, or I would state it frankly. But I experienced a lively feeling of absolute disgust at the sight of this comical old mummy with that pleated, cynical mask, in which I recognized the fine, delicate features of my good friend's beautiful young bride. I was puzzled, and wondered by what trick the lama could have substituted this sorceress for the young girl I had saluted less than three hours previously!

It was at that moment that it occurred to me that I had not lost sight once of the mysterious red chaise since our departure! There was the jade bracelet circling her arm! It was the same person, aged seventy years in part of one afternoon! A whirl of insane thoughts circled wildly within my brain, and I was about to question the grotesque being, when she broke into laughter, looking at me. I saw the bizarre black hole that was her mouth open again in the mummified face, revealing a thick tongue, like that of a parrot, between toothless gums.

The kiss is not practiced in China, yet I had the dreadful impression that this unnameable being was about to throw her arms about me and kiss me.

I darted away without further insistence. I found my pony tied in a nearby alley, hair bristling, snorting with terror. I leaped in the saddle and galloped away. From within the dwellings, I heard moans of fear, and the voices of the women praying to ward off evil. All in all, it had been a charming day!

It was much later that I had a chance to converse with young Li, when I gathered enough courage to come around for my trunks and surveying instruments left in his house. Like any self-respecting Chinese he was impassive and expressionless, and appeared not in the least perturbed.

I asked him for his explanation of what had happened, hinting that his first fiancee, who was bewitched by a dragon, might have had something to do with what I had seen. He seemed desirous to dodge the topic, then murmured one word in my ear: "Lama!"

I asked him also what had become of his second fiancee. And his finger indicated a dumping ground for garbage outside the village. And I understood.

At the nearby Belgian Mission, the Fathers gave me other details and I shared their indignation when they related that the entire population of the village had stoned to death the living mummy who had been in the red chaise, pelted her with rocks like a mad dog. Then her mangled corpse had been thrown into the red chaise, and the whole had been set afire, with much loud praying and burning of red papers. The ashes had then been put underground.

I was not the victim of collective hallucination. I know that theory of mass hypnotism created by the incredulous to refute phenomena which they cannot understand. I saw it all. What is my conclusion? That there was nothing extraordinary about it.

Anything can happen in China.

*(Translated by Georges Surdez)*

## Money for Everybody

*Continued from page 49*

and no intention of ever getting the money back, and this plan could be kept up forever, then buying power might approximately equal producing power. But the objection to this would be that we should miss the benefit of new inventions and improved articles that could be available to make people more comfortable.

For a year or two, the government has been advancing money for public works of one kind or another, and these have provided wages, thus increasing the public's ability to pay for food, shelter, and clothing and other comforts; but the moment we cease carrying on such public works, and try to have a balanced budget—that is, to have taxes equal expenditures—then the cost of all these public works must be paid for, in increased taxes, besides interest on bonds. The more we pay in taxes and bond interest, to cover goods already consumed, the less we have left to pay for current goods.

Why then, it may be asked, if people can never buy back what they produce, with the money paid out in wages, salaries and dividends, have we been able to get along all these years as well as we did?

We have made up the difference between production and buying power, by use of bank credit. Nine-tenths of all money in common use is not gold or silver, but checks; and checks are drawn against credit in banks. If anybody could go to the bank and obtain credit solely because he wishes to buy more, consume more, the whole scheme might work beautifully. (But it never has worked well for long; every brief period of prosperity is followed by a severe depression.) The difficulty is, that a banker will not ordinarily lend except for production. Go to a banker and tell him you want to borrow money for consumption, that is, to use in buying more food and clothing—inasmuch as your wages are not enough to buy what your family needs—and he will laugh at you. But if you are owner of a flour mill and wish to borrow money to buy

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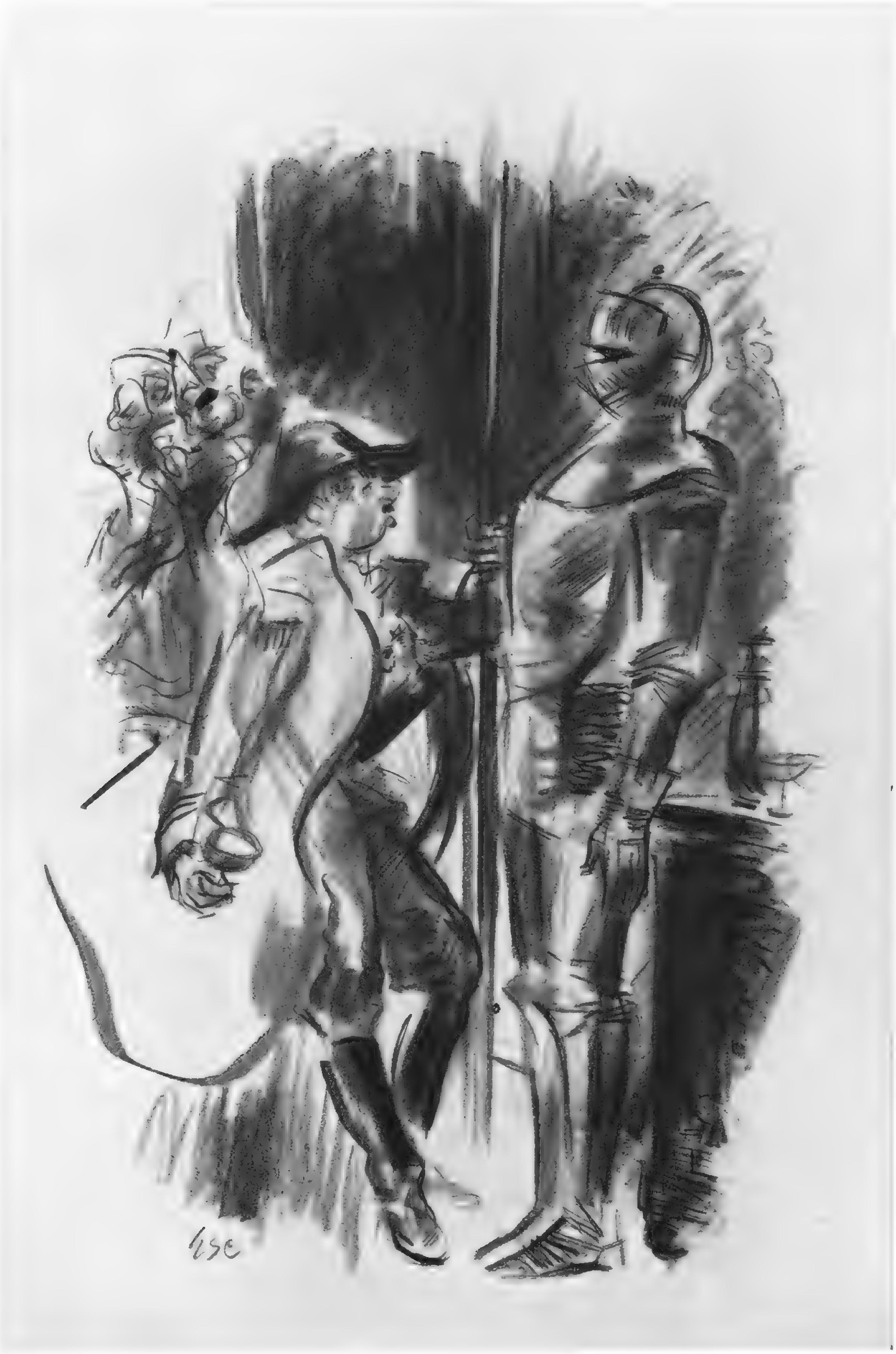

*"Y' jush been standin' there all evening—why'ncha grab a girl an' dance?"*

## Money for Everybody

*Continued from page 110*

grain to grind into flour, that might be arranged. In the long run, you can borrow to produce, but not to consume.

True, if you are owner of a bond—previous savings—and put that up as security at a bank, then you can probably borrow for whatever purpose you wish, even for consumption. But if you do not repay the loan, then the banker sells the bond and uses the money derived from such sale to pay off your debt. The bond merely changes hands, but the total bank credit of the community, that could be used for buying goods, is thus reduced, by the amount of your loan.

Where does this money come from that banks lend to customers? The public thinks it is from deposits. John Smith puts $100 into the bank and presently Henry Brown comes along and borrows it. But the truth is, as Major Douglas points out, that the banks lend far more than the amount of deposits and have the ability to *create* credit almost indefinitely. Knowing that depositors do not ordinarily all draw out their money at once, a bank may feel safe in lending ten times the amount of its deposits, particularly if they have good "security" for such loans. The money they lend in this way does not cost them anything. It comes out of the air. All they need to do is write down figures in a book, thus creating credit for a customer who may then go ahead and write checks against it. If a customer, having borrowed, does not at once draw out the amount of his credit, then his borrowing becomes another deposit and the banker can lend additional money (credit) against that! Insofar as this bank credit has any base at all, the base is not assets but liabilities—the banker's debts to his depositors.

Since, as we have now seen, there is never enough money, coming from wages, salaries, and dividends, for *all* people in a community to buy what they need if they are to sustain life, without use of bank credit, it might almost be said that private bankers have had the power to determine whether people shall live or die!

Major Douglas points out that this power to create money (credit) should belong to the people as a whole—to the government. Bankers might go ahead as before, carrying out the mechanics of the job, and receive service fees for their work, but the government should determine the method of keeping the books.

His suggestion is that the total money in the country should have buying power exactly equal to the total production of the country. For every article manufactured, there should be a ticket to buy that article. He proposes to make up the difference between the money (tickets) already available, and those needed, partly by a national dividend. Looking on the whole country as one great corporation, he would issue an annual dividend, based on the total productive capacity, payable to every man, woman and child in the country, rich and poor alike. This dividend might be withheld from any persons well able to work who are unwilling to do so. Obviously, however, with the continued increase in labor-saving devices, not everyone able to work would be needed.

Naturally, if no measures were taken to prevent it, such an issue of national credit in the form of a dividend, might promptly have the effect of raising prices, and we should be just where we were before. But he would prevent this by issuing credit to manufacturers and other producers on condition that they *lower* prices. A shoe manufacturer, let us suppose, offers for sale a pair of shoes that costs him $10. This price of $10 includes a reasonable profit. But the shoes must be sold for $7. The difference between the $7 selling price and the $10 cost price would be made up by the government in the form of credit. The important point is that this credit could not be obtained before the sale, but only *after* the sale. If a seller tried to sell at too high a price, he would receive no credit and could not long remain in business in competition with those able, by use of government credit, to sell at a much lower price.

If you were to ask Major Douglas where all this credit issued by the government would come from, he would probably answer by asking other questions:

Where does it come from *now?* Where do bankers obtain the millions of credit they issue for producing more goods? They don't obtain it from anywhere, but simply create it. Why shouldn't the government create credit for the good of the people as a whole?

The plan, he insists, would benefit not only all consumers, but manufacturers as well, for a manufacturer making an article for which there is great need, could sell his entire output. The only limit to what people might have is the amount the country is able to produce.

He contrasts this with the present situation when, because people cannot possibly obtain enough tickets to buy what they need, manufacturers, unable to sell what they can produce, must constantly seek foreign markets. But a foreign market is simply a home market looked at from another angle. To us in the United States, France is a foreign market; but to a Frenchman it is a home market, and the same difficulty exists in France (since the banking system is much the same) in trying to get rid of all they are able to produce. Every country is engaged in a preposterous attempt to sell to other countries more than it buys. This constant attempt to sell to countries that can't even pay for what they produce themselves, is the kind of economic competition that leads to wars. If a country won't buy your goods, gain control over that country, by war, and *make* them buy!

The Douglas plan is being taken seriously by a large number of intelligent people in England and I have an idea it will be talked about in the United States also, in the next session of Congress. Already, I notice, people in the United States are beginning to buy his books and discuss Social Credit. I have even heard it mentioned by orthodox economists, who have long believed in "Sound Finance." At least one American business man, Mr. Larkin, head of one of the biggest soap companies in the country, has endorsed the plan and is actively working for it. We seem likely to be hearing much more about Major Douglas and Social Credit.

## Bridging the Atlantic

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resident employees and accommodations for a floating population of 300 to 500 persons in a hotel consisting of 40 double rooms, varied recreation centers and other attractions. These will include a gymnasium, a swimming pool which will extend out into the open for out-of-doors swimming, a miniature golf course, pool and billiard room, motion picture theatre, bowling alley and several tennis courts. There will be service accommodation for maintenance and ship repair, also a weather bureau, radio station and beacon lights.

Many passengers will choose to break their trip midway and spend the night in one of the drome hotels and they will have at their command the conveniences, and added pleasures of a truly modern health resort while floating in the middle of the Atlantic.

The landing platform of the seadrome, rising 100 feet above the surface of the sea, will look as if it were resting on a forest of stilts, the visible parts of the stilts being streamlined flotation chambers extending from the platform to some forty feet below the surface. Beneath them will hang the ballistic disk capped weights. The columns, or floats, being streamlined like the body of an airplane, will offer no resistance to surface waves, which, rushing through them unopposed, will cause no damage and have no effect on the even keel of the monster floating airport.

Resembling a mobile marine air dock, the gigantic drome will be moored to a huge buoy attached to the 1,500 ton anchor which is spherical or segmental in shape. This anchor, 100 feet in diameter, will be attached to 23,000 feet of steel cable spun by the Roeblings, builders of the Brooklyn Bridge and Hudson River suspension bridges, who already have made their preparations for the work. Displacing over 70,000 tons of water, and requiring over 30,000 tons of steel for its construction, the structural weight of the drome afloat will be 25,000 tons.

The advantage of this mooring of the seadrome will be that it can trail into the wind to facilitate landing. Such a system of anchorage prevents the seadrome exerting a sudden jerk on the anchor, which might sever the cables, and permits the drome at all times to swing so that its length will be pointed windward. Just as readily as if he were to descend at any airport on the mainland, the pilot will thus be able to land head-on to the wind on a commodious ocean field-deck as steady as an island. Amphibian planes will be used, that is, planes with retractable landing gear capable of landing on water or on a surface deck such as the field deck of the seadrome.

The four seadromes will be in constant communication with each other and both sides of the Atlantic by radio, while pilots

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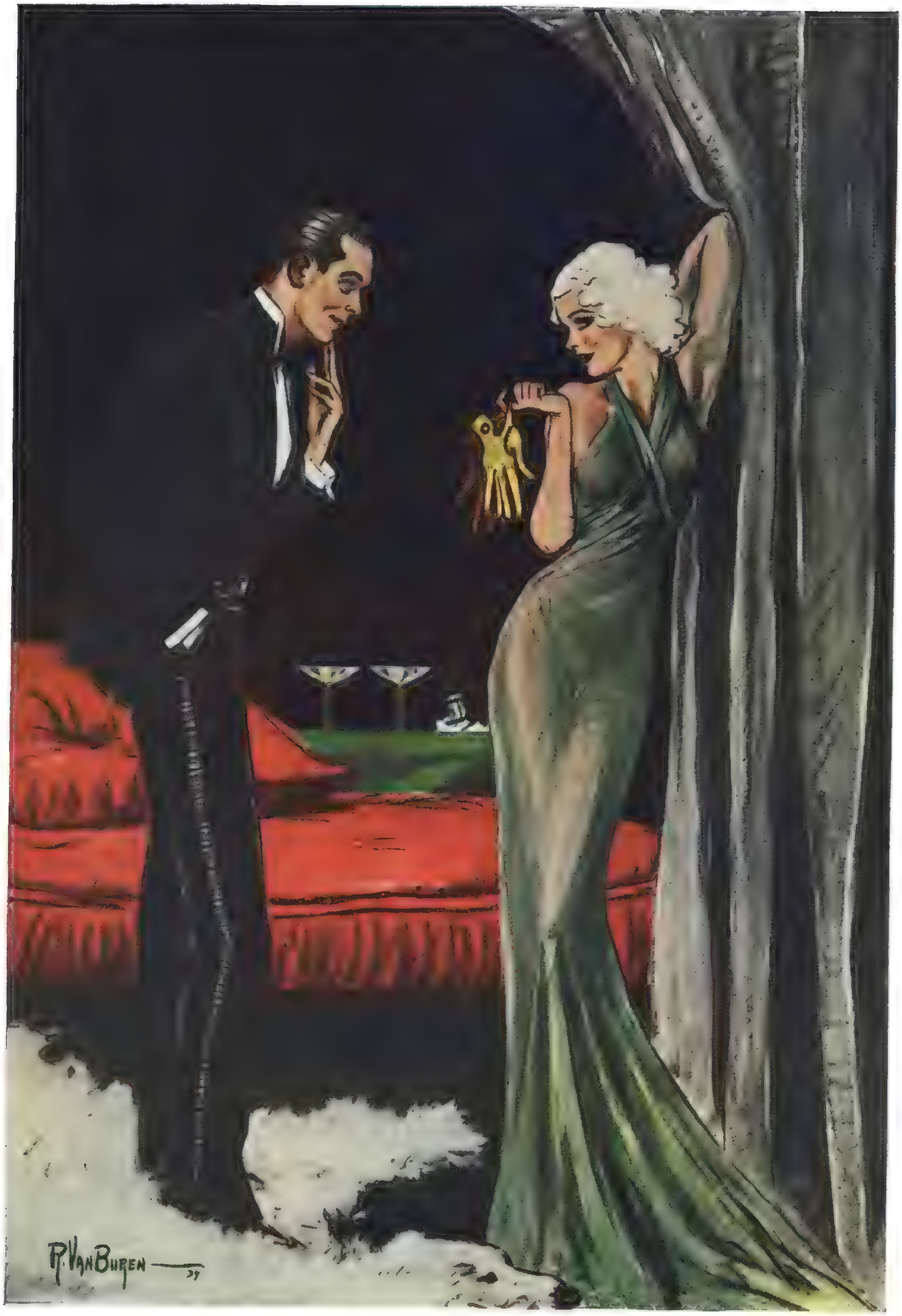
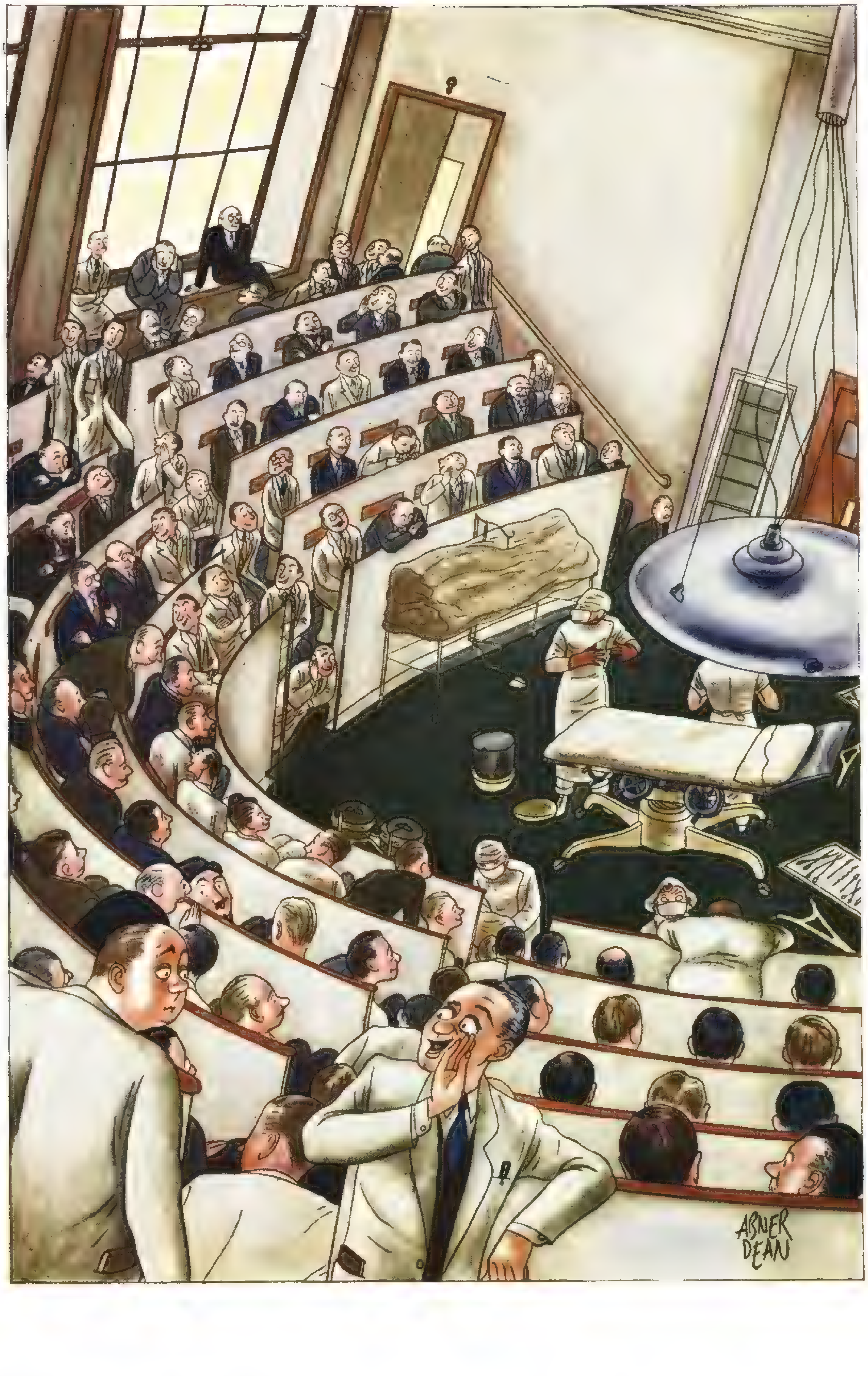

R. VanBuren '34

*"Here, better wear these — my husband is a fingerprint expert"*



*"Look at the packed house, Holbrook. Ten to one they wheel in that blonde!"*

## Bridging the Atlantic

*Continued from page 112*

will be guided by radio beacons from stage to stage. Floodlights and boundary lights similar to those of an airport on land will provide for night landings, and improved blind flying equipment will guide pilots down to safe landings in fog. Planes will be equipped with radio direction indicators of the visual type, enabling them to hold a straight course from one seadrome to another. In short, a complete airport service will be provided together with navigation and radio aids, including ocean patrol service by watercraft over the air route. Guaranteed and insured as to performance and seaworthiness, it is estimated that seadromes will stay at sea for forty years, with repairs made only from aboard the drome itself.

The estimated cost of the four seadromes, fully equipped, anchored on the Atlantic route is about $32,000,000, or less than the cost of a new ultra-modern 32 knot trans-Atlantic liner of the Queen Mary type. This sum includes the cost of terminal facilities. For the use of these airport facilities, toll fees will be charged on mail, express and passengers. Through the functioning of the seadromes as aids to trans-Atlantic flying, the need for large subsidies will not exist. The service will be carried on with normal equipment at a normal operating cost. In these circumstances, competitive bidding for the carrying of mails will be possible in most countries and, thus, the likelihood of a virtual monopoly, which might result without seadromes, will be eliminated. The principal operating expenses will be incurred in the operation and maintenance of the seadromes and land terminals, the latter being chiefly meteorological, radio direction and communication stations.

The course for the seadromes to be used as refueling and meteorological stations by international airmail and passenger lines, especially those of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Spain, across the 40th parallel of latitude, lies along the southerly route over the Atlantic, southeast from New York, thence to the Azores and from there northeast to Ferrol, Spain or Lisbon, Portugal.

Generally the seadromes will be favored by the warming influences of the Gulf Stream and by the semi-tropical latitude of Bermuda and the Azores. Apart from their use as ocean airports that can be repaired and maintained at sea indefinitely, these artificial islands will prove ideal health and pleasure resorts winter and summer. The deep sea fisherman, too, will find abundant satisfaction right on the seadrome for the enjoyment of his leisurely pastime. The oceanographic and other marine loving scientists will be able to descend 208 feet below the surface to study submarine life. Persons seeking week-end outings by plane in a semi-tropical ocean climate will also find a new, if not unexpected, avenue for relaxation, while others with the charm of distant lands in mind, will demonstrate week-end visits to Europe as being not only a possible but a comparatively inexpensive journey. For the estimated one-way fare will not exceed $300.

Following considerable meteorological study, the route crossing the fortieth parallel of latitude has been selected because it offers the best climatic conditions and the minimum weather hazard. It lies south of the North Atlantic storm belt, below the sleet and ice range, beyond the coastal fog zone and north of the West Indian hurricane zone. The average temperature at the proposed stations, will be about sixty degrees Fahrenheit in the winter and eighty degrees in the summer. The maximum wind velocity will be seventy-five miles per hour and the surface current less than one knot.

The seadrome, functioning as an island airport and intermediate refueling station, is the answer of the engineer and scientist to the problems confronting non-stop, long-range oceanic flight. The total result is, that regular airplane service, between Europe and America is not merely in sight, but within two years of actual accomplishment. In the broader sense, trans-oceanic flying constitutes the last major development in the airlines of the world. The North Atlantic, however, presents a varied climatic problem combined with awkward flying distances. Curiously enough, where distances between land are the shortest, the climatic conditions are severe. One notable result is, that the great advantage of the Greenland or northern route, from the standpoint of frequent bases and refueling facilities, must be weighed against the extreme climate, while the southerly route, via Bermuda and the Azores, must be discounted due to the greater distances between land. Paradoxically on the equation of weather over a year, the longest route geographically across the North Atlantic becomes the shortest and the shortest the longest. Clearly a commercial airline must pay its cost of operation from the revenue received from the loads carried. It is, therefore, necessary from an economic standpoint to have refueling stations and to have them not too far apart. In an article published in the National Geographic magazine of September, 1934 (Vol. LXVI, No. 3), Colonel Lindbergh observes: "Every additional mile which must be flown without refueling means that more fuel and less pay-load are carried. It seems probable that methods will be perfected to refuel planes at sea in the future. They may be refueled from a ship or on a landing platform or from another plane in flight." It is obvious that a plane engaged in making a six hundred mile flight would be able to carry several times the number of passengers it could convey on a two thousand mile flight. While the flying range of airplanes has been greatly increased, particularly during the last few years, and while planes have been developed, which are capable of making non-stop flights of, let us say, three thousand miles, economically speaking such long distance flights have little or no commercial significance. Fuel load is an insuperable bar to pay-load The enormous quantity of fuel necessary in sustained flight over a 3,000 mile course taxes to the limit the initial lifting capacity of planes designed for long range flying. Obviously, within their economic flying range, a large increase in payload would result were it possible for planes engaged in flying across the Atlantic to refuel en route.

The seadrome project has been approved by the Public Works Administration and now awaits the allocation of funds. Recent developments in this country took the form of an application by the Seadrome Corporation to the U. S. Government for a loan to build and permanently anchor at sea four seadromes. In November, 1933, the Secretary of Commerce, Daniel C. Roper, publicly announced that the Commerce Department had decided to initiate the project by having built a quarter section of one seadrome at a cost of approximately one million five hundred thousand dollars. As it was necessary to have the approval of the State Department, the War Department, and particularly the Navy Department, the Secretary of Commerce suggested that President Roosevelt appoint a committee to study the entire seadrome project. This committee was created under the chairmanship of the Secretary of Commerce. At a meeting of the Committee—representative of the Commerce Department, Postmaster General, Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Department, State Department and the Air Corps—the Department of State expressed the opinion that the United States Government had the unquestioned right to anchor seadromes permanently, upon the high seas, provided that their purpose was peaceful and that they were not placed and used in such a manner as to interfere with, or impede, free surface navigation. The absolute authority of a nation, it was pointed out, ends with the three mile belt of the marginal sea adjacent to its territory. In conformity with international law, a seadrome is not a derelict, but either an island or a ship. It can be anchored more or less permanently to the ocean bed. If an island, it, as such, enjoys distinctive rights, including, for example, a twelve mile protective limit right. If, in respect of its being equipped with 2400 horse power, a seadrome is a mobile marine air dock, capable of electrical propulsion, and thus, a ship, it can be placed, without let or hindrance, anywhere on the broad seas. These are matters that may continue to be debated long after seadromes are built and planted in the ocean.

After twenty years spent in evolution, test and design, certification of the seadrome as a Federal approved project in America, has heightened the interest of European nations, notably Great Britain, France and Italy, in its practicability as a super-aid to oceanic flying. Endorsed by France, the British plan favors the building of two seadromes in Great Britain, at a cost of $5,000,000 each, one of which would be paid for by Canada. The third seadrome would be built by France and Italy, or France alone, and the fourth—one only—by America. It is now increasingly evident that, if this country does not proceed within a few months to build a terminal seadrome, as approved, Europe will complete the chain of four. And she would do so for many reasons. In the case of Great Britain, the Imperial Defense Committee have drawn up an elaborate scheme of British Empire Defense to be submitted to each Dominion. Observing that sea spaces are becoming without question, the major theatre of future air activity, also that air services are coming to be regarded as an indication of national prestige—it provides for adequate protection

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# Bridging the Atlantic

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of all chief strategic links to the Dominions, Gibraltar, Suez, Colombo, Singapore and Hongkong. Defenses are to be modernized with new and stronger defenses established. Coördination is sought between the Royal Air Force and flying services in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada. Dominion air forces are to be regarded as reinforcing units of the home air force, thus creating an empire air force. Seadromes, strategically planted on ocean aerial routes, may play, it is thought, an important role in the interlinking of the Dominions with the mother country, and thus, if need be, in Empire defense. Writing in the *London Times*, October 27th, 1934, Captain the Right Honorable Frederick Guest, M.P. observes:

> "There is a different but still extremely important conclusion to be drawn from 'this race' (to Melbourne, Australia). The route taken by the competitors is not the only one to Australia, and we know the great political and natural difficulties which still must be overcome in order to make this the normal route. There is another route, east to west over the Atlantic, over the United States and down the Pacific, a purely Anglo-Saxon route. This route follows an atmosphere band where the weather is the most reliable and where natural obstacles, such as mountains, are the rarest. The only thing required to make it practicable is seadromes. Experiments with a type of floating platform which is unaffected by storms have made tremendous progress recently in the United States, and it is only a question of time before seadromes become as easy to construct as a well-equipped seaport."

France has an ardent supporter of seadromes in Bleriot, who made the first flight across the English Channel twenty-five years ago. After attending the recent International Air Federation Congress in Washington, the veteran airman, who is a designer of planes and is now working on a type suitable for regular air service between New York and Europe, said "such a service would be practicable when seadromes were available. The placing of seadromes between New York and Paris will mean to ocean air transportation what the opening of the Panama and Suez Canals meant to shipping." In effect, it will mean an aerial highway from London, Paris, Madrid and Rome to the Azores, Bermuda across Canada, or the United States and thence via the Hawaiian Islands to Australia and New Zealand.

In the air, Europe's traditional policy is "speed with safety." Stressing this policy, there is very little night flying in the Old World. The Atlantic's weather drift being against the west-bound flyer, a much greater degree of safety is required in normal flight to America than in the opposite direction. In turning to seadromes as a measure conducive to the well-being of the passenger, Europe takes rightful cognizance of the differential also of the fact that, the cost of labor being lower in European countries, it will be possible to build seadromes cheaper there than in America.

The interlinking of the British Empire by air provokes a patriotic response within the Empire. The Dominion of Canada anticipates a twenty-four hour overland flight schedule to Vancouver, thence to the Orient and a two and one-half day aerial contact with Australia and New Zealand. The seadrome system would interlink not only Bermuda, but also Montreal, and other eastern Canadian cities.

While there is no technical barrier to high speeds, the maximum speeds recently achieved in the United States and in the London-Melbourne Race are impossible of translation into day-to-day commercial practice. Apart from economics, on the basis of safety alone, it would not be safe, in a commercial route, to fly 2,000 miles over the ocean without adequate and exact weather information, or on the basis of information haphazardly prepared from such meager data as might be furnished by passenger steamships. Even on the best routes, storms on the Atlantic are frequent and often exceed gale force. A forced landing at night, during a gale, by even the largest flying boat could have but one result, disaster. Recently in the quieter waters of the Pacific Ocean, Lieutenant Charles T. P. Ulm, George Littlejohn and J. Leon Skilling lost their lives. In a flight planned from Oakland to Australia, via Hawaii, their plane, "The Star of Australia," forced down presumably through a shortage of gasoline, struck the water. If the plane was not much damaged by alighting and the fliers were able to seal the gasoline tanks, the craft might have remained afloat two days, especially as the weather was comparatively good and the seas calm. It is not pleasant, however, to reflect on the long hours of slow despair that might have preceded the deaths of those fliers—men whose names are written on a roll of honor, dedicated to those not afraid to die in a good cause. Thirty-four planes and twenty-three surface ships searched the neighboring waters but in vain. So spaced that they could not fail to sight the lost plane, if it were in the general area covered, destroyers were instructed to go four hundred miles northeast and submarines three hundred miles. But all the ships could hardly hope to find a small plane to which the fliers might be clinging somewhere in the wide Pacific. How much more futile the hope of survival, or success in being picked up, in a rough sea or in stormy weather!

It has frequently been asserted by those advocating non-stop ocean routes, that, in the event of trouble, a landing could easily and safely be made on the ocean. Unfortunately it is not so simple! On the best route, over ninety per cent of the time the waves will exceed fifteen feet and not infrequently, twenty-five feet in height. Under such sea conditions, landing and taking off of the largest flying boats proposed, approximately the size of the old Dornier X of 7,000 horse power, depending on wing tanks or wing stubs for lateral stability, would always prove a dangerous proceeding. To suppose that such a craft would and could weather a North Atlantic or Pacific gale, while surface craft travel possibly 1,000 to 1,500 miles to rescue it, is simply to ignore realities. Rightly, those advocating such route operation, do not carry passengers for several years, so under this system, the high purpose of speeding up international travel must be postponed indefinitely. Fundamentally it is a system, which, at best, is not devoid of hazard.

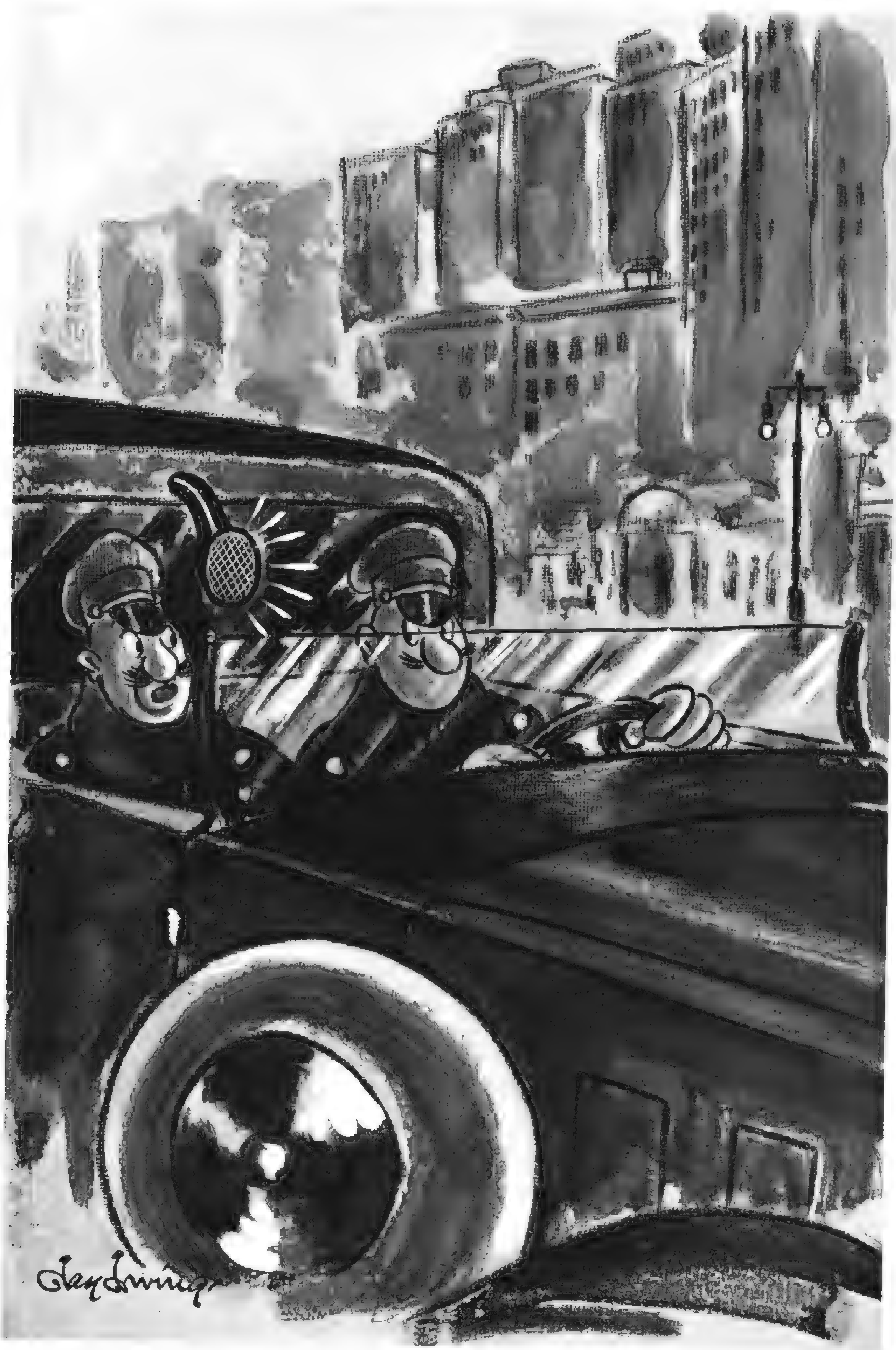
Airmail to and from Europe, will, on both sides of the Atlantic, cut cable expenses, quicken trade and helpfully supplement all other forms of communication now in effect. One may readily visualize from the results of the few hops that have been made between America and Europe and from the establishment of air routes to Central and South America, what a trans-Atlantic air service will mean in the promotion of international good-will and friendliness. Seadromes will aid in lending wings to foreign commerce. By slashing shipping time to one-third, air express over the oceans will cut unproductive foreign inventory to the vanishing point. "Goods in transit" means unproductive capital. Oceanic air express, with quick delivery, preferential treatment eliminating customs delay, will make capital work faster. The pathway of aviation, speeding trade and commerce, transporting passengers, mail and express, with incredible speed, is unavoidably international.

After all, the factors that hold nations apart are largely geographical and when we bring Europe within twenty to thirty hours of America, a large step will have been taken toward the cultivation of world unity of feeling, and trade reciprocity.

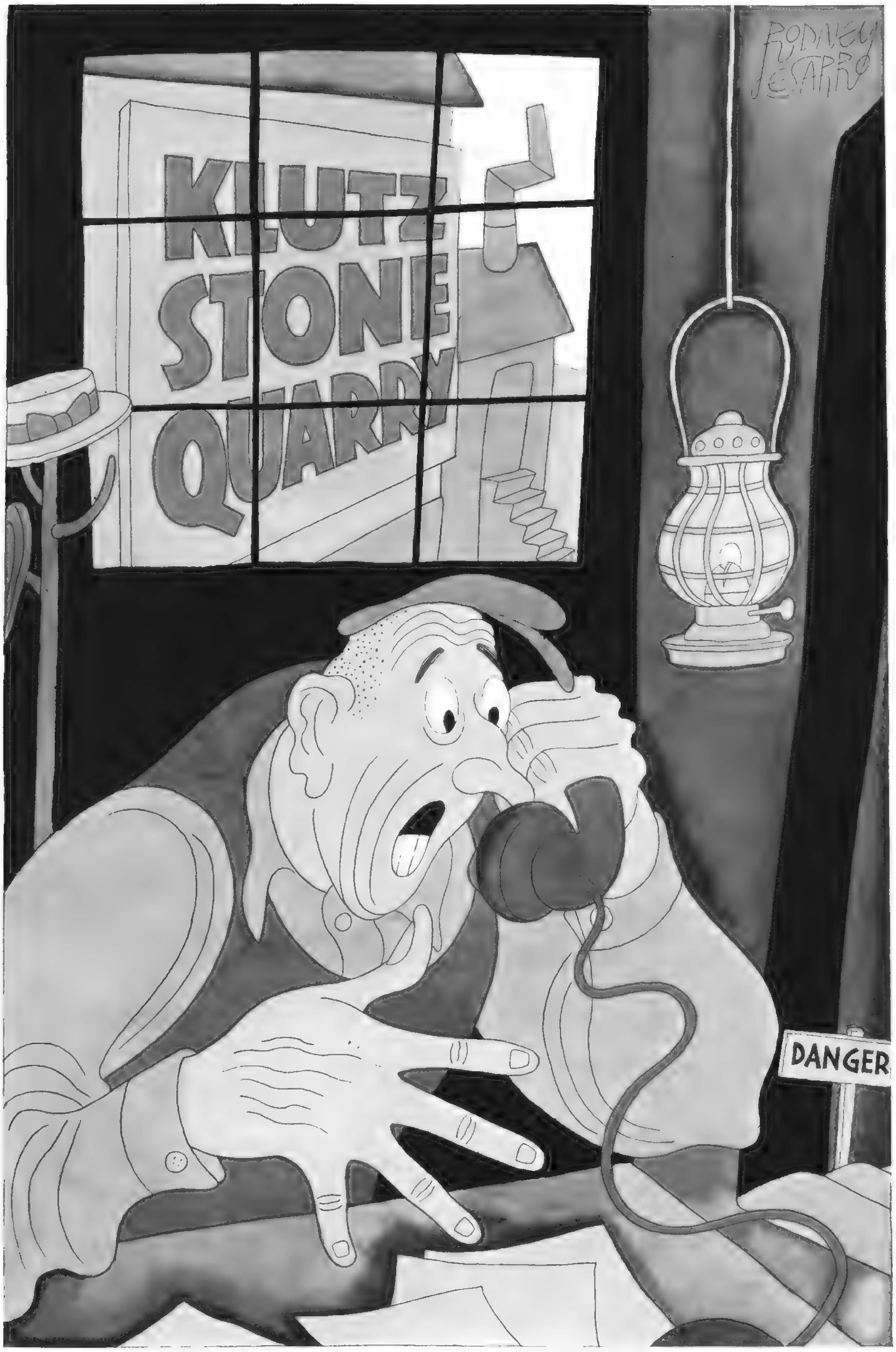
With its deck fifty feet from the waterline, the Armstrong Seadrome will escape the highest waves of the North Atlantic. The 1,500-foot landing surface will permit heavily loaded planes to take off and land with complete safety. The center of gravity of the seadrome is well below its center of buoyancy. This effect is produced by the counterbalance ballast tanks, which repose 208 feet below the surface of the sea. As there is no lateral movement of water in wave action and as the supporting columns of the seadrome are streamlined where the project rises through the disturbed surface of the sea, waves pass through the openwork structure exerting no force and releasing no energy. Moreover, the supporting columns are so small relatively that they do not break up wave motion. The damping effect of the horizontal flat tops of the ballast and buoyance tanks effectively checks any tendency that the seadrome might have to rise and fall as the buoyance of each column is slightly changed by greater or lesser immersion. Moreover there is a high pressure zone in the trough of a wave and a low pressure zone in the crest and this almost exactly counteracts the effect of greater or lesser submersion.

Weather conditions make landing on the ocean to refuel impractical. A ship provided with a landing deck, similar to naval aircraft carriers, will roll and pitch in a high sea, making anchorage impossible and flying operations extremely hazardous. Only an even surface, unaffected by the movement of the waves, can be relied upon under all weather conditions. The seadrome will meet this requirement.

The seadrome is a steel and iron openwork structure with a six-acre deck 70 feet above the water-line and buoyancy tanks averaging 40 feet below same. Waves, even in a full-blown gale, pass through the supporting columns without breaking or exerting any impact force on the structure. Ballast chambers, filled with iron ore, 160 feet below the surface give the seadrome stability.



*"Hey! You're wanted on th' phone"*


KLUTZ STONE QUARRY
DANGER
RODNEY DE SARRO

*"Say, boss, I just blasted, and diamonds flew out. What'll I do?"*

# Deserter from the Legion

*Continued from page 71*

ness and soreness. I had reached my goal and now I felt safe. Painfully, I made the three miles to the town. When I came to the gate, I could barely drag one foot in front of the other. It was still night, when I entered the gate, unobserved. The streets were deserted and I went straight to the house of the British official who had been so kind to me.

He warmly welcomed me and told me it was my lucky day. The ship on which I hoped to escape had just that day come into port and would sail again this very day.

I was given food and warm water for washing myself. After eating, I washed my uniform, for I would have to go out soon to find means of boarding the ship. It would be fairly safe to go about town, providing my uniform was presentable, as there were a great many Legioneers in town at the recuperation fort. I slept until noon, and when awakened felt quite fit again. I was informed by my friend that it would be well for me to go out and stroll towards the port. The ship had pulled a short distance into the bay and lay at anchor.

In an hour I went out and found that no one paid the slightest attention to me. There were a number of Legioneers on the street. As I neared the port, my friend and the Captain of the ship passed me. He caught my eye, just for a minute, but I saw the meaning of it, and knew that all would be well.

I started directly to the dock and came face-to-face with the Sergeant who had arranged my transportation back to Siada. He stopped me and asked why I was back. I informed him that I had been sent back to the recuperation fort, and would report presently. He remarked that this was an odd procedure, but ordered me to report at once with papers, and left. As I watched, he seemed to be going a little too fast for my ease. Turning, I went as quickly as possible to a point at the landing corner of the first pier where there was a growth of palms. Walking near it and seeing that I was unobserved, I dashed into the growth, tore off my blouse and jumped into the water and under the pier. Here I stripped off the rest of my clothing. It would have been impossible to have gone out on the dock as it was guarded by gendarmes to keep Legioneers away.

Keeping close to the side of the pier, my head barely out of the water, I worked my way around as quietly as possible. As I rounded the corner of the pier, I saw three men swimming and it was with great relief that I noticed they were speaking English. They were sailors from the ship and as I swam out they joined me. One man handed me a pair of trunks under the water and I put them on unobserved by the gendarmes on the dock, who had not noticed there was an additional swimmer.

We reached the ship and climbed up a rope and aboard. No one seemed to see anything strange about my entrance. One of the men took me to the coal bunker of the ship, for safety. Here he dug into the top of the fine coal pile and, climbing up, I squeezed flat against the deck above and worked in behind an "I" beam which supported the deck. The coal was replaced and I was safely hidden although I was terribly uncomfortable.

The ship did not sail in an hour as I had been told it would. The port authorities had held it for search. The Sergeant from the fort had become suspicious and wiring Siada, discovered I had deserted. He, of course, had then notified authorities in the town. They were convinced I had slipped aboard one of the ships.

Then came the search. Parts of my uniform had been found floating in the water. The ship was searched three times. Still they could not find me.

At last the ship cleared, and I think it was the greatest thrill I have ever known in my life when I heard the anchor being raised and the drone of the ship's motors starting, as we pulled out into the Mediterranean Sea. At last I was safe, really safe.

An hour later, the ship being well under way, the same sailor dug me out of the coal. After washing and being given clothes, I reported to the captain as a stowaway. He informed me I would have to work until we reached London and there, he would have to turn me over to port authorities.

There followed days of rest and good food, with very little work and finally we docked in the Millwall dock at London. The port authorities came aboard the ship and told me not to leave the boat, which was now deserted. A policeman hearing my story came to the ship to see me and I got him to telephone Lady Astor. He came back and reported she was out of town. However, her secretary was trying to get in touch with her.

That afternoon a port official came aboard and said he had received word from the Chief Immigration official, through Lady Astor, to take me to Mr. Skinner, the American General Consul.

Mr. Skinner proved to be kind and helpful. He listened to my story with quite a bit of amusement. He had received a telephone call from Lady Astor and had already cabled the United States for my confirmation of my citizenship. I was then turned over to Mr. George Whitehead of the American Y. M. C. A. in London, who had been instructed to get me proper clothing and look after me while there. He had also cabled my parents.

A few days later an American freighter docked in the Thames River at London. Mr. Skinner, fearing that some complications might arise due to my being in London, put me aboard. Thirty-one days later the ship docked in San Pedro, California, after a southern voyage through the Panama Canal. For the first time in nearly two years, I put my foot on American soil.

# Nine Ladies vs. Fate

*Continued from page 53*

He was a pinched-up little man and I made myself stare at the wart on the side of his nose that I'd always hated. I spoke up, too loudly, "Well, I haven't had a day off in three years and I'd like a two-week vacation—Oscar can take my place."

He thought it over, narrowing his small watery eyes with the pale lashes. "Well," he said, "just so's you don't expect no pay and get back on time, I'm willing."

That left only Vera Snyder yet to tell, and I had a date with her. She and I had been going together steady ever since high school and it was sort of understood we'd be married some day. She looked almost noble under a street lamp that evening—the kind of sweet, sensible girl who'd make a young fellow want to settle down—and I wondered if Lester Crane, the new manual training teacher, would beat my time while I was gone. It was like pulling teeth to break the news.

"Why, Harry Howe!" she said, starting to cry. "Those women are nothing but—*strumpets*."

Somehow, coming from Vera, the word sounded worse than anything I'd ever heard in the barber shop. I had to beg a long while before she dried her eyes; and I can still remember that wooden sidewalk and the big, dark leaves of the catalpas against the sky. "Oh, all right," she said at last. "I suppose if you must, you must." That was as near as she came to approval, and I felt guilty when I parted from her.

At train-time I dodged up a back street to the depot and waited at the end of the cinder platform, climbing aboard the last coach. Gus scowled at me. He was in a bad temper because Ed, the big pitcher who took Lucy's place in the box after a few innings, had got drunk that night and now lay sprawled over two seats like a bag of meal. "It's a shame, too," said Lucy solemnly. "He'd be up in the big leagues if he didn't booze so bad."

The local stopped for every milk can, and it was turning gray in the east when we got off at Ozone City. But it gave me a big thrill to straggle along with the sleepy troupe to a rooming house across from the depot.

The bashful ordeal of meeting the ladies again at breakfast had me awake and dressing before six. My peg-tops ballooned at the hips and tapered down to three-inch cuffs; the coat came half-way to the knees with a stylish outward flare, and the pockets had pointed flaps which buttoned. With a narrow-brimmed hat, lofty collar, bumpy-toed shoes and fire-opal stickpin, I felt as nobby as any traveling man. But even new clothes couldn't save me from embarrassment in the dining room and I was glad when Lucy asked me to take her for a walk.

She had the trusting, confiding air of a puppy. As she trotted along beside me in her tight hobble-skirt she told me that she had been raised on an Indiana farm, the tomboy of a large family, and had run away to join a tent-show when she was sixteen.

The two gilt blondes were the "Devere sisters," Sadie and Flo, keeping the alluring name after a brief vaudeville tour. During the winter they were in cheap burlesque, which made them feel more sophisticated than the rest of the girls. They laced heroically and were very proud of their fash-

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## Nine Ladies vs. Fate

*Continued from page 119*

ionable hour-glass figures; when Main Street loafers ogled them they were always ready with, "Twenty-three for you!" or "Buy a drum and beat it!" . . . After firing one girl for an all-night date with a traveling man, Gus watched Flo and Sadie suspiciously.

But Mrs. Bensinger, who shared the outfield with them, was a motherly soul. Thirty-six seemed aged to me then, and I was amazed at the nimble way she could beat out a bunt to first. A Dakota farm wife, she'd learned the game with her three sons; she saved her earnings all summer, doing the club mending for extra pay, and went back to the lonely homestead when the season ended.

The tall, statuesque Miss Simmons, who held down first base as well as any man, was nicknamed "Lady Macbeth." She had played a few such heavy roles in obscure stock companies and never quite recovered. She was a melancholy ash blonde, at least thirty, and used an affected stage voice in speaking of the most ordinary things.

Our best lady player was Bea Swanson at shortstop. I'll always remember her in the hotel parlor threading a pink ribbon through an enormous camisole . . . how she'd blush and hide the garment! She was huge, elephantine, grotesque as anything in a comic strip; and in defense she had become a suffragette. "Ay ban better man than any man on earth!" she would boast; but her childish eyes were pitiful, pleading, and I understood why Gus had once punched a fellow for mocking her. Yet on the diamond she was amazingly fast, even graceful, and after Gus the best sticker on the team.

Six ladies and three men, without a substitute, we were small pumpkins compared with the other Bloomer teams touring the country. We took what they left, often without a guarantee on a risky percentage. It was Gus's first shaky venture as a promotor on his own hook, and he'd been licked from the start. It rained most of my beginning week with the club and we collected on only three games. A big Sunday date which Gus counted on for pay-day was stopped by the preachers at the last minute, and the ghost limped in with five dollars apiece.

My second week was no better. At Lark, Illinois we played to about forty people and next day it had to rain again. The big Fourth of July game at Acropolis, down in the coal mine country, was our last hope. We hit town with less than ten dollars in the treasury and Gus called us all in the hotel parlor for a conference. He stared at the wire racks of picture post cards and began:

"I guess you know we're busted. All season you nine ladies—"

"Only six," pointed out Sadie Devere.

Gus scowled. "You're a ladies' nine, aren't you? Well! What I started to say was that after all this hard luck—"

"*Fate!*" interrupted Lady Macbeth in a rich, dramatic whisper.

"All right, call it fate if you want to, but we've been versus lots of bad breaks and we're through for the season unless we win tomorrow. These miners are hot sports and I made a deal to play 'em for the gate, winner take all, see? That's our last chance. They got a hired pitcher but if Ed gets going good and Bea hits we got a show for the money."

"I'll pitch league ball," Ed promised. His weak chin and sad, alcoholic eyes meant what he said, too, but he always tumbled off the wagon right when he was needed most. Just one little snort for a bracer, then he was lost.

So it wasn't any surprise when he turned up missing after supper, the night before the game at Acropolis, and Gus sent us out looking for him. Lucy and I went together around the carnival grounds and finally stopped at the outdoor dance pavilion. The band was playing "Everybody's Doing It" and the dancers were swaying to the bear or turkey trot. Suddenly I glanced at Lucy and she was crying! She hurried away from the crowd and I followed.

"That music's so pretty!" she said when she could talk. "And—and I'm so daffy about Gus, I can't bear it if we bust up tomorrow and I lose him!"

I hadn't realized. It was a jolt to me, because I had quite a crush on Lucy myself, but I tried to comfort her with awkward thumps on the shoulder.

Ed was carried up to his room by several miners about four in the morning—probably they'd got him soused on purpose. By game time he was still so bleary and unsteady that the best he could do was play right field without being propped up.

Lucy was our only pitcher and she'd never been strong enough for more than three or four innings. We were first to bat, of course, and Gus was mad enough to sock his own mother when he stepped up to the plate. He slammed the very first pitched ball over the right fielder's head for a three-bagger!

That took some of the confidence out of the hired Acropolis hurler, and the crowd was so silent you could hear it. There must have been twelve or fourteen hundred, the biggest mob I'd ever seen at a ball game then, and they looked tough enough to lynch us if they lost.

Ed was next to bat. Probably he never saw the ball but by some miracle he managed to poke a Texas leaguer over second, fetching Gus home. The girls on the bench were screaming for a hit when I walked up to the platter, and I remember praying myself. The first pitch, a fast one with a wicked hop, showed me that the big semi-pro had the stuff all right; but my line drive went between short and third for a stinging single.

Big Bea was our "cleanup man." Her little blue eyes danced with rage and I don't think that even Ed Walsh could have fanned her that time. She had a strike and two balls on her—then at the crack of the bat I started running and didn't stop until I slid into home. Bea wound up at second, still muttering at the pitcher.

Mrs. Bensinger laid down a bunt and beat it to first while Bea was held on second. Lady Macbeth let four wide ones go past and filled the bases. . . . But this was too good to last, so near the end of our batting order. One Devere sister struck out, the other fouled to first. Lucy, our weakest hitter, fanned.

The boost to our spirits was worth more than the three runs. We took the field with new pep, not as a team beaten before it started. Gus sent Lucy into the box with an encouraging whack. "Slow-ball 'em to death, kid! These hicks aren't used to southpaw throwing, see?"

She gulped and nodded. Her slow roundhouse curves and the new knuckle ball that Ed had taught her had the mine boys falling all over themselves trying to kill it. They went down in a row on pop flies or soft infield assists.

The next two innings were goose-eggs for both sides, even when Acropolis shoved a man as far as third. But in the fourth the miners began to time Lucy better; they connected for two earned runs and with two out filled the bases.

"Steady, girl! Take it easy, honey!" Gus called from behind the plate. Her freckled face, already white with strain, lighted up eagerly.

The batter got under a teaser and arched a high fly to right that any schoolboy could have nabbed. But Ed's bloodshot eyes misjudged the ball and two more scores trickled in.

Acropolis 4, Bloomers 3—with five innings yet to play.

In the last of the fifth they tallied again by smacking Lucy for three straight singles, and we were lucky to get off that easy. It was the same old story in the sixth when another run put them three ahead. Both sessions we went down in a row, eating out of the pitcher's hand.

Somehow Lucy managed to hold them scoreless in the seventh, although she was so tired that the plate must have seemed a mile away. I came up to bat in our half of the eighth and made first on an infield error. Bea stopped glaring at the pitcher long enough to rap out a single, but I was stopped at second until Mrs. Bensinger's weak grounder forced me out at third. Lady Macbeth, looking haughty as ever in spite of the yells from the crowd, lifted one over third to load the bags with only one out.

The hired pitcher bore down and Sadie Devere whiffed. Then with two out and two strikes on Flo, another miracle saved our necks—the Acropolis shortstop muffed her easy pop-up and threw wild, handing us our fourth score on a silver tray.

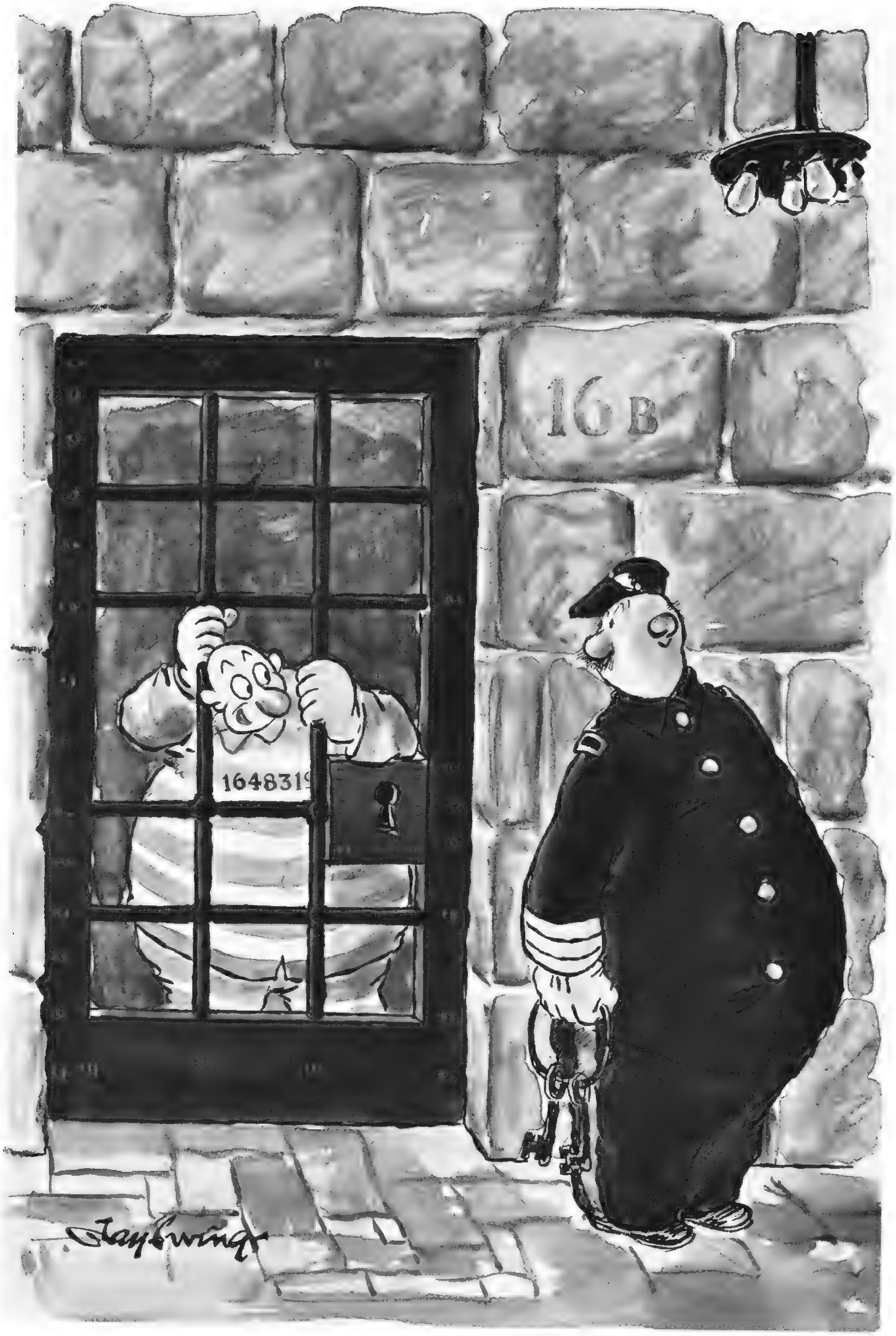
Lord, Lord! Two out and three on, with Lucy at bat! It was tough that the big chance had to bring up our poorest hitter, and the head of the batting list just around the corner.

Her shoulders sagging, Lucy let the first one streak past for a called strike. A ball was next. Another ball. And then while I held my breath the pitcher wound up, there was the white flash of his fast one and the sickening impact of hard leather against soft flesh. Lucy dropped her bat, writhing as she clutched her left arm.

It was so perfect that I wasn't sure myself whether it was an accident or not. Anyhow, that umpire had intestines. He motioned Lucy to first and half a dozen constables pushed the bellowing crowd out of the diamond. Bea was forced home for another run while Lucy held up her wrist with a white, sick grin.

Now we were only one behind and Gus

*Continued on page 122*


16 B
1648319
Jay Irving

*"Ooh ooh! Can I come out?"*

## Nine Ladies vs. Fate

*Continued from page 120*

would have connected with a cannon ball to drive home those gate receipts! His screaming double put us one run to the good, and with the count seven to six in our favor we were too excited to care when Ed fanned.

But Lucy didn't go back to the mound when we took the field in the last of the eighth. She and Gus went into a huddle at the plate which ended with a call for me. "You got to pitch," he told me. "Lucy's hurt bad and Ed's too shaky—you got to stop 'em two innings or I'll cut your heart out and eat it!"

It was no good protesting . . . I pitched. How I don't know, because all I had was a glove and a prayer. But what a prayer, what a prayer! I prayed that they wouldn't hit or if they did that it wouldn't go to Lucy on second base with her fractured throwing arm. She was doing a good job of pretending but Acropolis knew they had us in a hole.

That inning took years. We retired them at last, after two hits against me, but I was sure my hair was turning gray. We were easy marks at bat in our half of the ninth and it was up to me again. "Them gate receipts, remember!" Gus croaked hoarsely as he shoved me toward the box.

The first man singled. But I knew there was a Santa Claus when the next batter hit into an easy double play, Bea covering second. With two out, just like that, it must have gone to my head—I turned with a sick feeling in the solar plexus and watched my next pitch sail over Mrs. Bensinger's head for a triple. Only her quick relay saved us from a homer and tied game.

While the runner danced off third, the man at the plate swung a club that looked to me like a wagon tongue. He took a mighty swipe and missed. Gus made me kill time till I felt better, and I put everything I had into my one roundhouse curve. The batter straightened it out into a sizzling grounder between first and second. I tumbled in my wild dive for the ball but Lucy was waiting and took it on the bounce with her gloved hand.

With the man on third tearing for home she hesitated—only a ghastly fraction of a second—before she ran toward first, her left arm hanging limp, to beat the runner to the bag. When she saw it was too late she made a last desperate lunge for momentum and pushed rather than threw with her gloved hand. The ball dropped halfway and rolled to one side, but Lady Macbeth somehow picked it out of the dirt in time.

After it was all over Lucy collapsed in a heap, just where she stood. Gus charged across the diamond without taking off his mask and carried her to the bench.

"How damn dumb of me," she said when she opened her eyes, "not to get hit some other place!"

At the hotel the mining company doctor treated her for a slight green-stick fracture. And when the Acropolis miners heard that Lucy and Gus were to be married, nothing would do but a public ceremony on the fair grounds next day after the airplane flight. Of course I had to stay for the wedding even if it did mean getting home a day late for my job.

Gus had 'phoned a Chicago agency for three new lady players but he invited me with the team as long as I liked. "O. K.," he said when I made my excuses. "But any time you want to try your luck in the city, let me know. I got a pal in the athletic goods graft, see?"

The train that hauled me back to Teheran didn't realize how I felt or it would have started backing up. On the depot platform Snip Barton spotted me first thing. "Hi, Harry!" he yelled so all the loafers could hear. "The new manual training teacher has went and beat your time with Vera!"

He didn't muff it. After Mother had lectured me and gone to bed with one of her sick headaches, I found a package addressed in Vera's round, regular hand. She'd sent back my letters and the lavalliere I gave her. . . . And when I reported at the store in the morning, Mr. Sipps fired me in less time than it takes to tell it. Oscar Nelson had my job—in fact, he still has it to this day.

With my girl, my job and my reputation lost, there was only one thing left to do: I wired Gus for help and started for the city. And here I am.

The sudden silence in the office was long enough to bridge the gap of years between Teheran, Wis. and the Olympic Athletic Goods Co. The *Argus* reporter still leaned forward, a dead cigar in his clutch. . . But all at once an annoyed frown crossed the plump features of Harrison C. Howe, as if he felt that he had been doddering. The old brisk decision came back as he glanced at the electric grandfather clock. "Naturally," he said, "these trifling reminiscences are not for publication, and I shall expect to see the proofs. . . . Home training, country environment, early discipline, sticking to the job—I believe I've already sufficiently emphasized those qualities which make for business success. That's all!"

## Fear at Forty Feet

*Continued from page 56*

young progeny of the still present giant devil fish?

I couldn't tell; nor, as it happens, could anyone else. All octopi are not of the giant branch of the family, but when they are small and immature they are very difficult to classify accurately. Their mere presence constituted an uncertain, nebulous menace and, when I considered it seriously, never failed to evoke a tremor of apprehensive timidity. I could not forget the piece of whale's skin that I had seen in the Kensington Museum in London that bore the scars of combat with a giant octopus, every suction cup having left a permanent mark larger than a dinner plate!

The whale had oviously won that fight, but I was quite positive that I would be unable to escape from even an infinitely smaller devil fish.

One day which was particularly adapted for submarine observation because of the absence of sand in the water and the penetrating brilliance of the tropical sun I watched with keenest interest a battle on the reefs—a battle that was foreordained to last to the death, yet which was carried on entirely without discernible motion between the straining, fighting combatants.

A starfish had ambled into my range of vision and slowly searched among the gay, pastel colored tube worms, sprouting from their flexible cylinders along the floor of the sea, for what it might devour. Its path was marked by a drab streak of grey and brown, where the sand and coral showed after the marine petunias and morning glories that were really animals had withdrawn into their protective homes.

Then it met a bivalve, a marine mussel that had been securely concreted to its home on the reef for years. The mollusk had been feeding, gently pumping the water of the bay through its elaborate and efficient digestive apparatus, when the starfish approached. While the lumbering creature was still inches away the two halves of the mussel's armor flicked shut in response to some mysterious, telepathic warning that dreadful danger was at hand.

I could almost imagine the starfish licking its chops—or doing the aquatic equivalent—as it hurried to the mussel. Deliberately it crawled onto the top of the shell and settled comfortably. And that was all there was to see of the battle, but it was the beginning of a struggle to the death, nevertheless.

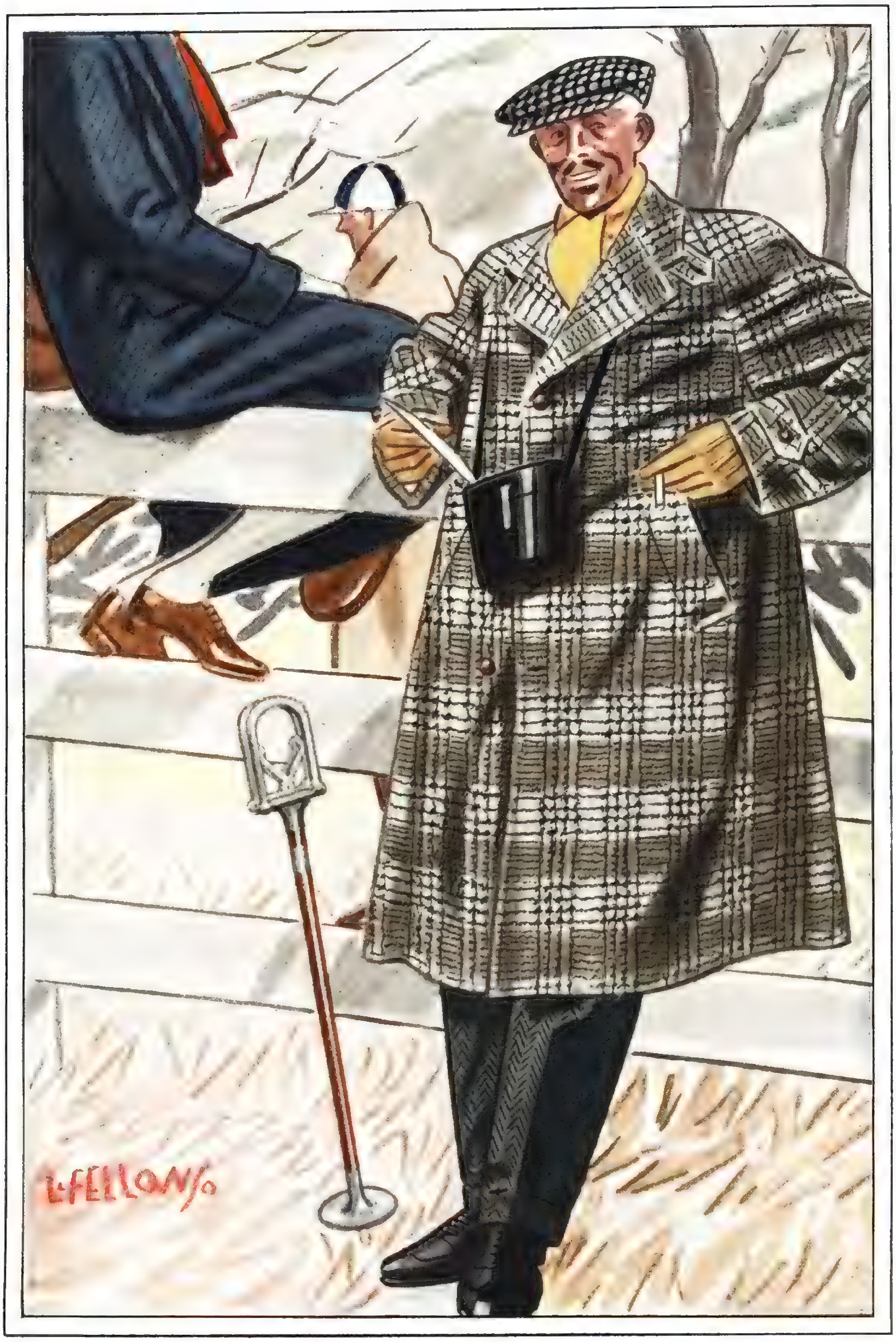
Astride the mussel, the starfish was slowly but inexorably exerting an increasingly strong suction that was designed to pull the protecting shells apart. Within those shells the mussel was as determinedly resisting that pressure and strove to keep its armor clamped close; but the result was inevitable. Slowly the shells parted, a single arm of the starfish penetrated the narrow opening—and that unfortunate bivalve went the way of all mussels when they are discovered by a hungry starfish.

To watch the struggle as closely as possible I had crouched upon my knees, for I could not lower my helmet by bending. To place it in a horizontal, rather than a vertical position would have meant an influx of water, for only the air pressure within the helmet kept the water from entering from the bottom. If I destroyed the nice balance of that pressure by tilting the helmet too much it would have immediately been flooded.

As I gathered my feet under me to rise I became aware of a slight diminution in visibility. I tried to account for it and slowly realized that there was a well marked and definitely outlined shadow on the sand all about me!

Ordinarily, that would not have been alarming but shadows under water mean a lot more than shadows ashore. A small passing cloud, for example, cannot cast a shadow on the bottom that is sharp in outline because of the water's diffusion of the light rays; a sharp shadow, such as I saw, can be cast only by something that is actually in the water.

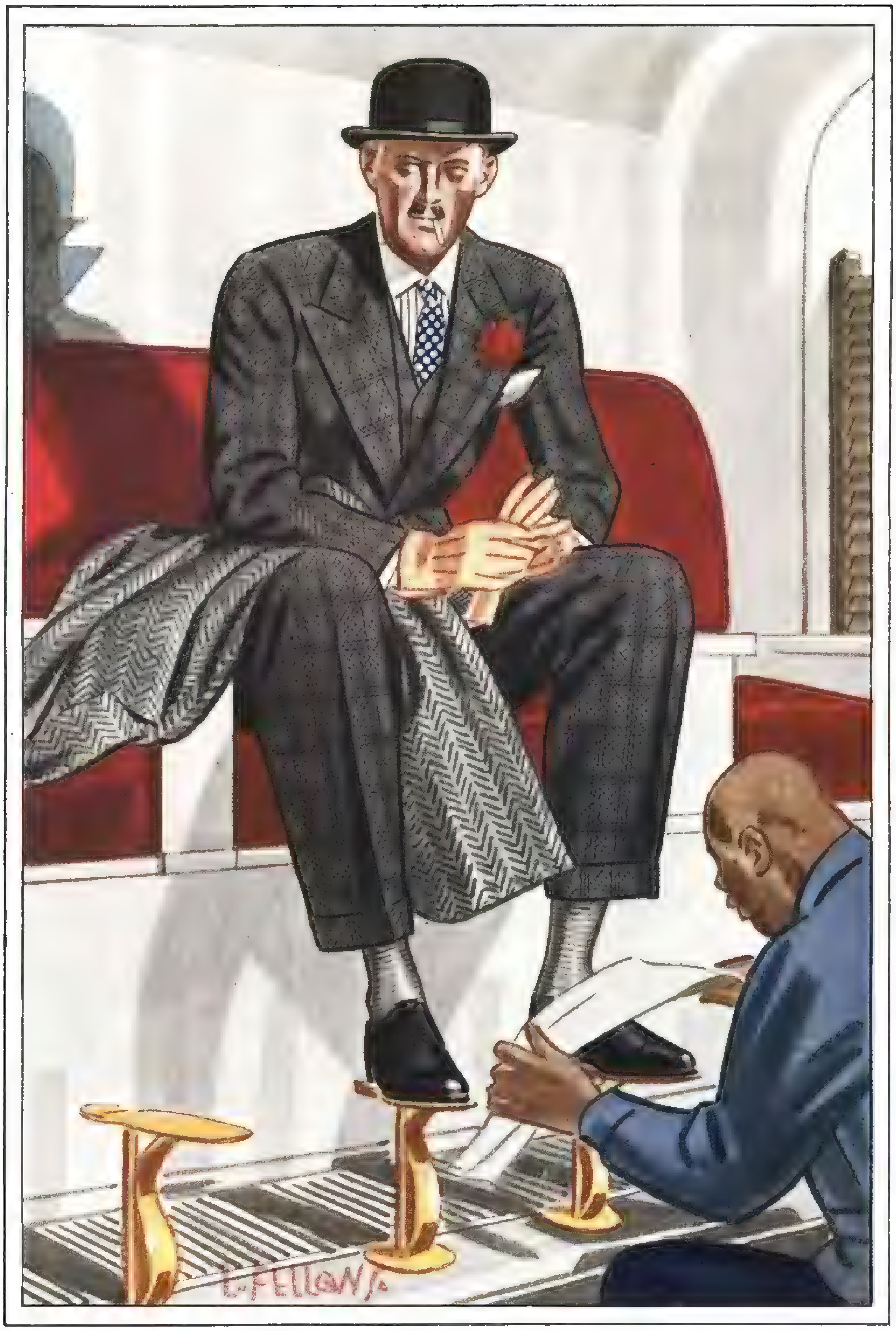
*Continued on page 125*



# MAYBE THIS IS SPRINGTIME IN SIBERIA

Please pardon the autumnal accent in the background. We're quite sure that the avowed intent was to portray a scene in early spring. But spring comes late to Middle Haddam and out of Mr. Fellows' farmhouse windows the trees and the sky and the ground probably looked exactly like this. In any event, the clothes themselves are sufficiently spring-like. The raglan topcoat is of tweed and fairly heavy (you could wear it in the fall at that, so maybe we're wrong) and it has a collar tab to match the tabs on the cuffs. The pattern is an oversized Glen Urquhart plaid. It is a true British raglan, with such characteristic details as slash pockets and leather buttons. The suit is a lovat green herringbone cheviot, worn with black heavy brogue shoes, a bright yellow wool muffler, tan buckskin gloves and a black and white shepherd check cap. This outfit is also suitable for travel.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)*



# RESTORING THE STANDING OF THE SHARKSKIN

Smooth fabrics have had rough going for the last couple of seasons, with the trend favoring soft and shaggy woolens even for town wear. But fashion's only consistency is its certainty to change, so it isn't surprising to see the smooth hard finished worsted back in the picture. Sharkskin is the hardest and smoothest of all the worsteds—in fact you can almost call it shiny, as this finish imparts a slight lustre to the cloth. This one is blue grey, with a self overplaid, made up in a three button peak lapel single breasted model. With it are smartly combined a grey and white striped soft broadcloth shirt, worn with a white stiff collar with the fashionable wide spread opening, a blue and white hound's tooth check silk tie, grey horizontal striped hose, black calf blucher shoes, a grey herringbone topcoat and a derby and, of course, the permanent (feather-made) maroon carnation.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)*

## Fear at Forty Feet

*Continued from page 122*

Trying to remain as motionless as the slight tidal current would permit, I studied the outline of that shadow. There was a fairly large center patch completely surrounding me and there were, extending from the edges of this patch, a number of waving, undulating streamers.

Tentacles!

The thought was inevitable. At last I had encountered a giant octopus! The creature was no doubt poised directly over me, ready to pounce when I moved—and my helmet prevented me from looking.

I thought fast, afraid to move and equally afraid not to because of the increasing danger created by delay. But such indecision became intolerable. I knew I could expect no help from the surface; there was nothing the boat crew could possibly do. At last I recalled, vaguely, that I had one time been told that if an octopus were suddenly and violently attacked the surprise would create a moment's grace before the counter attack—and this I determined to try.

With a blind, vicious overhead thrust of my little trident, I whirled and snapped erect, expecting to plunge the prongs into the soft body of a hovering octopus.

The force of my springing lunge carried me off the bed of the bay—and I gently sailed, with deliberate slow motion, through a huge school of small sea bass which had inexplicably gathered and hovered over my head while I was watching the conflict between the starfish and the mussel!

There must have been thousands of them. The school was at least three feet thick—so dense that it cast a solid shadow. The little fish parted unconcernedly as I floated through their ranks and even swam close to the glass in my helmet to better scrutinize their peculiar visitor. As their lips and jaws continually flushed their gills with water I was persuaded that they were silently rebuking me with the piscatorial equivalent of "Oh, bosh! Oh, bosh!"

Grinning with enormous relief, I tried to arrest my slow motion flight upward by grasping the dangling air hose beside me, only to carry it along as I ascended. I suddenly decided to go all the way up, for I doubt that I would have enjoyed anything else at the bottom of the sea that morning. It was not until I reached the surface and was pulled onto the deck of the boat that I discovered I had impaled one of those small bass on my trident.

Possibly to convince myself of man's supremacy over the lesser creatures, I had that little fish served for my dinner. The persuasion wasn't absolute, however, for I'm not at all sure that a giant octopus would have been the lesser creature if there had really been a giant octopus there.

Just as the shadow of the school of small fish was the warning of danger that I received—even if the danger existed only in my imagination—so is real danger foreshadowed when it appears.

The reasons for it are simple. The other and permanent denizens of the sea, which are threatened as much as the human diver, are so much more familiar with the natural conditions of their environment that their protective and cautious behavior is always the surest indication that similar conduct is indicated for the man. It is a silent, though infallible, alarm.

One day I had been watching the actions of two small demoiselles which apparently were fascinated by something they had discovered in the hollow center of a chimney sponge. All about me there was a veritable throng of fish. Red snappers and skip jack were constantly passing through my thirty foot circle of vision. Amberjacks and yellow tails darted by in pursuit of frantically fleeing food.

Little schools of a silvery minnow-like fish that I could never identify fluttered overhead like flocks of glistening swallows; and even the constantly rising stream of globular bubbles from the escape valve did not sufficiently alarm an old *languiste* to prevent it from crawling from its cavernous home in a possible effort to convince me that, even if it had no claws, it really was a lobster.

Behind a gorgeously beautiful sea fan a little demoiselle, gaily clad in iridescent gold and pink and yellow, peeped at me through the lavender lacework flirtatiously, reminding me of a similar invitation I had one time received (and declined, if you're interested) from the latticed balconies that revealed, rather than concealed, the nautch dancers of a notorious resort in Tunis. The demoiselle was really the better attraction of the two for it was not only more beautiful and graceful but infinitely more mysterious and intriguing.

Marine crabs stirred from time to time within my limited field. The entire sea was alive. The little hemisphere of my aquatic world was at peace—and then, abruptly, all motion ceased. There were no more fish in sight. The crabs, completely immobile, blended perfectly with their background into invisibility. A peacock flounder lowered its periscope eyes, flirted some sand into the water so that it would settle on its back, and became an integral part of the ocean floor. With the sole exception of the coy beauty behind the sea fan, where it no doubt felt secure, the bay was empty.

There was no apparent reason for it, yet I knew there must be one. I detected nothing unusual, yet there is a cause for every effect under water. The bay was as brightly illuminated as before; there were no little tell tale whirls of sand or wholesale closing of sea anemones to indicate a desperate struggle somewhere beyond my ken—yet the water was positively dead.

Then I saw the reason. Not more than ten feet away there was a huge shadow on the white sand, and there was no possibility of deception that time. It was clear and motionless, a sharply outlined silhouette of a great fish. It was so big that it could have been but one thing—a shark! And it was!

I had met sharks before under water. They had never molested me and except for several occasions when they had loitered in the vicinity, continually appraising me—or so I believed—their presence was not particularly disturbing.

However, the fixity of that shadow was enormously disconcerting. There was a shark poised motionless in the water behind and above me and, judging from the emptiness of the sea, had been there for some time. Every other creature in the bay knew it and had sought safety. There was no other possible prey in sight; what else could it be waiting for but me?

A slight movement in the water drew my eyes away from the malignant menace of the big fish's shadow and I saw that the little demoiselle was swimming about in the restricted space behind the sea fan, wholly unperturbed.

Then I suddenly saw more. Behind the gay little fish was a deep but narrow cleft in the coral cliff, big enough to admit me!

Safety, if I could but reach it! No shark big enough to be dangerous could possibly follow me. Tensely I contracted the muscles of my aching legs and, with a frantic impetus born of desperation, plunged through the ten feet of water that separated me from my haven of security. The water gurgled alarmingly into my helmet as I shot forward, almost parallel to the ocean's floor, but I made my protective goal!

Then, erect once more, I took my first look at the shark. It was enormous, and it *had* been watching me, for it had moved closer when I dived for the cleft.

But it gave no indication of ever moving again. It seemed to be poised in the water before me with a horrible permanence, apparently confident that sooner or later I would furnish a delectable lunch.

Its cold, dark eye was no longer the expressionless blob that I had used to characterize the eyes of previous and lesser sharks. It seemed to alternate between glaring at me with sardonic elation and fixing me with a stab of hate because of the annoying but merely temporary frustration.

Happily, as I often did, I had taken a small zinc plate along to the bottom with me that afternoon. It was fastened onto an old key ring through which a wire passed from my belt to the boat. I used it as a means of communication with the surface, for it was arranged so that it could easily be pulled up on the wire.

Hastily I wrote on the plate and jerked the cord.

"A shark has me trapped!"

As the gleaming plate started to rise the shark approached it curiously and followed it slowly to the surface with a barely perceptible flip of its huge fins.

Presently the plate came rotating downward to me, again convoyed by the curious shark. Eagerly I reached for it.

"There seems to be no doubt about it," agreed my companion aloft, "and isn't he a beauty!"

A lot of help that was. More or less angrily I wrote another message and started it surfaceward. Again the great fish slowly followed the plate up.

"Beauty hell! Drive it away!"

A moment later down came both plate and shark.

"Drive it away yourself. You're right down there with it!"

Well, perhaps my demand was absurd. If there ever was a way to drive a shark off from the deck of a small boat I have never heard of it, but I was in a position where I had to rely upon more than my own knowledge or ability. Evidently the surface crew was trying to reassure me by being facetious.

*Continued on page 126*

## Fear at Forty Feet

*Continued from page 125*

I sent the plate up again.

"No luck. Now you try."

Presently the answer and its piscine convoy returned.

"No luck here, either; but don't worry. It's probably a basking shark and couldn't hurt you if it wanted to."

At last I had something upon which to exercise my scorn.

"You're crazy! There are no basking sharks in the Caribbean area!"

Although it was huge enough to be one of the big baskers I could easily identify my submarine jailor as a blue shark. Blue sharks are the so-called man eaters of the tropics. Their evil reputation may or may not be justified, according to whom you're talking. They are both reviled and defended by people who insist that they know what they are talking about, but I had no desire to prove either side of the controversy. There was too good a chance that I would never be able to deliver the results of my findings.

"So? Well, maybe you're right."

Such was the cheerful and indifferent message of agreement I received from the surface, but I was suddenly no longer much alarmed. The action of the shark in following the zinc plate as it traveled between me and the boat had given me an elating idea. Hastily I scribbled my last message and sent it up.

The shark went up with it and for what seemed like an interminable time I watched its unhealthy, white belly as it swam lazily near the surface. Then I caught a flash from the zinc plate as it whirled in the water, being towed away behind our outboard tender. Alertly the shark turned and followed it, curious as ever!

My idea was working! When I could no longer see either the shark or the surface wake of the little tender I left my protecting crevice and shot to the surface, safely.

Should I have been scared? At any rate, I was; but I can't tell positively whether that shark intended to attack me or not. It had plenty of time to do so before I became aware of its presence, if such had been its intention, and it didn't. Perhaps it never would have.

I don't really believe that there is much real danger in diving with a helmet. The sources of grave and serious menace are not numerous although it can well be argued that just a single source is more than sufficient when it is functioning.

Nevertheless, I would be entirely unwilling to sacrifice the thrills, the delight and the constant amazement provided by diving because of that slight possibility of danger.

I'm quite sure that it's the instinctive fear of a new environment that really worries me, just as our remote ancestors were no doubt terror stricken when they left the comparative safety of their arboreal retreats to begin walking erect upon the ground.

There's a lot of consolation always available for me on the floor of the ocean when I reflect that it was, after all, very good for them.

## Conscious Guilt

*Continued from page 76*

didn't have nothin' to eat, an' we didn't know what to do, then Morgan see the water, an' he says, says he, 'we got some salt an'—an' some matches, an' I'll jest ketch us some fish to eat!" She paused for breath, then continued, "An' he cut a limb an' made a fishin' pole and ketched two-three fish an' it was when they was acookin' that this here man come atearin' down thar like we was thieves er murderers er somethin' else."

"He warn't no Christian, Jedge, he—he—," wheezed Morgan.

"No, Jedge, he shore waan't no Christian," interrupted the woman again. "He cussed an' blasphemed somethin' awful. I was plum 'shamed of him."

"We told him we was hongry, but that didn't do any good," complained Morgan. "Cain't onderstan' him, Jedge."

"That was Mr. Ewing's lake. The fish belong to him."

"No, Jedge, they wasn't even caught," contradicted the woman. "Then, the man went to git us 'rested. We war so skeered we didn't know what to do, so we jest drapped down on our knees right thar, an' began to pray. Then that man came back quick like. He was all red in the face. He was blasphemin' all the more and he had a big stick, like he mought hit my man—"

"Yes, an' Jedge, he said to Morgan, says he, 'Damn ye, ye even tuck a prize apple tree to make yer fishin' pole.' "

"They warn't no place else to git a pole," apologized the man.

"Then he said somethin' that meant that Morgan's mammy waan't no good," defiantly interrupted the wife. There was a painful pause, and at last she continued, "We're—we're kinda sorry, Jedge, but we jest—jest sorta killed him right thar."

"That's first degree murder, an I'll have to sentence you after all," the Judge ruled resignedly.

Just then the coroner excitedly interrupted. He hurried in breathlessly and held a whispered conversation with the Judge and the District Attorney. They listened intently. The Judge's brow cleared. The District Attorney wiggled protestingly. There was an animated discussion for a few moments.

Then the Judge waved the protesting attorney aside as he announced, "The coroner says there was no murder. He says the man died of apoplexy, because he was so angry. You are discharged."

He paused to watch their non-expressive faces, then added, "That means you may go on your way."

The bewildered couple haltingly made their way to the door. The even more bewildered Judge couldn't understand their sense of guilt.

And suddenly he called, "Just a moment. I don't yet see why you said you killed that man."

Conscious guilt is not always a violation of man-made laws, nor the equivalent to a legal wrong, and this, even the District Attorney conceded, as the woman replied, "He war so mean that we jest na'chally prayed for him to die, an'—an' he did right thar."

## Witch's Blood

*Continued from page 55*

"that even the cows looked down there to see what was a coming. It sure wasn't hard to make them go in the barn." He was laughing all the time. "It sure would be bad out in a car," she said, wanting Ebert to say that it was stuck at the bottom of the hill. "You couldn't get no car over this road tonight," Ebert said. Then the car had gone on! The disappointment dissolved the strength she needed to sit up straight in the chair; she slumped back in it. She listened awhile to the clock ticking. "I heard one pass just now," she said. "One what?" Ebert asked. "A car," she said. "That'll be about the last one tonight," Ebert said.

Charlie's feet began clumping up the stairs. The very sound of him, she thought. I won't let him hear us talking about the car.

"Is the lake froze over?" she asked. Ebert looked up at the unnecessariness of her question. "Sure is, 'y gosh," he said enthusiastically. "They been driving autos out on it today."

Charlie came heaving out of the doorway, his breath audible across the room. He had his short, shapely fingers hooked into the ring of a cider-brown glass jug. The sight of him is too much to bear, she thought. In my need, Oh, Lord, my need!

"The rats must be drinking the cider," Charlie said. "Why?" Ebert asked. "Two ba'ls empty a'ready," Charlie said. "Two-legged rats," Ebert said with loud, unreasonable laughter. "Are you acquainted with them rats?" Charlie said. "Me?" Ebert said. "Well, now—"

Charlie poured the cider into the glasses on the table. He gave Ebert a glass. He put the jug on the floor near the heater. He scraped a chair again, and then sat down beside Ebert.

Thank God the heater is between him and me, she thought. She listened to them talking, but not to what they said; they jarred the room with heavy laughter while they drank cider. Charlie got up in the middle of the room and pulled his overall straps out from under his sweater; he took them off. Look at him. Just look at him. He ain't got no more refinement than a pig. "So," she said, "that's where your Sunday pants is." "They all wool and warm," he said. "But I thought you wanted me to iron them," she said. "Just as long as they be clean they suit me," he said. "You won't make 'em no cleaner wearing 'em," she said. "They don't get dirty wearing 'em under-

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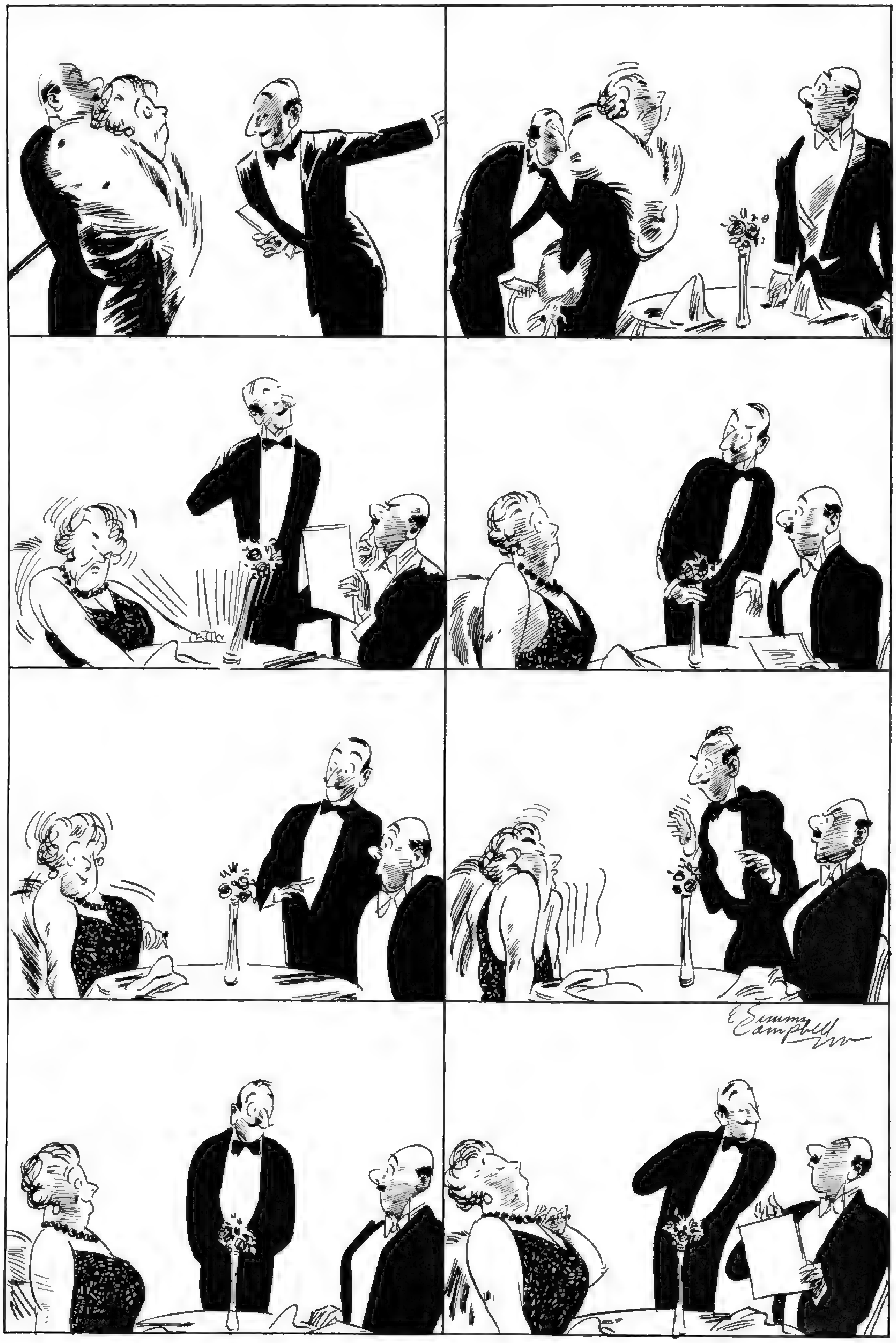

E. Simms Campbell

The Tight Shoe

# Witch's Blood

*Continued from page 126*

neath," he said. "Don't be bashful, Ebert; pour yourself another drink."

Ebert held the jug on one knee, the glass between his outspread legs, tipping a gurgle of cider into it. "Did Emmett Brand give you a drink of his blackberry cordial yet?" Ebert said. "I ain't been over there since he opened it," Charlie said. "I bet you got there in good season for the bung-pulling, though," he said. Ebert made a downward quarter-circle of affirmation with his head. " 'y gosh I did, now, sure as certain," he said. Charlie left the silence abrupt at the end of Ebert's laughter. He sat twirling the cider in his glass, looking into it; he sat with his chin on his chest, a forelock of black hair (fifty-five and not a gray hair in his head) forward over a sudden sad expression in his eyes. The sight of him, so, gave her a feeling of wild, malicious laughter. It makes Charlie jealous just because that old goat comes here with his reputation what it is —If they only *knew*.

"Old Emmett says he wishes berry-picking time would hurry up and come," Ebert said. "How'd you make out with them black-eyed Eyetalian girls last fall, Ebert?" Charlie said. "Old Emmett Brand beat my time with 'em all," Ebert said, braying his laughter. "The old devil!" Charlie said, "with his tombstone already up in the graveyard." "That," said Ebert, "is just a happenstance." "It's there, ain't it?" Charlie said. "Well, it is, now," Ebert said with the same grotesque exaggeration in his solemnity as in his humor. "Well?" Charlie said. "He had it put up over his wife and he aims to be buried with her, so he had his name put on it," Ebert said. "Sure," said Charlie, "he done it that way because it was cheaper." Ebert laughed. "As if he could take his danged money with him," he said.

If a dead woman could appreciate she would appreciate his name being there in advance, she thought. And why, she wondered, did that get me started listening to the clock ticking again?

A step thudded on the porch.

She gasped, turning her head to the paneling of the door. She trembled as the fury dissolved; she was instantly warmed with the hope in her blood like a drink. Charlie looked at her, his expression blackening with anger. She knew what he was thinking, but took no notice whatever of him; she waited for the next sound.

Ebert sat up straight, raising his head. "Ain't that somebody on the porch, or was it just the wind?" Ebert said. "A dern witch caused that noise," Charlie said, and over her shoulder she saw him still looking at her, anger on his face. The exciting sound of the rapping on the door she more than heard; she felt it physically. "Let *him* in, Charlie," she said. "Don't be so scared, Mrs. Outhouse," Ebert said. "It's just somebody wanting in out of the cold." *Scared?* The fool!

She felt spring, with a feeling like in an April morning when the sun is unduly warm in still wind. In the spring the stream between green banks. She got up out of the chair, laying the sewing under the lamp, feeling the wrinkles slide out of her dress along the front of her thighs. She waited, suspended in a rush of quickened being that made the instant agonizing to bear, while Charlie walked across the room and pulled the door open. When she saw the man standing before the night and the swirling snow, her exultancy rose richly in secret laughter.

"Come in," Charlie said. "You look like you're froze." "I am," the stranger said. He walked straight to the stove. He strewed snow across the room. His lips were parted over teeth clenched with the pain of the cold. He took off gauntleted leather mittens. In the intensity of his need for warmth he looked at nothing but the stove. He fumbled with the buttons of his overcoat and at last got it open to the warmth. He had on a creased gray suit underneath, the trousers folded into galoshes. "Let me help you get that off," Charlie said, and pulled the overcoat down his back. "Put some more wood in the heater, Ebert," she said. "Dang it, you hadn't ought to be out a night like this," Ebert said. He walked around the man and opened the heater door, chunking sawed logs into the flames. "I'm stuck with a car at the foot of the hill," the man said. His teeth were chattering. "Ran right into a five-foot drift across the road." "You can't get through that road," Charlie said. "I've been down there half an hour, trying to get turned around to get back," the man said. "If I had some help," he said.

It's *him*, it's *him*, she kept thinking. "You'll have to stay all night and wait till the snow-plows come through," she said. Charlie, who was shorter than she, looked up at her as if he would hit her. "If I could get some help and get turned around," he said. "Sure, we'll help you," Ebert said. "I could get back to Canandaigua, if I don't waste too much time," the man said.

"Set here in the rocker and warm your feet," she said. He looked at her briefly, a smile in the pain of his face. She tried to catch his eye, thinking My wishing brought you here. I know because you are handsome. "I can't take up much time warming," he said, "or I won't be able to go back either," and his voice, speaking, chilled the tumult of her hope. "If you gentleman could help me, with shovels, I could—" *pay you*, she thought, seeing the avid glance pass between Ebert and her husband. "Maybe we better go on and start," Ebert said. He reached for his galoshes under the heater. "It wouldn't take long for it to snow you clean under," Charlie said, but he did not start getting ready to go out. *Go, go, go, you fool*, she wished with the intensity of one unwillingly about to die and wishing for life.

"Charlie, you and Ebert get the shovels and go," she said very quietly. "Let him stay here and warm." She looked with a faint feeling of amusement at Charlie, watching the rage deepen in his face. She felt splendid and triumphant while she watched Charlie climb over the back of his overalls.

"It's damned decent of you gentlemen," the man said.

She sat down in a temporary attitude on the edge of a chair, holding one hand with the other in her lap to keep them from trembling. While Ebert and Charlie went through elaborate preparations for the cold, talking to the man meanwhile, she watched the glow of the coals in the damper as something to keep her eyes from betraying her. As if by a trance, the room and what was going on in it fell away from her. It came back when she saw Charlie's face in front of her, and realized he had said to the stranger (while looking at her): "We'll have it out in a few minutes." You can't scare me, you old fool, she thought.

Charlie and Ebert went out with the sound of their voices, the slamming of the door shutting her into silence with the man. After her moment she got up, and her feet resounded across the floor to the door. She snapped the bolt with a flourishing flick of her finger. She came back to the stove. The man got up and stood with his back to the heat, facing her. She sat down and looked up at him. "You're a traveling salesman, ain't you?" she said. "How can you tell?" he asked. "By the elk tooth," she said. "All the traveling men I ever saw wears a elk tooth."

She felt herself looking into his eyes. His eyes wavered and he rocked on his feet, turning his gaze to one side. She sat still in the chair, watching him (he thinks I didn't mean it). "Some don't," he said. *I mean it!* she thought, trying to make her mind reach his without words. "And not all do," he added. She blushed. "Do what?" she asked. "Wear a elk tooth," he said, and coughed. She knew her face to be earnest, so that he might know. His eyes came furtively back to her steady gaze; their eyes met, his wavered away; then came back boldly. He was first to look away, his expression worried.

"I'm warm now," he said, looking at his coat where Charlie had thrown it across the back of a chair. "I better go help them."

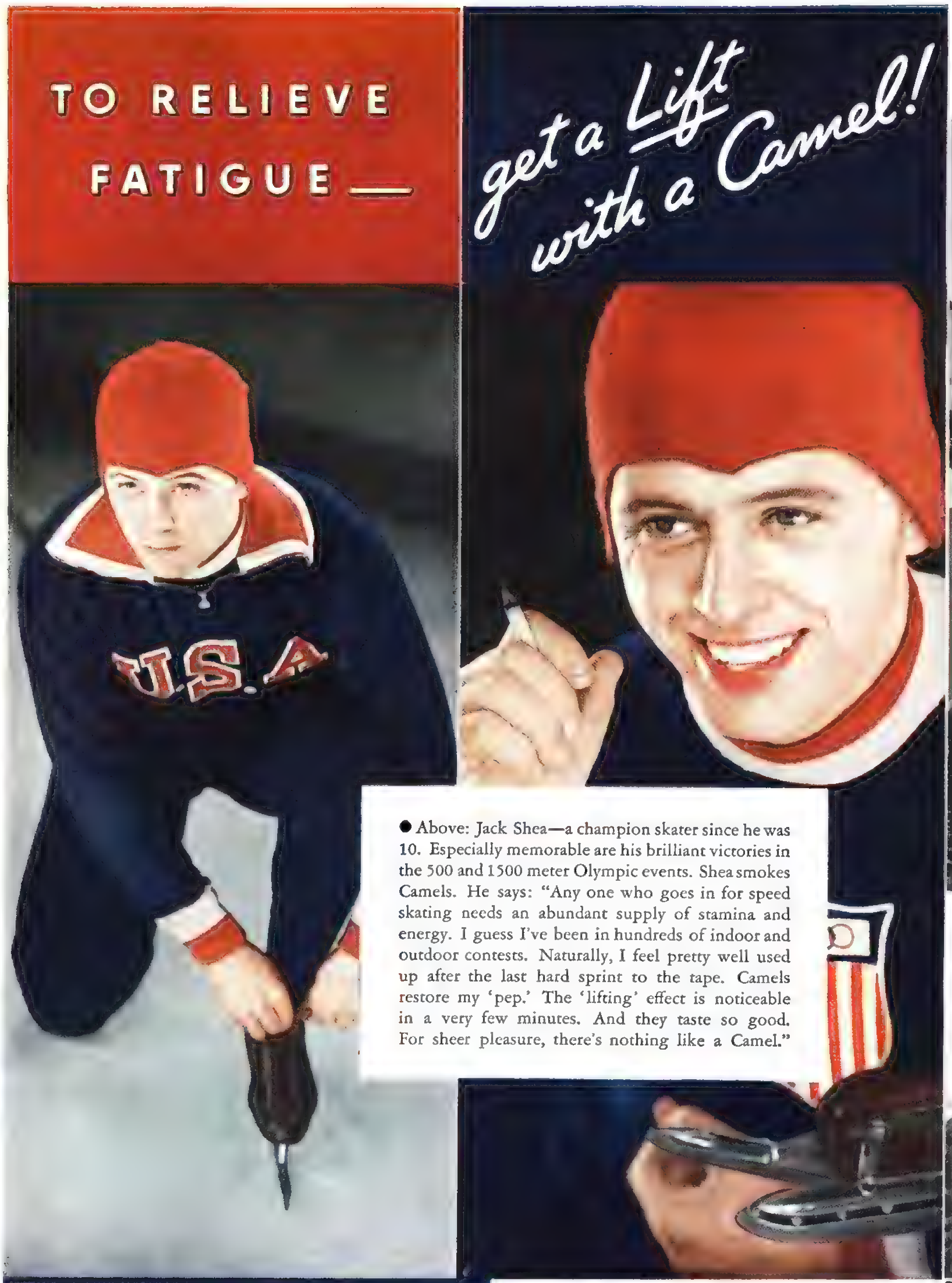
"Stay and warm some more," she said in the still, firm way of being deliberately restrained from tremulousness. "Do you *want* me to?" he asked. He knows now, she thought. "Yes," she said, feeling the desperate, falling sense of ceasing to exist, except as a (suddenly) frightened staring into his eyes, feeling the naked shock of two furtive personalities out of hiding and meeting. With a nervous twist of his body, he looked behind himself at the stove, using the excuse of moving a step away from it to come one closer to her. His knees almost touched her own, and a current between them jumped that gap. "You're a damn handsome woman," he said. The elk tooth on the gray cloth background hung before her eyes. "I like big, shapely women," he said. She felt her breath hesitate in her breast. She thought he don't know I'm fifty. "Some women stay young a long time," he said. To lie calmed her: "I look older than my age," said she, a grandmother. "What fine shoulders," he said. She felt her muscles grow taut for the coming of his hand to her shoulder; his hand was heavy, and then light, as it glided down her arm, with a touch electric through the sleeve.

He looked furtively at the door. "No, don't go," she said. He took off his derby (he was bald!) and looked thoughtfully into it. "Hell, do you want your husband to shoot me?" he said. "It ain't *me* that's afraid," she said, intoning her contempt for his caution. "They'll be back any minute," he said.

The angry despair came back. *If not now,*

*Continued on page 131*

# TO RELIEVE FATIGUE — get a Lift with a Camel!



● Above: Jack Shea—a champion skater since he was 10. Especially memorable are his brilliant victories in the 500 and 1500 meter Olympic events. Shea smokes Camels. He says: "Any one who goes in for speed skating needs an abundant supply of stamina and energy. I guess I've been in hundreds of indoor and outdoor contests. Naturally, I feel pretty well used up after the last hard sprint to the tape. Camels restore my 'pep.' The 'lifting' effect is noticeable in a very few minutes. And they taste so good. For sheer pleasure, there's nothing like a Camel."

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
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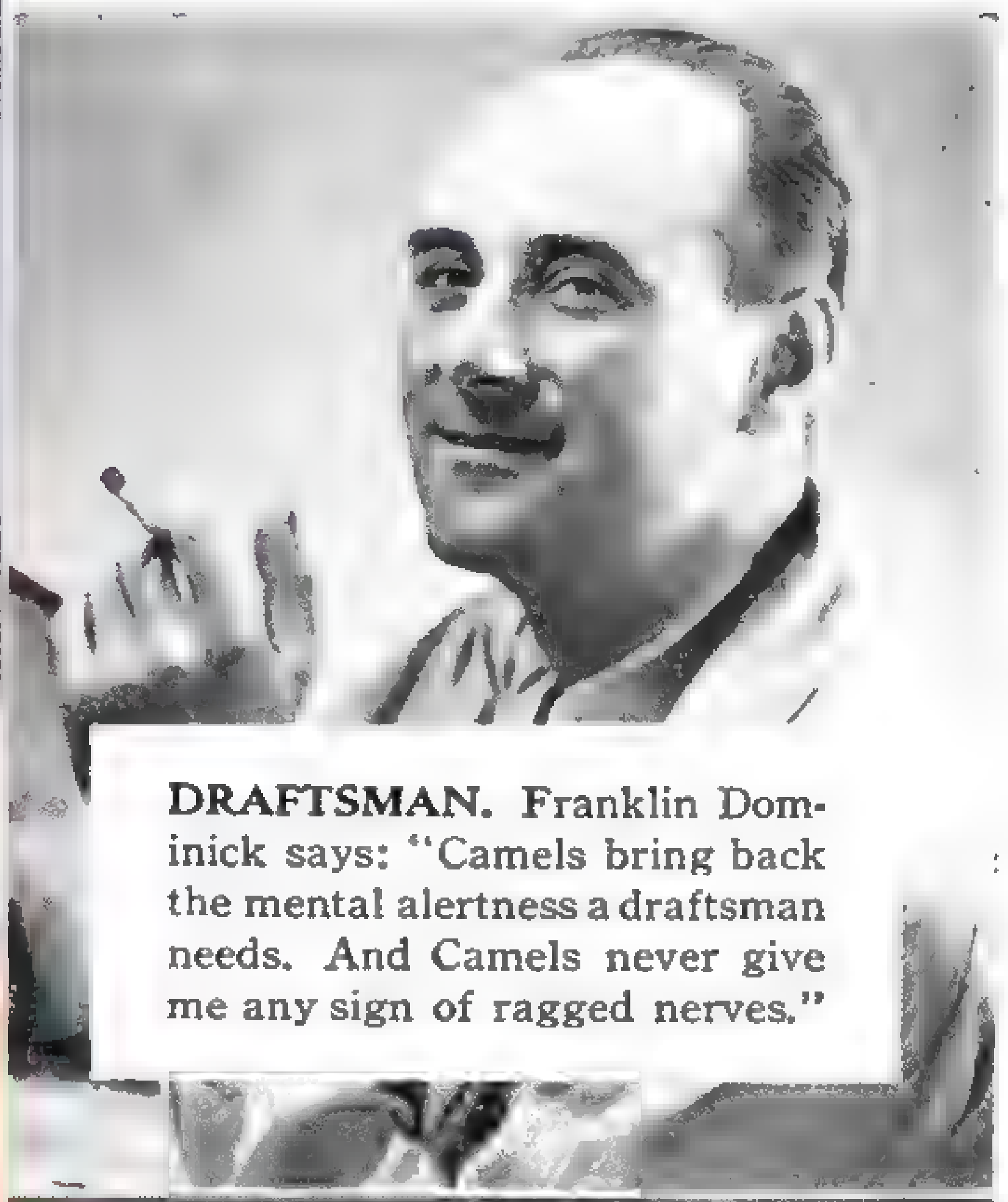
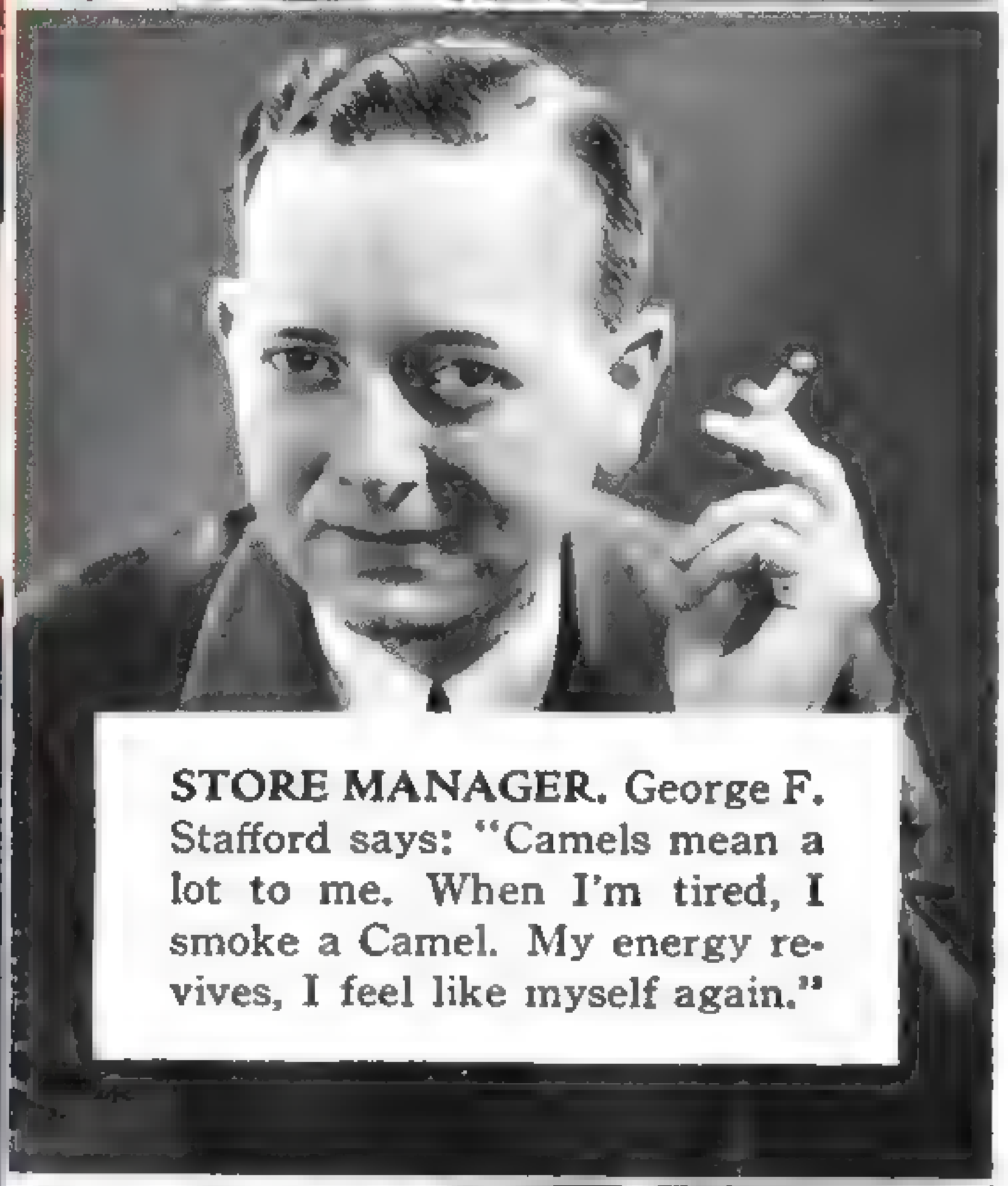
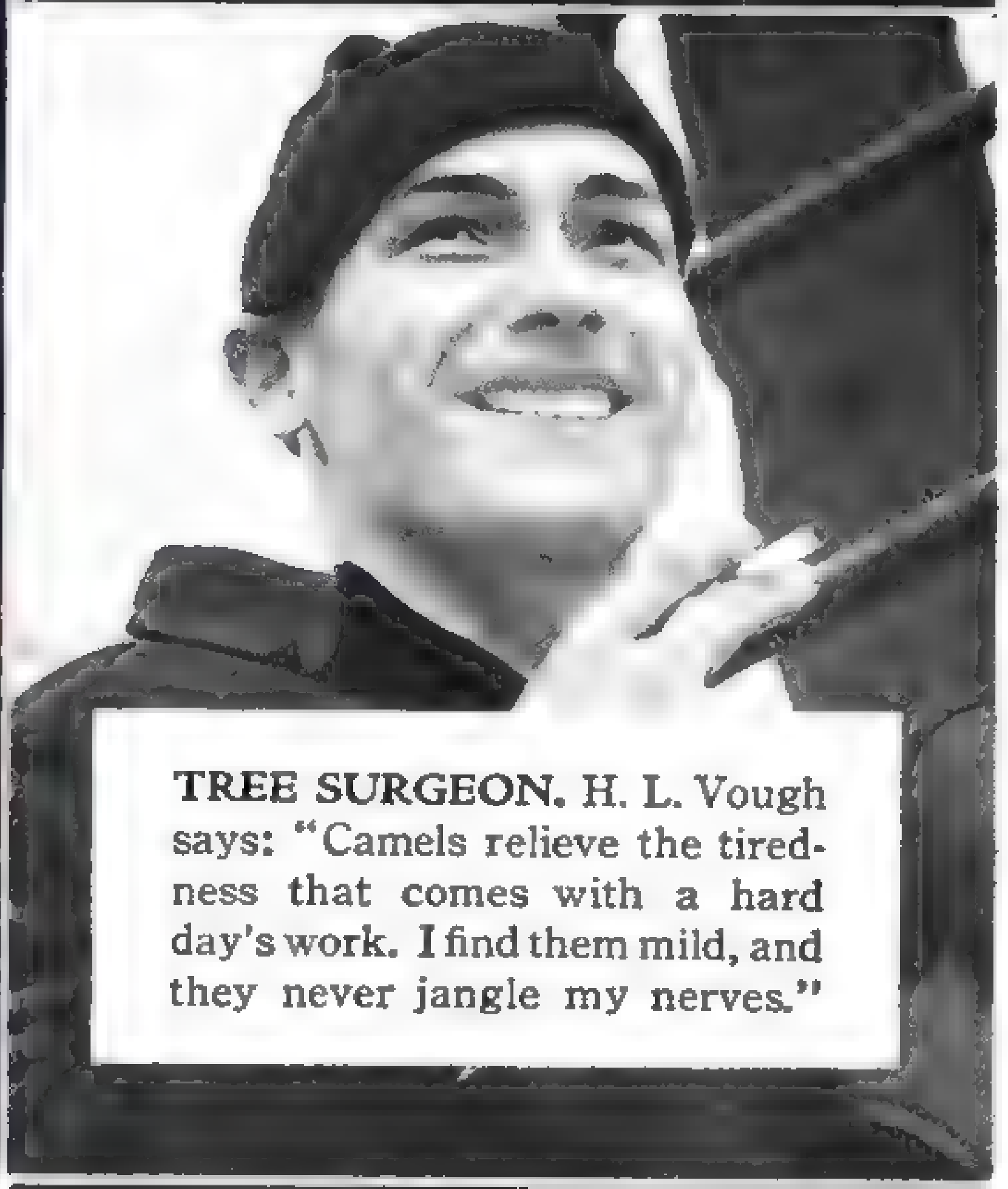


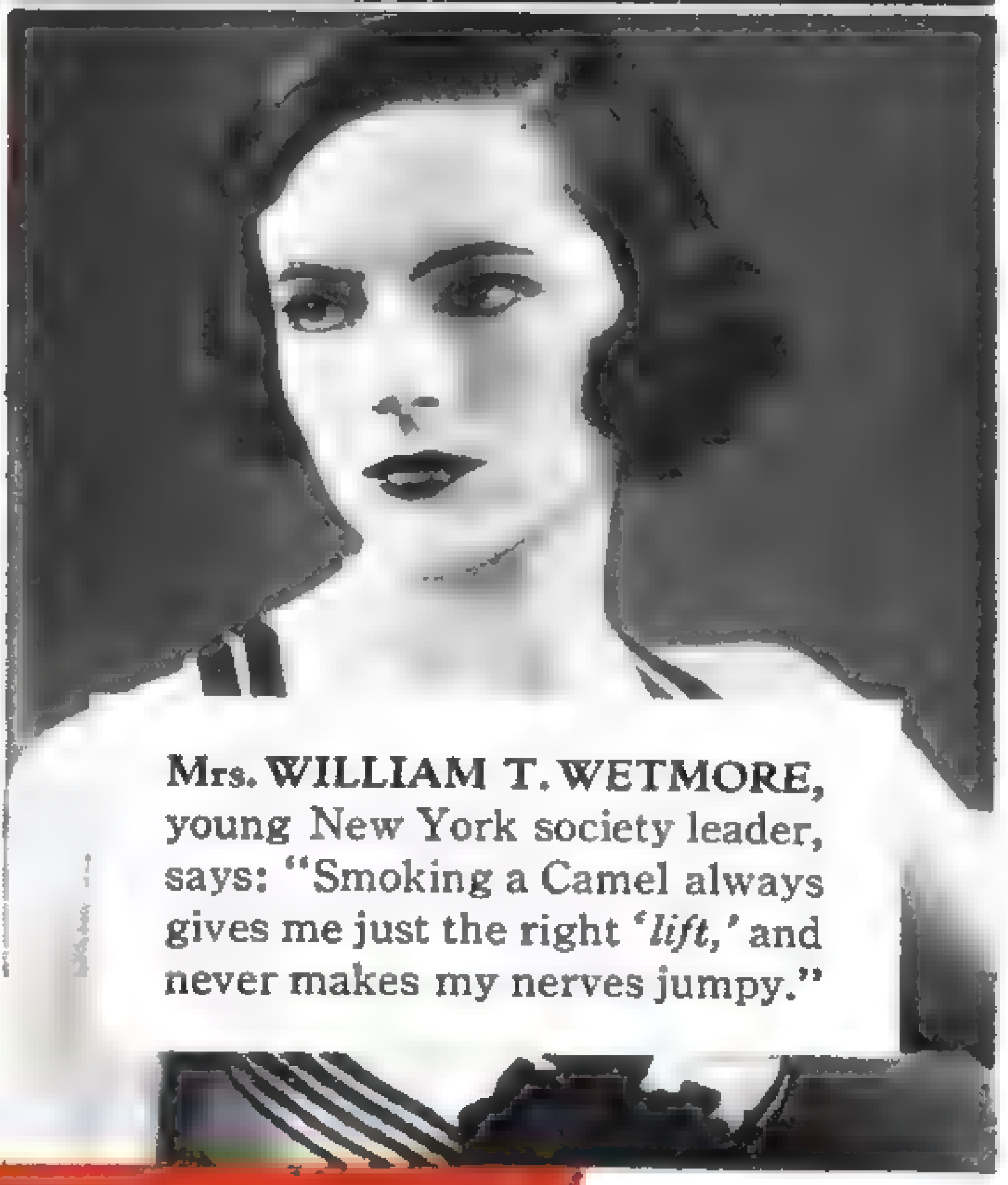
**DRAFTSMAN.** Franklin Dominick says: "Camels bring back the mental alertness a draftsman needs. And Camels never give me any sign of ragged nerves."



**STORE MANAGER.** George F. Stafford says: "Camels mean a lot to me. When I'm tired, I smoke a Camel. My energy revives, I feel like myself again."



**TREE SURGEON.** H. L. Vough says: "Camels relieve the tiredness that comes with a hard day's work. I find them mild, and they never jangle my nerves."



**Mrs. WILLIAM T. WETMORE,** young New York society leader, says: "Smoking a Camel always gives me just the right *'lift,'* and never makes my nerves jumpy."

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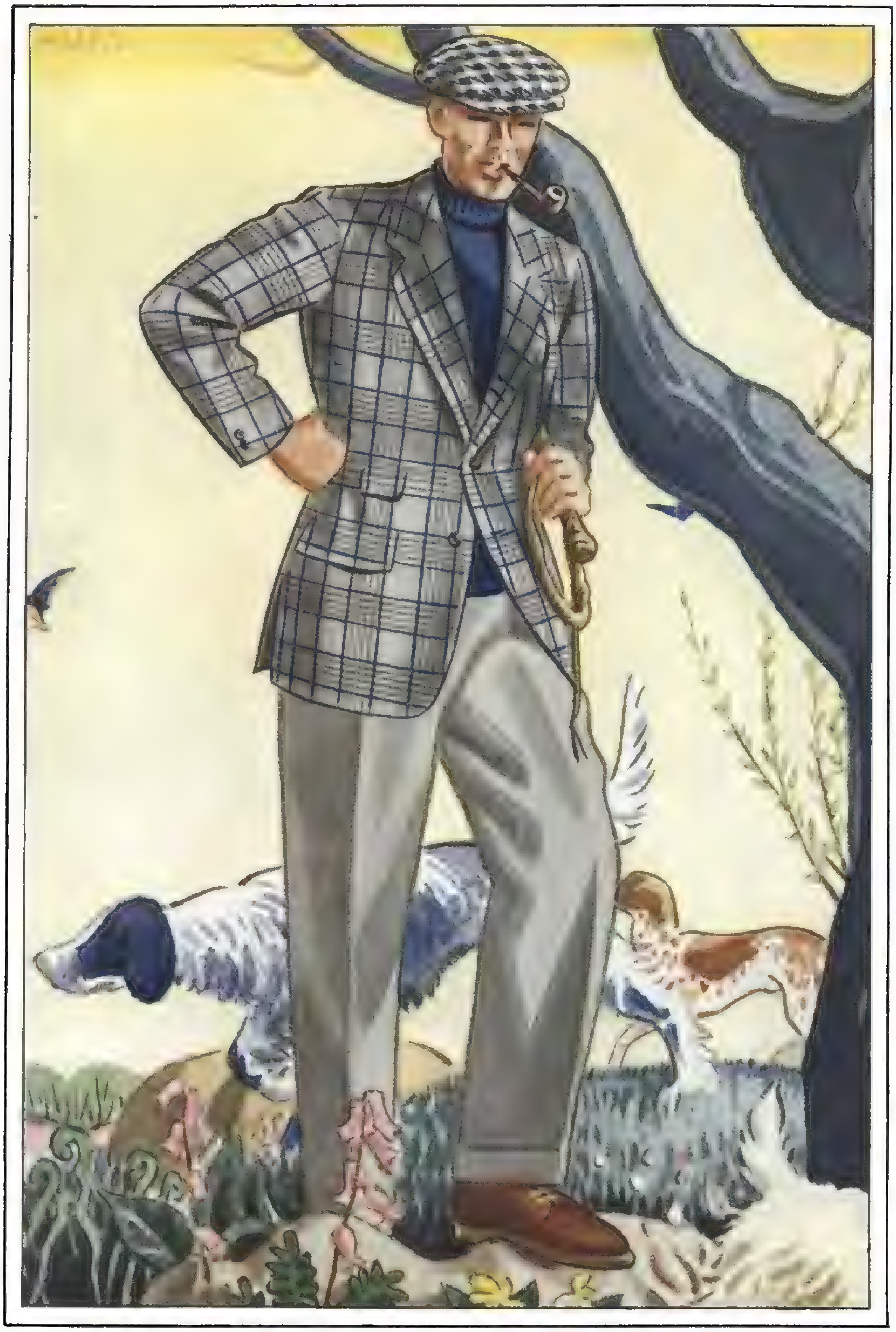
*Over Coast-to-Coast WABC-Columbia Network*

## CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!



## FOR OUT OF DOORS IN THE EARLY SPRING

This is the type of outfit that has been taken up, during the past year, by the undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge, and this spring will see the beginnings of its popularity over here, where it has already been adopted by the advance guard among Eastern sportsmen. The jacket is a three button notch lapel model made with large flapped pockets and an outside ticket pocket. Like almost all the newer country jackets it carries two eight inch side vents in place of the old single center vent. The fabric is a heavy tweed in a Glen Urquhart plaid. Note that the sleeve cuffs carry only two buttons, in place of the four that characterize all custom clothes for town. Under the jacket is a heavy navy blue turtle neck sweater, and the rest of the outfit consists of full cut grey flannel slacks, heavy wool hose, brown suede blucher shoes with crepe soles and heels, and a cap of heavy bold-checked tweed.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)*

## Witch's Blood

Continued from page 128

*or soon, when?* She heard the clock ticking again; heard the wind howl and felt it shake the house.

"Listen," he said. She heard the grind of a motor under the wind. "I guess they got it out," she said. "Good!" he said. He began shouldering into his overcoat in a hurry. He looked at the door, then walked to it. "If they found the door bolted—" he said. He came back to the heater, turning up the coat collar.

She heard the car come closer and stop. Soon Ebert and Charlie stamped on the porch, and then came into the room. They stood between the lamp and their black shadows on the wall. "It wasn't no job to amount to nawthing getting it out," Charlie said. "I'm much obliged," the stranger said, "and how much do I—" "We don't aim to charge you nawthing," Charlie said. "But I—" the stranger began. He had his wallet in his hand. "Well, whatever you think it's worth," Ebert said. "Will this do?" the man said. He handed two dollar bills to Charlie. "That's all right," Charlie said. He handed one of them to Ebert. There was a silence for a moment and she looked up to find the man looking at her. "Thank you, lady," he said, "for letting me warm at your fire." He winked.

Then he went out and they sat listening to hear the car go. The door slammed and the engine began racing, going slowly up the hill.

Ebert and Charlie took off their coats and galoshes and sat down at the stove again. She looked at Charlie and felt a scalding hatred behind her eyes; she heard him smack his lips over a swig of cider and felt her face twisting with savage anger. Charlie sat with his elbow on his knee, his chin in his palm, the cider in his right hand resting on his right knee. He was looking at the stove.

"Ebert," he said. "Hunh?" Ebert said. "Did you know my woman has got witch's blood in her?" "I wouldn't say that, Charlie," Ebert said, laughing immoderately. "She sure has," Charlie said. "She can make men come here by some kind of charm she's got." "Go on," Ebert said. Charlie said: "Did you see how that man come out here from Canandaigua and got stuck, and all that, but he didn't get nowhere?" "That don't mean nawthing," Ebert said. "I'm telling you, Ebert, I done seen too many cars with men in 'em break down right in front of the house. *She* does it. She does it by means of her witch's blood."

"That'll be about enough of that," she said.

"And what happens when they come and I ain't here—well!"

"You!" she said. "You!" She got up and walked across the room to the bedroom door. "You foul-mouthed old fool," she said. He looked at her calmly. She knew that Ebert was looking at her with sympathy and appreciation. He is looking at my beautiful figure, she thought. Ebert, the half-wit. She was conscious of deliberately swaggering her hips as she went through the door. She slammed it behind her and stood in the dark. It was cold in here. The sound of the wind's howling was louder. A clock in the cold darkness was ticking. Through the door she heard the murmurous and hated sound of Charlie's voice. He's talking about me, she thought.

She stepped to the door and squatted above the crack of yellow light along the floor. Her ear at the keyhole, she restrained her breath to listen.

"—even tramps," she heard Charlie say. "The lie, the lie, the lie," she whispered.

"Did you see how she was lookin' at him, Ebert?" His voice was sad. She could not distinguish the words of Ebert's answer. "Yes," Charlie said. "Yes, she is that. I never seen a woman her age any better looking. When I was young, I always wanted a good-looker. Well, I got one and she's a hellion."

I could hear better, she thought, if that clock wasn't ticking so loud. *If not now, or soon, when? Oh, my despair.* Despair—I heard that word from *him.* He said Beyond despair there is another world. "I don't need to tell you about that college boy," Charlie said. "I don't need to tell you about *him;* it's done been being told for ten years all over the neighborhood. And it was the truth, all except I didn't shoot at him. I run him off the place with a shotgun, but I didn't even have no shells in it. I was trying to club him with it."

She felt the rage choking in her; the savage rage that was divided between Charlie and the clock: *it ticks so loud.* "I'm drunk, Ebert, and I got to talk. I'll tell you something else. I ain't touched her for ten year. She went cold on me, Ebert." He paused, and then went on his slow, hoarse voice: "For ten year she's been sleeping in her clothes, winter and summer!" "Why?" Ebert said. "Do I need to tell you?" Charlie said.

Shivering with cold at the keyhole, in the dark, hearing the clock tick, the intensity of her rage diminished with the effort of her listening.

"Now what kind of a woman is that, Ebert?" Charlie said. "Don't ask me," Ebert said. "I wish to God somebody would tell me," Charlie said. "You can talk about your wife all you want to, but I ain't going to talk about her," Ebert said.

## Hockey Flashbacks

Continued from page 59

ing speed; the boy is a fine competitor, too.

Another wing who has played great hockey down through the years is Aurel Joliat of Les Canadiens of Montreal. This is my twelfth year on major league ice and during eleven of those years I was teamed with Joliat in the line. During our tenure, we worked with three different right wings; Billy Boucher, Art Gagne and Johnny Gagnon.

To Joliat must go much of the credit for the fact that I led the National Hockey League in scoring in 1927-28 and again in 1930-31.

Joliat and I went through some great wars together. In the 1929-30 play off with the New York Rangers, we were forced to play 68.52 minutes of overtime, to break the deadlock. That was the longest stretch I've ever done in a single game. When the break came and Lady Luck allotted the winning goal to us, I wasn't looking for cheers. I was on the hunt for a bed.

The bed would have done me no good had we lost. For after we lose a tough game I cannot sleep. Long ago I discovered that the taking of a sheep census is no good.

Yes, I take hockey seriously—but no more seriously than do the adherents of Les Canadiens in Montreal.

Montreal, you know, has a population made up largely of French-Canadians, with the remainder mostly of English descent. The French support Les Canadiens, while the English back the Montreal Maroons. Games between these two teams split the city asunder and are played for keeps, with plenty of head hammering.

I have seen crowds take their places in line before the ticket window on the night before the game, with the weather far below zero, and remain throughout the night and the ensuing day, to make certain of seeing the contest.

So race-conscious are the fans that when I broke into the league with Les Canadiens in 1923, the World War was recent enough in memory to cause the club officials to worry about my acceptance by the team's adherents, inasmuch as I am of German descent. So they promptly labeled me "The Swiss Flash."

Thereafter, when questioned about my racial ancestry, I said that I came from Switzerland, where I had developed agility by leaping from Alp to Alp.

While the rumor is untrue that Canadian children are born with hockey sticks in their hands, they do learn to skate almost as soon as they are able to walk.

When my own son was scarcely four years old he began a hue and cry for a pair of skates. Mrs. Morenz purchased a pair with double runners for him, and our son immediately put them on for a tryout in our ice-covered backyard.

A little girl from the neighborhood took one look at him and said with vast scorn, "Those aren't skates—they're cheese cutters." With that he came into the house like a shot, tore off the skates, and steadily refused to put them on again. We couldn't reason with him so, in the end, he received a pair exactly like his father's.

I began to skate when seven, and the best part of my life since has been spent on the ice. In this, my thirty-second year, and my twelfth season in the big leagues, I am aiming for the 500 mark in points scored in major competition. At the start of the current season I had accumulated 392 points with 252 goals and 140 assists.

Obviously, the 108 points which must still be annexed, constitute a long haul—and Father Time easily overhauls the fastest mortals.

Should he outskate me before I reach my goal, I have hopes that young Morenz, now eight and a skating fool, will take up where his old man leaves off.

## The Great Tomorrow

*Continued from page 61*

time was quite amazing, but this only added weight to the responsibility that hung heavily before me. There was no doubt that a new world was opening before me and that I had discovered the key that would unlock a door which in all these years had remained sealed —the door of Tomorrow.

I kept everything a deepest secret. I wanted no one to know until the time was ready, until I would know how to use this power wisely. And every day I feared more and more that the heavy robe of prophecy would fall upon me and smother me. I am a man of science and it is not my nature to want to sit on a throne, nor do I desire to be a high priest in a temple. And I was certain that with this important power, I would at once become enshrined like a god, and beggars and kings would scrape their feet and bow down before me. Yes, the man whose brain reflects Tomorrow is at once enthroned in a marble temple and from here a network of wires would spread over the whole surface of the globe so that the great Tomorrow might be known beforehand to help man live a shade happier. No, I must wait. I am not ready. I must delay these experiments.

And then another fear suddenly took hold of me. This power that was so easily developed in one man could be developed in another. And what would happen if it came to one who was a hideous criminal? The mere thought of what such a person might do with this power of Tomorrow seemed too horrible. I could not bear to think of it. I tried to put the thought out of my head, but it came back constantly. I decided to hold back and wait. I needed time. Things were piling up too fast. I must wait. I am not ready.

The exercises that I began very simply had now grown and every night when I went to bed I saw clearly before me the paper that would be delivered in the morning. And not only was I able to read the large type, but the small type also. How strange and remarkable are the hidden and buried capacities of the mind of man! And how suddenly things emerge! And now when I did not want them to come forward, they still persisted.

New fears were added to those that I have already mentioned. New complications presented themselves. I was playing with a stuff more dangerous than any explosive invented by man. But now I must hold off and wait until . . . I did not know exactly what I would wait for, but somewhere in my careful calculations and reasoning, there was a serious mistake. I would have to find it. In the meantime, I would do everything possible to hold back the great Tomorrow.

It must wait. I am not ready.

I made a desperate attempt to hold back the growth of something that was already begun. I invented new experiments which attempted to neutralize and cancel out the old ones. I tried to smudge over and make dull that wonderful silver mirror that was already forming in the brain and would soon reflect a clear vision of the great Tomorrow. I struggled desperately with these unseen forces. There seemed a hundred forces all working against me. I watch myself very carefully, and I made records of it all.

But a single man is unable to prevent the tide of an ocean or the growth of a thing that is already born in part of his brain. And this thing that was born and prompted by the sincere intentions has suddenly turned into something sinister, dark and evil.

I was single-handed against all eternity.

Until the very last moment I fought desperately, but then it was not possible to hold it off another instant. The silver was already forming in little tiny drops to make a new mirror in the mind, for so it seemed. And on this surface faint images of Tomorrow were definitely beginning to appear. Its existence could not be doubted. Its presence could not be denied. It was not possible to go on. I had to surrender.

I saw you all as you came in here. I saw you a day before. And I even watched you as you read this letter. I saw yesterday what you are now doing. The great Tomorrow was already with me, and this thing that really does not exist for anyone else was overpowering me.

Dear Friends. The result of my discovery you have now before you. When you read this, you will know why I have neglected you all during the past year. And when you find this confession, you will know that I am a victim of my own discovery. But you will also know that I have not failed and I have seen what no man before has ever seen—the great Tomorrow.

*This strange confession was found in the laboratory beside his dead body.*

## Mr. Winder Meets Melissa

*Continued from page 50*

But when other men discussed her with him they all agreed that she was a rare combination of beauty and intelligence.

When he and Melissa discussed sex, and they did quite a lot, she always ended up with, "I don't know when I'll marry. Maybe I shan't at all. But I don't intend to live and die a virgin."

The night it happened he brought two dozen yellow roses to her little flat, and, thereafter, on the fourteenth of every month he gave her two dozen yellow roses. The first time he marked their anniversary she hadn't quite known why. He had to remind her that it was exactly one month ago that day. And then she had thanked him and laughed, and her laugh had the same puzzling effect as her remark to him on that occasion,"And is that what people have been raising all the fuss about?"

He lived at a little, shabby hotel and she wouldn't come to his room with him because, as she said, "I don't want any common hotel clerk recognizing and classifying me." And he had admired her discretion and intelligence again and they spent their week-ends together at her place.

She was always in gay spirits when she waked up Sunday mornings. They'd talk and laugh and she'd tell him how absurd his rumpled hair was. Finally she'd get up and put on a smock or an old robe and make coffee and cut the coffee cake he'd bought at a good Swedish bakery, and they'd sit about eating, talking, playing new victrola records and contemplating plans for the afternoon.

They never discussed the possibility of a marriage between them, but they frequently found themselves picturing their appearance and manner in later years. "I shall be a very acrimonious and dignified old lady," she would say. "I'll still be skinny and I'll have to wear a black velvet ribbon around my neck, and I'll carry a lorgnette and stare through it on every possible occasion."

And he always said: "I'll be old before you will, I'm sure. I know that after I've already had my first stroke you'll still be very spry."

It was during the second summer of their affair that he went to Ludington to spend his holiday at his uncle's summer place. Ludington was overflowing with lovely girls from Kansas City, Milwaukee and Saint Louis.

Louise was one of the lovely girls from Kansas City. In fact, she was the loveliest one from Kansas City. She had ideals. Of course she was modern—didn't at all mind hearing about the sins of others.

When Ed departed from Ludington he had arranged to leave Chicago October first for a good job with his uncle's chemical concern and he was engaged to marry Louise, who "understood" all about Melissa. Privately, Louise "forgave."

Melissa objected a little bit when he told her the news. "It isn't only for myself. I hate to see you do it because I'm afraid you'll become so uninteresting and stereotyped," she said. "But I guess it's mostly for myself that I care, so, if you want what you're getting, go ahead."

Although he made offers to resume their Platonic affection, he was really relieved when Melissa said she'd rather not see him any more.

After his marriage to Louise he ceased looking up old time acquaintances when he went to Chicago on business trips. This one was gone; that one was unsuccessfully radical; another had married into the four hundred; still another was involved in a scandalous divorce. But almost always Ed and Matthew McGinnis lunched together when Ed was in the lake shore city.

It was three or four years after his marriage to Louise before Ed asked Mat about Melissa. He tried to make it sound awfully casual. "By the way, do you ever see anything of Melissa these days?"

"I saw her a couple of times after you left town. She sort of dropped out of the old gang. Left town about ten months after you did."

"That so? Where'd she go?"

"New York. She got a job as buyer for some store there."

So Melissa was doing well. He was genuinely glad. She was the kind to go far. He shouldn't wonder if she'd be an outstandingly successful woman some day.

By degrees, as the years went on, he heard other little scraps of news of her. As buyer for the New York store she made many trips to Europe. On one of them she had married a German baron.

Yes, she could do that, too. He could picture her at fashionable European places. Melissa, more sophisticated now, *chic*, witty,

*Continued on page 134*

# At Nassau . . . You're Making Movies with the "K"

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**Ciné-Kodak "K"**

EASTMAN'S FINEST HOME MOVIE CAMERA

# Mr. Winder Meets Melissa

*Continued from page 132*

brilliant, sought after. How many lovers had she had? Many, he was sure. But she would remember that her first love had been in the little flat on Huron Street; a woman could have many lovers, but she could have only one first experience.

Next he heard that she had lived only a few months with the baron and had divorced him and kept his title for the good it could do her career and, as a Baroness, was stylist for a large New York store where she made a fabulous salary and her word was law.

The role would suit the older Melissa, he thought. She would be cold. She would have affairs that skimmed over the surface. But sometimes she would remember their Sunday mornings together and the strong coffee and the Swedish coffee cake. And the fourteenth of every month she would be a little bit honest with herself and when she looked at the brown orchids on her shoulder she would be seeing his roses.

He left off asking Mat about Melissa for some time. It was after Louise's confinement with their second child that Ed found himself inquiring again about Melissa.

"Oh, she's quit her job and is married again. Some big shot New Yorker this time," Mat said. "I guess, in her way, she's made more success of life than any of our old gang."

"She would, Mat. She was the most intelligent woman I ever knew."

"Yes, she's smart. She was always so damned adaptable. That's what gets her by all the time. Yes, Melissa's done well, and she's still under forty."

And now Melissa was forty and he saw her at forty. Beautiful, still, with a beauty that would gradually fade to distinctiveness, the completely cosmopolitan woman of the world. She would be too ruthless to be worried over the thousand intricacies of her past. She would relegate them all into one large heap to which she would be utterly oblivious . . . all except one, and that one she couldn't quite . . . because it was her first past. She was a superb creature to whom he had given the impetus for her great accomplishment.

"I was wondering if you'd ask about her," Mat continued. "You haven't asked about Melissa for a long time now. There's really nothing new. Still living with this New York chap she married. I saw her for a little while when I was in New York in the spring."

"Mat, you know, I think a good deal about Melissa. Oh, not often, but now and then. Does she ever ask you about me?"

"Oh, yes, Melissa asks me about you every time I see her. Yes, she's always interested in knowing how you're getting on.

"Ed, I always wondered why you didn't marry Melissa," Mat continued. "None of my business, of course, but I never could understand why you two broke up. That's nothing against Louise, either. But it always just struck me as queer that you didn't marry Melissa."

"Oh, that was out of the question!"

"No, I think she'd have accepted you."

"I didn't mean that. I meant . . ." Well, what did he mean? He meant that he'd never even considered marrying her.

"She's a mighty nice sort. Why don't you look her up the next time you go to New York? I know she'd be glad to see you."

Good old Mat! Ed almost laughed in his friend's face. Why, he'd never once thought of seeing Melissa again! He wouldn't want to. Wouldn't he? Was he sure he wouldn't? See this thing he had started? Well, now . . . on a snap decision, certainly not . . . but . . .

"I could fix it all up for you, Ed, if you'd like to see her. And I think it would do you both good. I know she'd get a big kick out of talking over old times with you."

Did people talk over things like that? The idea was either obscene or sacrilegious. And yet . . . after all, he had been Melissa's first . . . he was the one she remembered when suddenly it came to her attention that the day was the fourteenth of the month. See her? Well . . . of course he wouldn't say anything about it to Louise . . . but . . . he might . . . no particular harm . . .

Mr. Winder had cut that conference very short. His mind wasn't much on what the other chap was saying anyway, and he didn't want to rush right from business to meeting Melissa.

Maybe it was a bold gesture, waiting until the fourteenth of November—fifteen years to a day, it was—but he was glad he'd done it. In her note saying she'd be happy to see him she had avoided noticing the significance of the date, but when they sat quietly over the teacups together in a secluded corner of the hotel dining-room he knew that the little streak of her that was still his would admit to response at his frankness in naming this date for their meeting.

On the way from the office building to the hotel he passed a florist's. Mr. Winder hesitated; he stood still before the window. "No," he mused softly to himself. "It would be . . . well, almost crude . . . possibly even a little cruel." He'd like it, in a way . . . yellow roses on the table. But he'd better not do that to her . . . not that. He'd have two dozen of them sent up to her house later in the evening. Then, unobserved, she could receive them, glitter on through the evening, and say only, "Oh, just a nice bouquet from an old friend of mine who is in town." That was the way for him to do it. He didn't go in to order the flowers right then. He'd save this pleasure for himself until after she'd gone.

Mr. Winder waited for his telephone to ring. What if, at the last minute, she decided not to come? Well, he would be able to understand that. If she didn't come, he'd send the yellow roses just the same. He wouldn't even put a card in the box.

But the room phone jangled. "Ed? This is Melissa. I'm in the lobby."

Going down in the elevator he was a little nervous. What if she wouldn't be . . .

But she was. She was a composite of all the pictures he'd seen in smart magazines; she was the essence of first class on an ocean liner; she was the poise that is completely unaware of its surroundings. Her dark fur wrap was thrown back on her shoulders, flouting the possibility of a need for soft framing for her beauty. And there was the thrust out line of her neck, all cold, hard and of intense vitality.

Mr. Winder had to stop and look a fraction of a second. It was even clearer than he'd pictured.

"Ed! How are you? I wondered if you'd have any trouble recognizing me after all these years."

His heart leaped. Exactly fifteen of them! But this wasn't the time not quite yet.

"Oh, but let's not go so far over. Let's sit nearer to the door, because I can't stay very long."

Seated, she surveyed the room, and then her eyes rested on him. He remembered in the old *Pan Hellenic* the way she always gave a long look around before her complete attention was given to the group. The lines described by the motion of her hands were the same, but more abruptly accomplished.

"Tea with milk, please. No, no toast. I haven't much time. Have you seen Mat lately? How is he?"

"Great. I always—"

"Dear old Mat! I always like to see him. He's a type—the absolutely perfect newspaper man who succeeded in advertising. What have you been doing in town, Ed?"

"I had to see to some business this afternoon and—"

"If you haven't any plans for this evening do see *More Windows*. It's excellent—brittle, of course, like all his stuff, but frightfully good entertainment."

She swung on and there was no catching her. Then she stopped. "Mat tells me you have two children, both girls. How old are they? They must be quite big girls now. It's outrageous that it could be so long since we've seen each other. It must be . . . let's see . . . I left Chicago in—"

"Fifteen years."

"Really? Is it that long?"

She fell silent. It was there, then. He felt the little scratch in the slippery surface. Of course she couldn't . . .

"Ed, I'm terribly sorry to cut off our reunion like this, but I simply must go along. I have to be home early this evening. I'll tell you something that's a grand joke on me if you'll vow never to let it get out? Oh, you and Mat can laugh over it if you want to. When I made this engagement to meet you today I'd completely forgotten what day it was, and not until a bracelet was delivered from *Cartier's* this morning did I remember. It's our wedding anniversary, that's what! Isn't that priceless? We've been married four years today. So I must get home early and look festive. You and I can have another reunion the next time you come to town. I want you to meet my husband, too, but don't you ever dare tell him that I forgot our wedding anniversary! My dear, it's simply heartless! Goodbye, until the next time."

Mr. Winder had a hysterical desire to giggle, to shout, to make a drunken confidence to the uniformed elevator man. Instead, he put on his hat and topcoat and plunged out into the cool dusk.

He'd never seen so many women on Park Avenue before. He drew his lips together in a tight line. Every woman he'd ever slept with was vile and low.

He passed a flower shop crowded with men all buying flowers for women. The sight made him rather ill. A woman as low and vile as that could ruin a man, ruin him! Getting married on the . . .

His stomach felt upset. Resolutely Mr. Winder turned his steps back toward his hotel. He decided to take some bicarbonate of soda in a glass of warm water a half hour before dinner.

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TONIGHT, in your own home, enjoy one of the biggest features of a New Orleans dinner—the famous Mardi Gras cocktail.

Only don't try to make this cocktail with ordinary whiskey. Make it as New Orleans makes it, with genuine old-fashioned *American* whiskey. *With Four Roses Whiskey!*

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### *To make a Mardi Gras Cocktail*

Into a heavy mixing glass, put 1 lump of Sugar, 2 dashes Angostura Bitters and 2 dashes Peychaud's Bitters. Crush Sugar. Add 1 jigger Four Roses Whiskey and cracked ice, and stir. Now into chilled cocktail glass put 1 dash Absinthe (or Pernod). Roll Absinthe about glass and throw away. Into this glass strain mixture from mixing glass, squeeze twist of Lemon Peel on top, and serve.

Four Roses
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT W

A BLEND OF
ALL STRAIGHT
AMERICAN
WHISKIES

# FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

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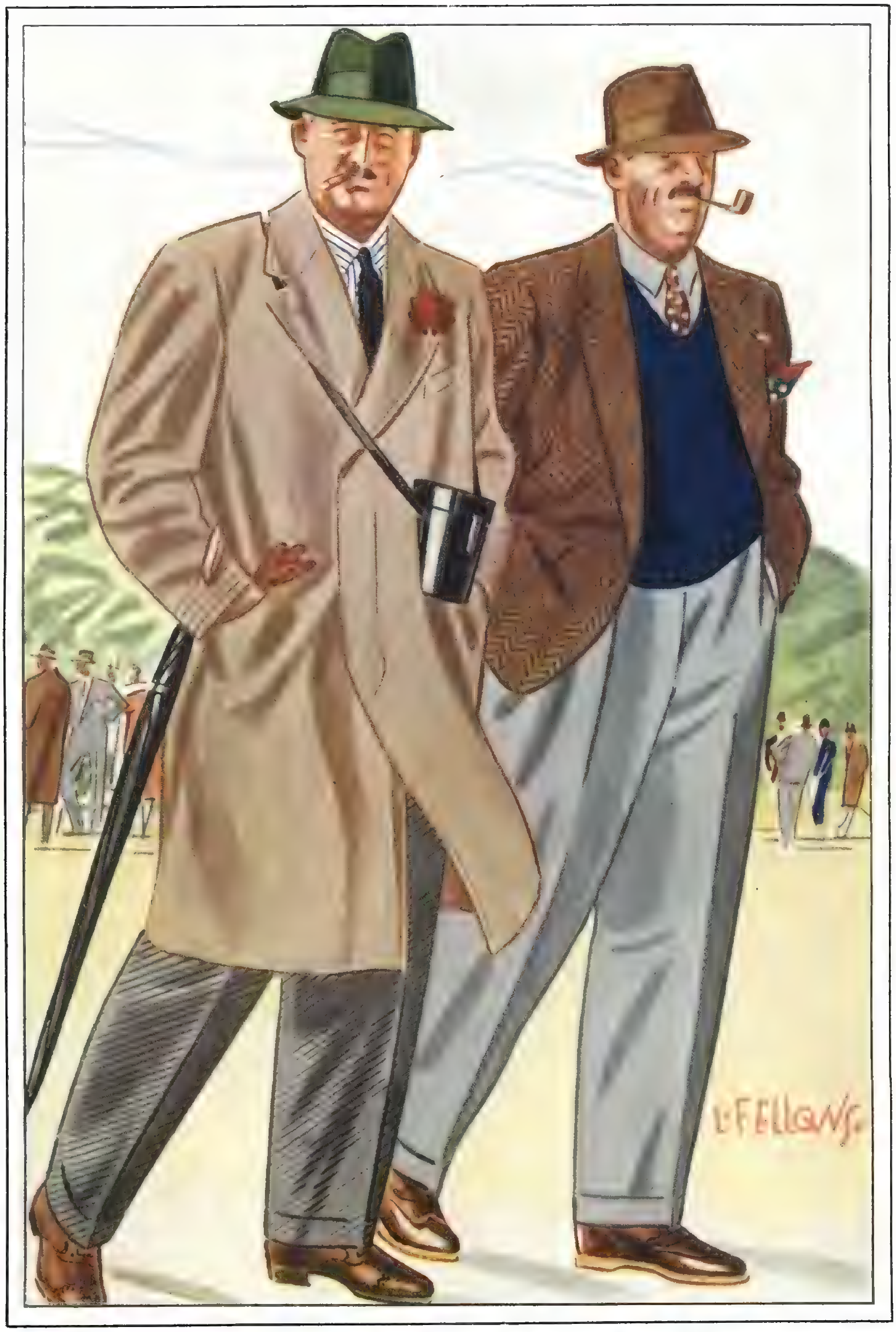


## AGAIN WE PAUSE FOR THE FORGOTTEN MAN

Last month we got ourselves in very solid with a large number of citizens, or vice versa, by stopping to reflect, via one of these fashion pages, that somebody loves a fat man. So again we guide the gentleman of girth, even unto such a relatively skittish department as that of spectator sports wear. Chubby, on the left, models a slenderizing outfit consisting of a fly front covert cloth topcoat in natural tan, worn with a grey diagonal cheviot tweed, a blue and white even stripe cotton flannel shirt, a black silk crochet tie, a green felt snap brim hat, brown suede shoes on a town last, reddish capeskin gloves, and the omnipresent red carnation. Tubby, on the right, less convincing now than when his coat is buttoned, wears an outfit that shows the same tendency to emphasize all the long lines, accentuate the sharpness of the collar points and the taper of hat crowns, trousers and sleeves.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)*

# Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

### Shakespere is only a football for Coach McClintic and his myth-made star, flashy Cornell

### *by* JOHN V. A. WEAVER

**• THEATRE •**

## *GLIMPSE LIST*

### MUSTS!

"Anything Goes." Best musical show in years. Cole Porter's songs, Ethel Merman's torching, Victor Moore's dejected clowning.

"Life Begins at 8.40." Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger, Luella Gear give the Tired Business Man a tonic.

"Personal Appearance." Gladys George, the modern Mae West, in naughty sayings and postures.

"The Children's Hour." Bitter masterpiece about Lesbians and the deviltry of a damnable child.

"The Farmer Takes a Wife." Very palatable sweetness about the great days of the Erie Canal.

"The Petrified Forest." Leslie Howard and fine cast in romance, lovely talk, gunplay and death in the American Desert.

"Tobacco Road." Horrifying comedy of Southern whites. Second year—going strong.

"Within the Gates." Sean O'Casey's beautiful fantasy. On the road. Catch it if you can.

### ALMOSTS!

"Accent on Youth." Pretty good stuff about why gents over forty better act their age.

"Gold Eagle Guy." Rise and fall of a financial pirate in bad old Western days.

"Merrily We Roll Along." Philosophically sophomoric and contrived, theatrically extremely effective.

"Ode to Liberty." Ina Claire's brilliancy plus Walter Slezak's amusing earnestness redeem thin French broth.

"Page Miss Glory." How beauty contest winners are made. Dorothy Hall and Charles Brown swell. Spotty but funny.

"Post Road." Fun about kidnapers. Lucille Watson okay.

"Rain From Heaven." A bit too talky—although most of the talk is fine.

"Revenge With Music." Soporific book, good music, exquisite settings and costumes.

"The Old Maid." Helen Menken doesn't quite succeed in ruining this moving vignette.

"Valley Forge." Philip Merivale's Washington makes a somewhat static history lesson worth taking.

### SUNDAY SHOW

"Sunday Nights at Nine." Nice little revue. Every Sabbath.

### SMASH HITS I RESENT

"Romeo and Juliet." Katharine Cornell packs 'em in. I must be crazy.

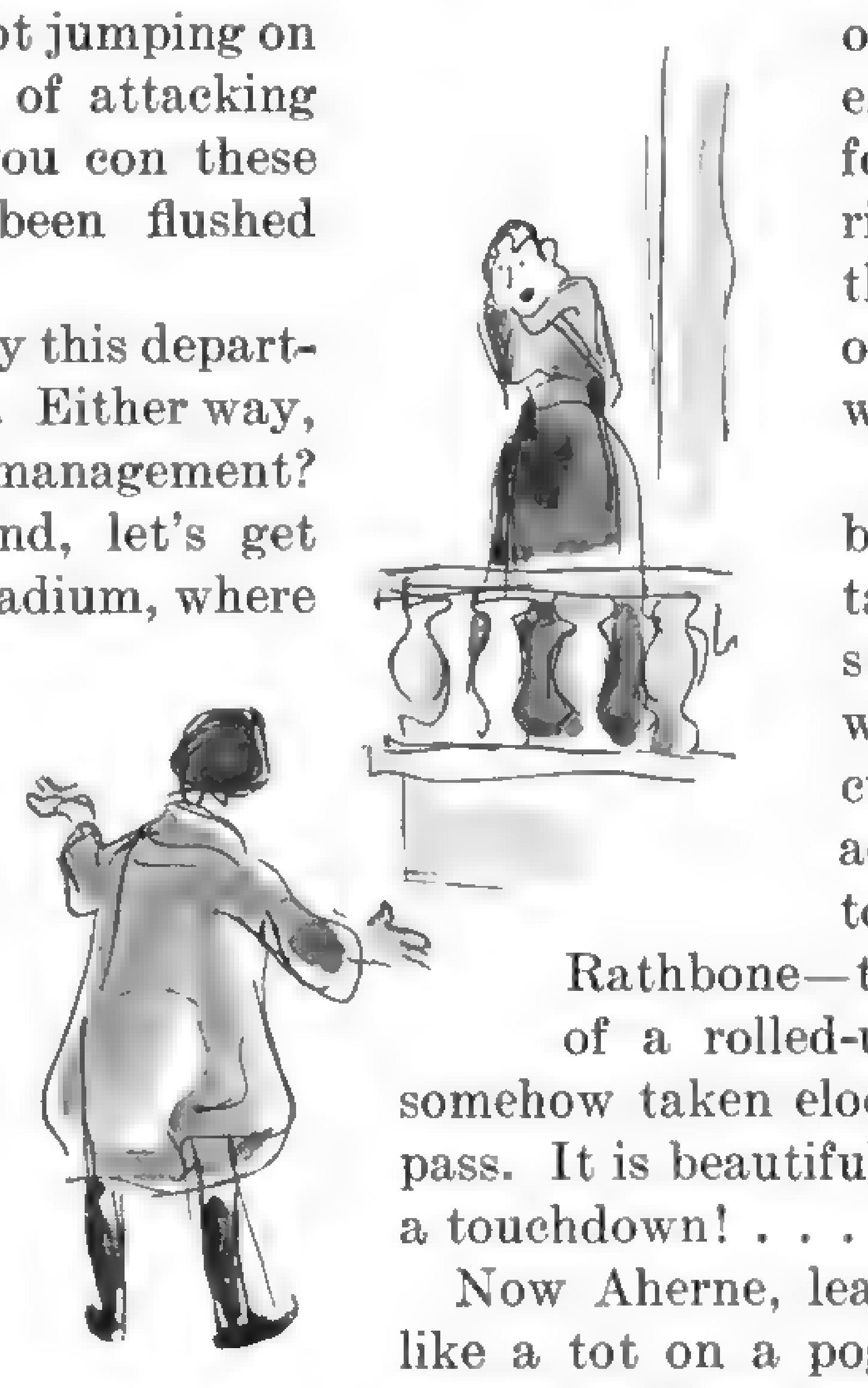
"The Great Waltz." Deadly book, jumping scenery—it must be the Strauss music that sells it.

"Thumbs Up." Paul Draper's amazing dancing kept waking me up. Herds of customers.

First, a few words about the accompanying listings. "Almosts" means that if you've seen, or can't get into, the "Musts," you'll not make any mistake in going to these others, which are entertaining but have certain flaws—which aren't hard to overlook.

I hope you don't mind my not jumping on the cripples. What's the use of attacking offerings which, long before you con these priceless words, will have been flushed down Eternity's drain?

Maybe you don't like the way this department is run. Or maybe you do. Either way, what about writing in to the management? Oh, scared, huh? Never mind, let's get over to the big Martin Beck stadium, where Katharine the Great is raking in super-capacity gate-receipts.



It's the event of the century, gents—Cornell vs. Romeo & Juliet. Tense excitement. Frenzied fans, goggle-eyed rooters are simply raring to shout for their idol. . . . Advance reports from the sticks, with which the cagiest of publicity experts has continually flooded the town, have heated the anticipations of the mob to fever. The cheer-leaders, disguised as critics, have their unanimous antics of enthusiasm down pat, and are popping with impatience to shatter the welkin with their mighty "Cornell I yell, yell, yell, Cornell!!!" It's in the bag.

Montague wins the toss and kicks off to a Capulet, who is downed in his tracks. . . . It's something of a scramble during the first few minutes, with no apparent advantage for either side. . . . But just wait. The smartest strategist of our time, Tiger McClintic, knows his stuff. Under his inimitable direction, this is bound to be a walkover.

We're nearing the end of the first quarter. Now do you see how cleverly Coach McClintic has worked it all out? How cunningly he has selected the team-mates for his star! Obviously they've been picked for their ability to stay in the background, to work together in every maneuver, feeding the play to the Big Shot, who is alone allowed the spotlight. What line, great as it may have seemed in the past, can stand up against their interference? See how steadily they misplay, so that the Captain's work will shine out in greater contrast!

Hey, wait! Who's that rebel, whose startling skill can't be minimized? It's Edith Evans, and she's so good it looks as if she were in cahoots with the enemy! Every time she's given a chance, she electrifies us, and R. & J. makes a big gain. Of course, she's only in at Nurse, and her opportunities don't come very often, but wasn't letting her in at all a mistake? Naw, naw—don't worry. She's only a brilliant veteran—she hasn't youth, glamor, beauty; nothing much except perfection of performance. She's no real rival to the Ace. Besides, they'll probably yank her out if she shows up too well. . . .

Meanwhile, it's a breathless, thrilling spectacle. What smoothness, slickness—above all, what speed! Now they cut loose with the famous aerial attack. It's a play to the balcony. Half-bake Rathbone—the one who reminds you of a rolled-up umbrella which has somehow taken elocution lessons—makes a pass. It is beautifully received, and run for a touchdown! . . .

Now Aherne, leaping all over the place like a tot on a pogostick, tries a straight thrust, but Rathbone gets in his way. He's cut down, and carried from the field. . . . Now there's a huddle with Friar Laurence . . . The half ends. . . .

After intermission, the pace grows even hotter. The All-American Flash makes dazzling dashes. The signals are rattled off so fast you can't hear them. But—say, what's happening?

Who is this Bill Shakespere? Thought he was at Notre Dame. What's he doing here, threatening to run away with proceedings? Time and again he breaks through, brings the stands to their feet with his magic. They can't seem to stop him, they can't knock him out! The contest is tightening up. Why, perhaps—

No, everything's under control. It's all over. Cornell wins. . . .

So you think I'm unfunny and insolent, daring to clown about the First Lady of Our Theater? All right, I'll get solemn.

"Romeo and Juliet" is a great lyric poem, drenched in verbal moonlight. Take away the poetry, and you get a creaky contraption about adolescent lovers in the midst of blood-and-thunder mellerdrammer. A smarter showman than Guthrie McClintic doesn't live. For years he has built up a machine which has put over Katharine Cornell, until she has become something practically sacred. Add to the perfection of the publicity-campaign the genius of his stagecraft, and you find audiences and

*Continued on page 160*

# The Listening Post

### Now comes a one-armed piano player who really stands the world of music on its ears

### by SIGMUND SPAETH

• MUSIC •

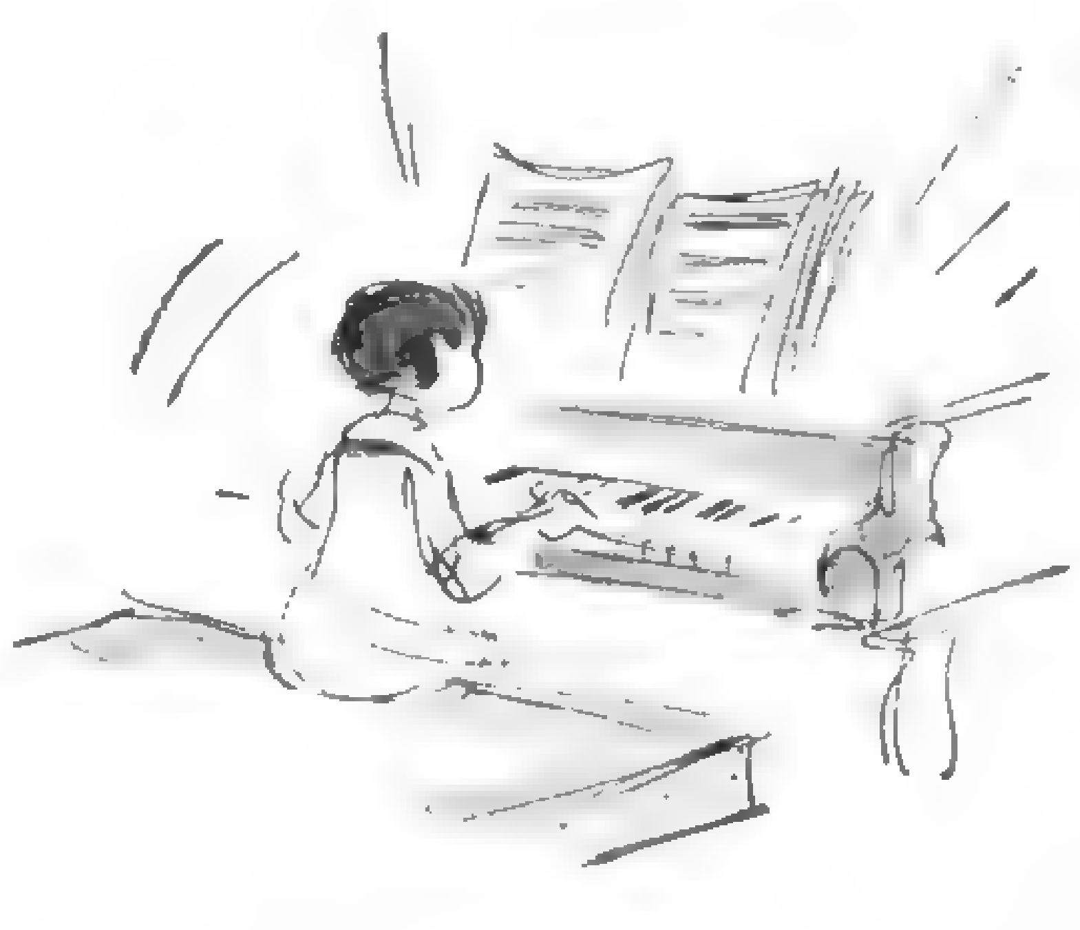
Nearly everybody knows by this time that the arrest of Sally Rand for her fan-dance at the Century of Progress was just one of those things intended to draw attention to the fair and warmer. But comparatively few people know that Miss Rand is a very serious young woman, with ideals far beyond the mere exhibition of her excellent shape.

Last summer I received a letter from a Sally Rand, asking some intelligent and significant questions in relation to The Art of Enjoying Music, but it was only recently that I discovered that my correspondent was actually the fan-dancer herself. We met at a benefit run by Heywood Broun for his Newspaper Guild (he got married a short while after), with Miss Rand luckily just ahead of me on the program.

She was wearing regular evening clothes and an ermine coat, from which her blond head peeped out quite respectably. Our talk ran immediately to music, which seems to be her major passion, and I found her a sincere admirer of Beethoven and Brahms, with interesting ideas on the classic ballet.

Sally Rand's act that evening consisted of a nice little speech, which, however, did not meet with deafening applause, such as she gets when she works with a balloon at the Paradise night-club (carefully screened from the cigarettes which might explode her costume). As she came off, she said, a bit pathetically, "They only like me if I take my clothes off." Perhaps her $2500 a week will console her.

Wittgenstein and Slenczynski. This has nothing to do with a law firm or possible successors to Potash and Perlmutter. The names merely represent two pianists who have been much in the public eye of late. The Wittgenstein is Paul, not Victor, and he has only one arm, the left. (Victor Wittgenstein is no slouch at the keyboard himself, but he has two hands to work with.)

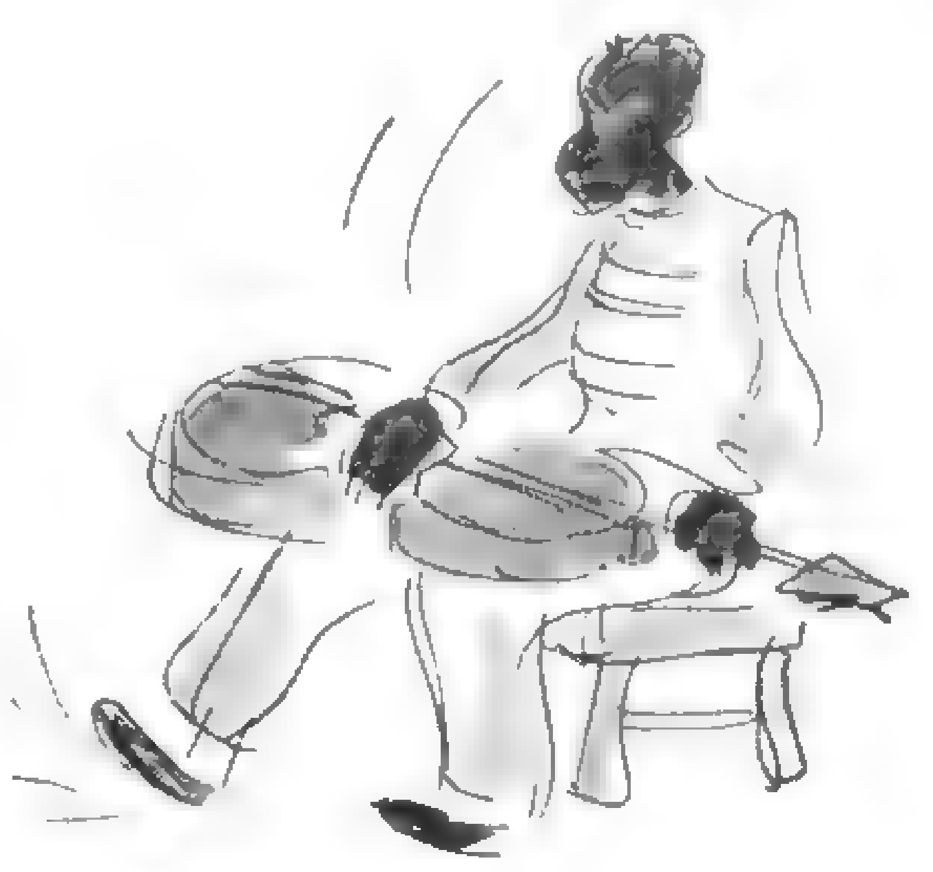


So much excitement has been created by Paul Wittgenstein's piano-playing abroad that a number of outstanding composers have written pieces especially for him. He made his American dêbut with a concerto composed in this personal fashion by Maurice Ravel.

The general feeling seems to be that the pianist is far better than the composition. Ravel echoes Wagner, Gershwin and his own Bolero, but does not succeed in saying anything particularly new. But Wittgenstein's work as an interpreter is a revelation. He actually plays as well with one hand as most pianists do with two.

The handicap of Ruth Slenczynski at the moment is extreme youth. She is all there physically, but she is still very young. She celebrated her tenth birthday January 15, and she hardly looks her age.

Ruth's achievements at the piano are as extraordinary as they were when she first startled New York at the age of eight. But in the course of her concert tours something has happened to her. She no longer gives the impression of being completely natural at the keyboard. She is making unnecessary gestures, developing mannerisms. That's a pity in so young a virtuoso.



Maybe I was a bit prejudiced because I didn't like Ruth's dress ("gown," according to the program) at her January recital in Carnegie Hall. There were splotches of red on the shoulders which made her look like Mary, Queen of Scots, in the process of decapitation. I also felt that it was a mistake to play Mozart immediately after Beethoven, and that the selection of the "Moonlight" sonata was not a happy one. It is too familiar, for one thing, and there are too many passages that require chiefly beauty of tone and greatness of spirit.

Ruth's biggest asset is still her technique, and she played her Chopin Etudes brilliantly. But what she needs at this time is to be removed from the concert stage for several years and allowed to mature under the constant guidance of some outstanding teacher. She has the makings of a great artist, but at the moment she gives every evidence of having been spoiled by too many public performances.

Revising Hänsel und Gretel. Full of the holiday spirit, the Radio City Music Hall decided that something should be done about making Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel" acceptable to modern audiences. So they changed the name to "The Enchanted Forest," added the Rockettes to the plot, and allowed Maurice Baron to disguise the music under his own name.

If any credit had been given to the original, even in the title, no great harm would have been done, for it was not a bad imitation at all, and the singing, dancing and orchestral playing were excellent. But to present "The Enchanted Forest" as a new work, created by the staff of the Music Hall, was the acme of absurdity. Anyone who had ever seen the opera could immediately recognize the characters, and Mr. Baron's music did not even bother to keep a respectful distance from the Humperdinck models. The Rockettes, incidentally, were brought in as rhythmic gingerbread men and the body of a dragon.

Bach to Pantomime. To some people the pantomiming of Bach's Christmas Oratorio may also have smacked of desecration. But Delos Chappell's midnight experiment on Christmas Eve was certainly interesting, and on the whole successful.

So many wisecracks have been made about the graduation of Lillian Gish from her part in "Within the Gates" to that of the Virgin Mary, that we'll omit that one. In any case, she was lovely. Her gestures and poses consistently suggested the old Italian paintings of the Nativity, and the illusion was beautifully carried out by the dancers who surrounded her, and by the lighting and costuming and scenery. Credit for all this is shared by Doris Humphrey, George Schaff, Millia Davenport and Donald Oenslager.

Musically the performance was less happy, suffering apparently from insufficient rehearsal. But since it was a benefit, with all the artists contributing their services, etiquette demands the soft pedal on criticism. The singers were Jeannette Vreeland, Rose Bampton, Frederick Jagel and Wilbur Evans. Edwin McArthur trained the chorus, E. J. Ballantine did the Biblical narration (forgetting his lines occasionally) and Macklin Marrow conducted.

Romeo and Juliet. There is barely enough music in the Katharine Cornell production of Romeo and Juliet to permit a brief comment in this department; but what little there is, is good. The composer is Paul Nordoff, who once did his bit for the Garrick Gaieties, and who now has a lot of tunes on hand, with lyrics by a girl named Gottlieb.

His music for "Romeo and Juliet" is incidental, except for a slow dance in the party scene, but it fits the play beautifully, and maintains enough of the old Italian spirit to be convincing. Naturally the instrumentation is very modest.

I'm glad the music gave me an excuse for seeing this Shakespearean show, whose

*Continued on page 158*

# *Here are the true facts about* SCOTCH WHISKY

## *—and here is a truly great Scotch . . . priced for everyday use!*

For more than a year, we Americans have been deluged with adjectives ("smooth," "mellow," "special," "extra-fine") —and with talk about *age.* But neither age nor adjectives ever made a great Scotch out of a poor one. Here are the simple facts in the matter:

*You must have fine whiskies to start with*— distilled from skilfully-chosen Highland malts in carefully-tended pot-stills. And Martin of Leith owns such whiskies—replenished year in, year out, rich with the fragrance of the Highland country.

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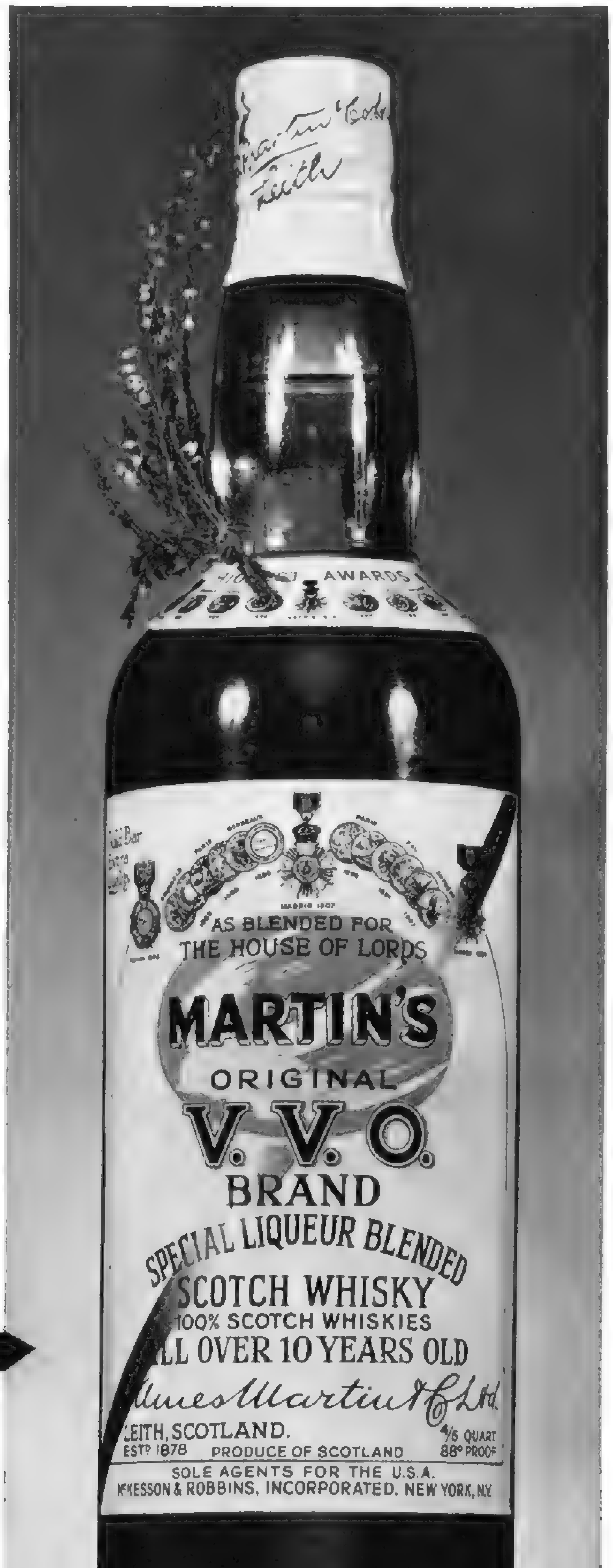
Try it straight—delicious as a liqueur! Try it in a highball: note how its "body" comes through! Brought to you anywhere in the United States by the great McKesson network, wherever fine whiskies are legally sold, Martin's V. V. O. costs you no more than ordinary Scotch. Enjoy it soon!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# The Candid Cameraman

## Finds Hollywood has not much to glean for next year's movies from this year's crop of plays

### by MEYER LEVIN

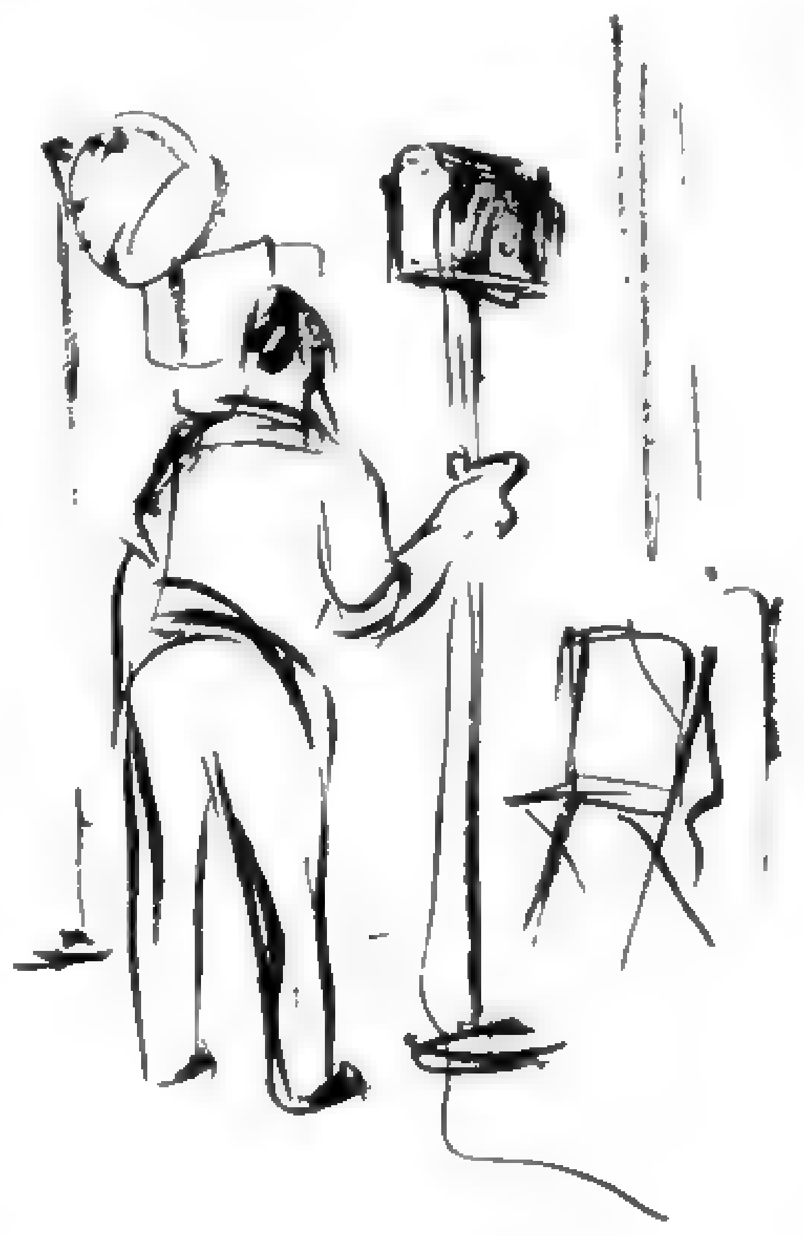
• MOVIES •

### A Man's Guide to the Movies

*YOU'LL BE TALKED INTO SEEING*

The Little Minister: The Scotch mist, like the Scotch brogue, is sometimes conveniently thick, and slush is made beautiful as in the hazy out-of-focus photographs that were popular once on a time. Hepburn is coy, impulsive, and gypsy-like, as per requirement. The picture is over-touted, but nevertheless better entertainment than the run of stuff. It succeeds by establishing and holding a romantic atmosphere, rather than by any special excellence. Starts off with a strong dramatic situation in which the weavers of the village are fighting their lord, but this is quickly dropped for the gypsy and minister love story. Sappiest moment: The little minister's mother brings out a lock of his hair, to show the elders what a dear boy was he. Bring a big handkerchief to loan to the girl friend.

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer: Extremely exciting entertainment. In the words of its own exploitation book: "*The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* has EVERYTHING! This is a BIG picture among BIG PICTURES!" Well, Hollywood discovers a country called India, and shoots the works, from snake-charming to pig-sticking. The horsemanship (Gary Cooper rides for himself) is really swell. Not enough of it, in fact. What annoyed me was the Dorothy Dalton thriller aspect, with native villains sticking burning bamboo shoots under the finger nails of heroic British officers who will not reveal the route of the munitions convoy. The picture starts out by kidding the adventure story conception of service in India, and then goes right ahead to outdo the wildest pulps, with vampire spies, lavish palaces, dancing girls, etc., etc. "For generation after generation a handful of men have ordered the lives of 300,000,000 people." Men dying under torture for the glory of the British Empire in India. I, for one, strongly resented this imperialistic hooey.



*GO ALONG TO SEE*

Clive of India: Not nearly as entertaining in the thriller fashion as *Bengal Lancers*, but impressive. Covers the career of Lord Clive, who blackjacked India into "cooperation" with the British East India company. The love interest drags, although Loretta Young is more luminously beautiful than ever. There is only one strong action sequence: the handful of British crossing a raging river a la Washington, and fighting a flock of armored elephants. Ronald Colman, sans mustache, never makes a person of Clive, but gives a good representation.

Biography of a Bachelor Girl: Ann Harding gets a change in type, from the weepy maid who has been done wrong to the gay sophisticate who loves to do wrong. The picture is cleverly paced; Ann gets by fairly well, with good support. Tale is from Behrman's play of the lady artist with a scandalous past, about to reveal all in a weekly newspaper.

County Chairman: Give 'em Judge Priest again, they said, and here it is. Changed the names of the characters. But Stepin Fetchit drives the buggy, and there is a picnic under the trees, and an upright boy is in love with a sweet girl, and Will fixes it for them.

The Gilded Lily: Claudette Colbert cute in a concoction about the stenographer who becomes a celebrity who could marry a lord but returns to the boy back home. Gets quite long and repetitious but has some fun.

The Iron Duke: Impressive if wearying historical spectacle with Wellington on the pedestal. English production: some bad photography. Waterloo staged in a stiff, formal manner, contrasting effectively with scenes of modern warfare. George Arliss in a standard performance, not equal to his best. Excellent costuming, tending to prove Empire gowns are the most becoming style women can wear.

*GO ALONG (with misgivings)*

The Band Plays On: Sunday school sermon about football as a character builder. Stuart Erwin and three pals are the "four bombers" backfield. One girl amongst 'em. Oh the gay, the irrepressible collegians, working their way through school with no aid from the alumni. One boy breaks a leg and the others get sore at the coach and the girl is about to marry the wrong guy but all ends well.

Evergreen: Gaumont-British makes a back stage musical. An almost perfect imitation of the Hollywood manner, that can't help being ludicrous in spots simply because Englishmen are doing it. They've even tossed in an occasional Americanism, like "get the dough." And when the English voice utters this: "Do you mind if I open the window?" "No, so long as you don't give me the air!"—you'll laugh, but not at the gag. The whole thing is as incongruous as Lady Astor impersonating Cab Calloway. It gets slow and dull when the novelty wears off. But the star, Jessie Matthews, is something to look at. She really dances. And what a figure!

It Must Be Love: Distorted version of Maxwell Anderson's *Saturday's Children.* A true version would have been pertinent now, when youngster's marriages are broken by lack of cash; the movie substitutes the in-law problem. Ross Alexander, newest grin-boy, in the lead.

*WASTE*

The Night Is Young: Ramon Novarro as the prince who falls in love with the ballet girl. A stupid, slow, pretentious, and thoroughly dull musical that wants to be something like the *Merry Widow* but never gets started.

Grand Old Girl: So awful it gets really funny at times. May Robson is wasted in this bowl of molasses "dedicated to the school teachers of America." All about the efforts of a lovable tough old lady principal to close up the "back room" of the ice cream parlor across the street. Oozing with sentiment. May gets in one good scene, when she snoops through the alley, trying to open the back door to the back room. But the final sequence, when the President of the United States comes to visit his dear old school teacher, will kill you.

* * *

*LITTLE OAKS FROM BIG ACORNS*

By this time, Hollywood may have paid as much as half a million dollars in tribute to Broadway for motion picture rights to plays presented since the season opened in fall. Half a million dollars is an incidental item in the golden village's expense sheet, and I am the last one to weep at the transfer of so many dollars from the pockets of producers to the pockets of authors (and their managers). Even though the authors in question be playwrights. After all, they too, have to buy typewriter ribbons. But with the acceptance of the talking picture came a general acceptance of the idea that the stage was the best source of material

Continued on page 166B

Old Gold
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THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold

WEARIED BY A WINDBAG?

*. . . light an Old Gold*

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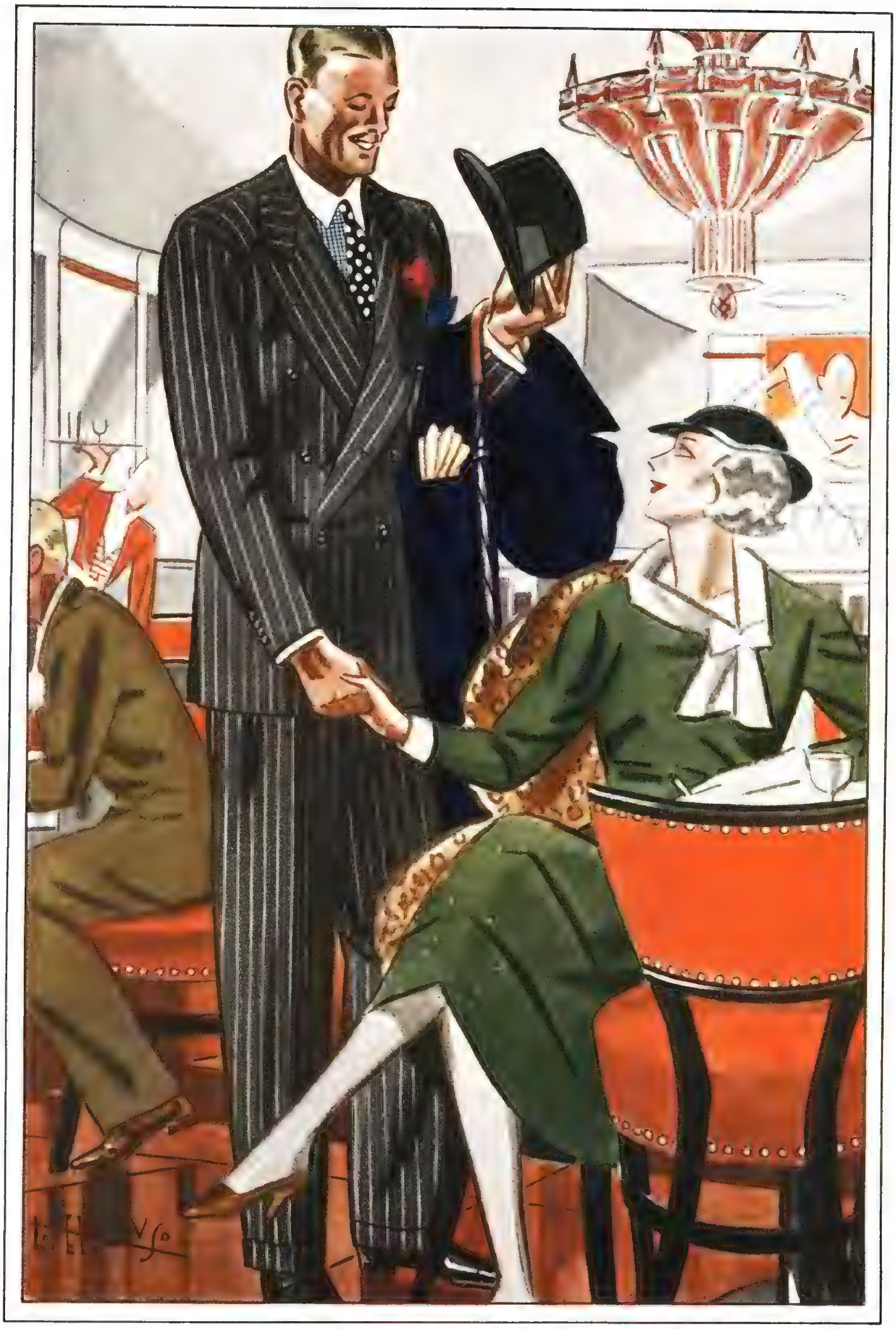
If you're cornered at a fancy-dress ball by a tedious "ME-Man," don't let the pest spoil your party. Count ten and light a sunny-smooth Old Gold. Every puff of a mellow, mild O. G. is like a friendly pat on the back.

AT TRYING TIMES . . . TRY A *SMOOTH* OLD GOLD



## SOMETHING WE PREDICTED JUST A YEAR AGO

In the March issue for 1934, we introduced the black Homburg to this country. We said then that it was an established English fashion, having already enjoyed, at that time, a London run of about a year. It is only within the last couple of months, however, that this hat has been seen in noticeable numbers around New York, but now its popularity is showing almost daily growth. The suit is another London favorite (as witness all the news pictures of the Duke of Kent) its two distinguishing features being the long lapel roll to the bottom button, and the two seven inch side vents. This one is a dark grey flannel with a white chalk stripe. The rest of the outfit consists of a blue checked madras soft shirt with white starched cuffs, a starched collar and a black foulard tie with white polka dots, black blucher shoes, a single breasted blue topcoat, and fawn colored gloves.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)*

## Go and Go-Moku

*Continued from page 85*

toe. However, a few trial games will prove to anyone that he is dealing with an adult game, which may involve quite intricate combinations. Fig. 2 furnishes a good example.

If Black tries to win the game in the obvious way which presents itself through q 13, forcing the reply o 15, and then r 14 which forms a four and an open three, he would, in fact, lose the game immediately, because in blocking the four at o 14 White would himself open one which Black must stop at o 16, and then White forms a four and three with n 14.

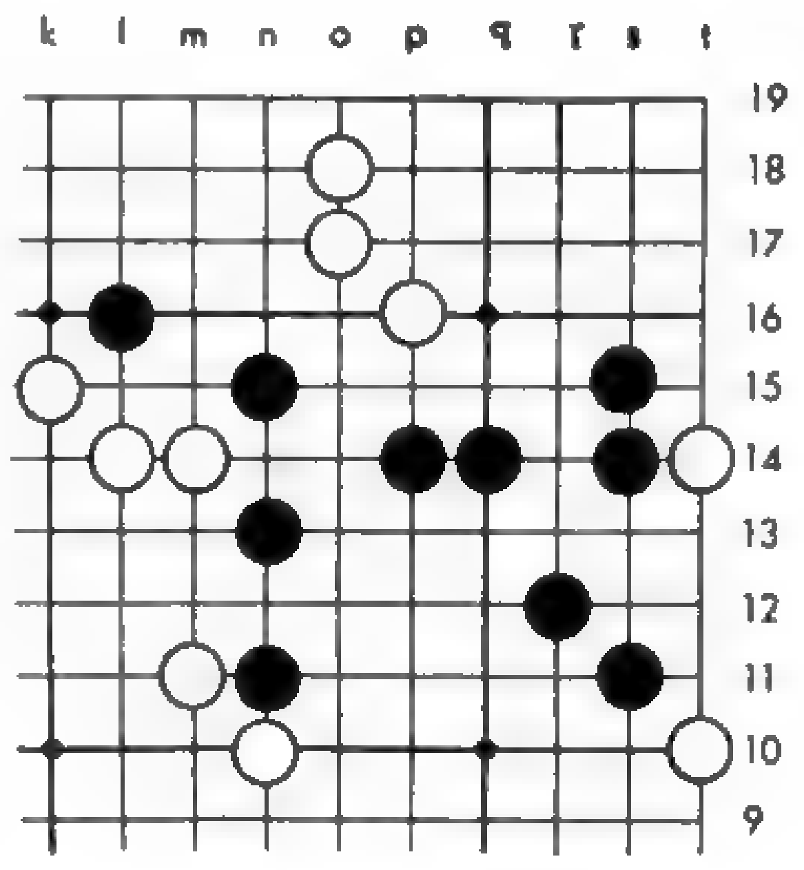


FIG. 2

The way for Black to win is to play first o 16. Now White must stop the combination just alluded to. Let us assume he does it with q 13. Now Black wins by first placing a man on n 14, forcing the reply n 12, and then continuing with n 17 which forms a four and an open three.

To please those who must gamble, methods of scoring, doubling and redoubling were worked out for the American version of the game, similar to bridge and backgammon.

The game of Go is of an entirely different order. It is pre-eminently a strategic game. At the start the players scatter their men on the board with the object to obtain footholds in different sections and then to connect the men gradually into chains which surround as much territory as possible and capture opposing groups.

The board may be regarded as an uninhabited continent which is being discovered simultaneously by two different groups of explorers who proceed to stake off the territory they intend to hold as their property.

At first there is enough territory available for both groups to expand at liberty. But as more and more men arrive things get crowded and, just as in life, fighting starts. One group invades the territory of the other, and sometimes the invader can fortify himself and hold his ground while often he will be surrounded by the enemy and captured. When fighting ceases because the opponents concede each other the territories they have staked off and fortified, and do not attempt further invasions, the number of unoccupied points which constitute these territories are counted and a point is added for each prisoner taken. The player with the greater total of points wins the game.

Fig. 3 shows the position arrived at after 16 moves on either side, in a game played on the board of the American version, which has 13 x 13 lines.

White has staked off considerable territory along the left edge of the board as well as in the upper right. He has also settled himself in the lower centre and in the upper left, but the latter settlement is pressed by Black who can attack it with e 11, preparing to surround it completely.

Black has sketched the outlines of a settlement along the right edge of the board and he will probably also control some territory in the upper centre, but it can be seen already that unless he can capture the White group in the upper left he will in the end have less territory than White.

The attractive feature of the game for beginners is that as soon as they have learned the rules, which takes no time at all, they can indulge in actual games and have a good time doing their exploring of "Go-territory" for themselves, as lightly or as seriously as suits their taste.

Whether a player plays badly or well he will enjoy the battle, the thrill which accompanies the hunt and capture of an opponent, and the terror which grips one when he suddenly realizes that part of his proud army is being cut off and beleaguered, with little hope for escape.

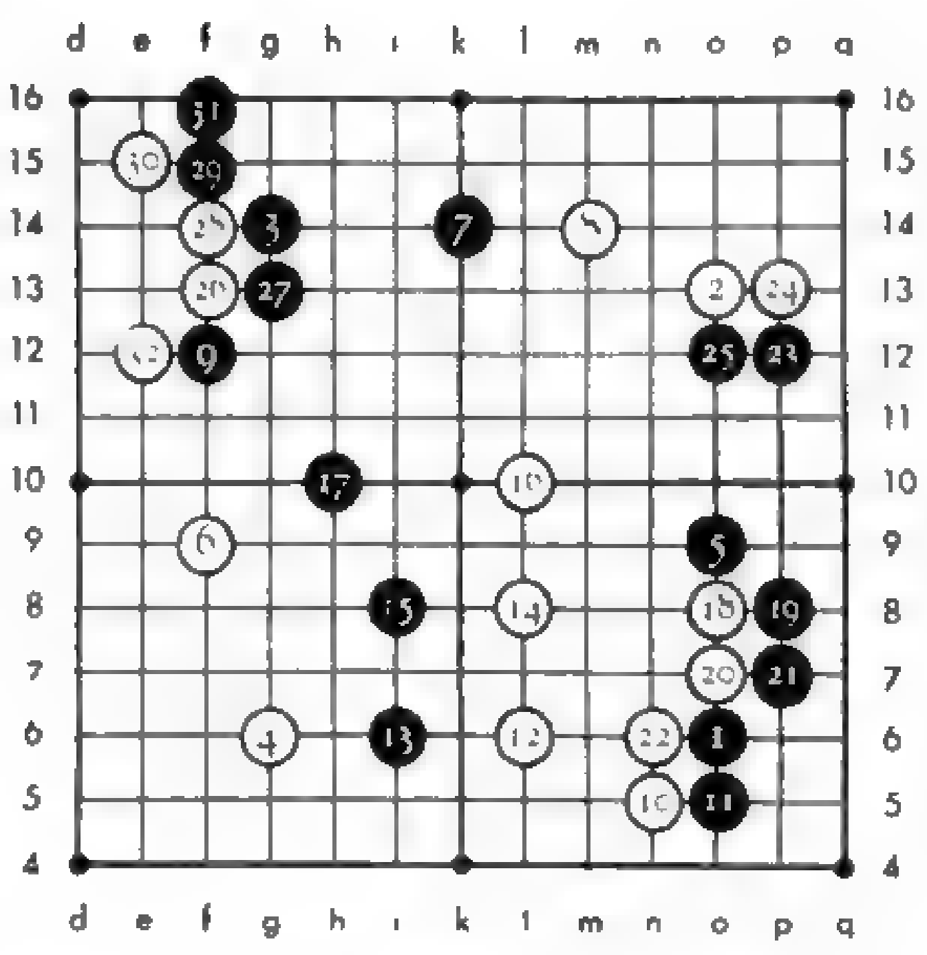


FIG. 3

Both Go and Go-Moku have the supreme advantage over bridge that alibis are eliminated since the consequences of any play can be demonstrated after the game and are not subject to individual opinion.

Bridge players will be astonished to hear that partners at Go have remained friends for years.

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*Graphic illustrations accompanying this article are taken from Edward Lasker's book, "Go and Go-Moku," reprinted by courtesy of the publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.*

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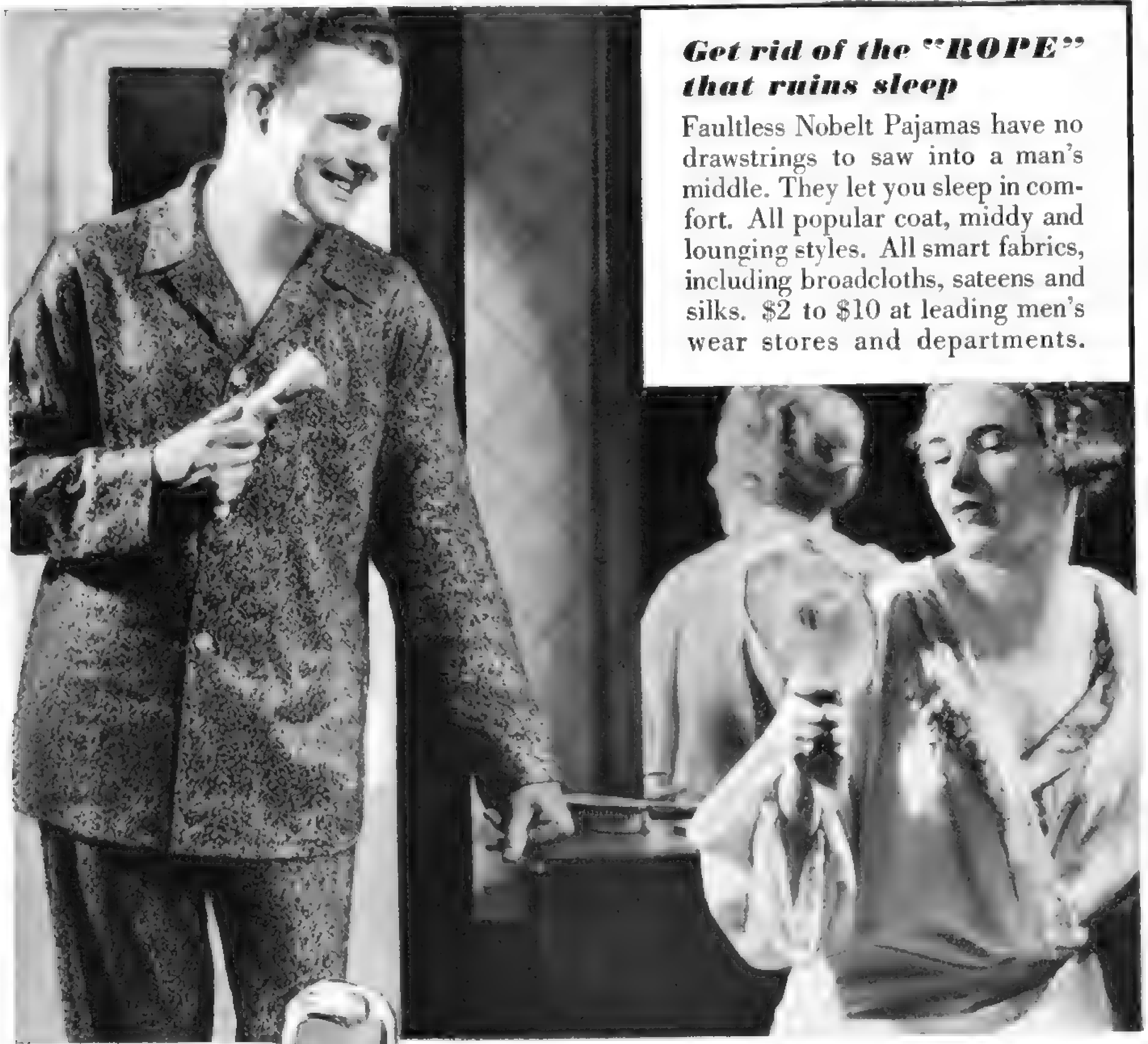

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### Don't Eat What's Good for You

*Continued from page 32*

how many cases of xerophthalmia, due to vitamin A lack, does one see? In America it is as rare as hens' teeth because we all take butter three times a day. How many cases of beri-beri? None at all. Frequent in Japan, true, where many people live on polished rice or, in other words, do not get enough to eat. If you get enough to eat, with the qualitative implication of getting the variety we Americans like, you needn't fuss about vitamins.

How many cases of adult scurvy, due to lack of vitamin C, does one see in a busy hospital service? A short time ago I saw my first case of it. As a commentary on its rarity, although we made a fairly decent guess as to the diagnosis, we had to call in Mr. Stefansson, the famous Arctic explorer, to confirm it. And this case only came to pass through a rather extraordinary combination of circumstances. A little, obstinate, square-headed and very likeable old German lady got the idea into her head that she couldn't eat. For eight months she took nothing but canned soup, oatmeal, boiled milk and coffee, German coffee at that. She developed mental depression, pain in the joints, the most fearful bleeding gums I have ever seen, and hemorrhages into the skin. Being a resolute old lady who said what she meant and meant what she said, she was damned if she'd take any of the fruit juice, fresh vegetables or rare meat that would have cured her. I was fit to be tied trying to break down this indomitable will. Fortunately there was a side to her, up to a certain point at least, of which we were able to take advantage. She took Herr-Professors and Herr-Professorial stage-setting seriously. And although she wouldn't take fruit juices and Hamburger steak, she would take a stomach-tube, a confirmation of a long-held suspicion of mine that the human race likes discomfort more than it likes comfort. Anyway, down the old lady's oesophagus went a stomach-tube and down the stomach-tube went, surreptitiously, fruit juice and raw potato juice. In twenty-four hours her mouth looked almost human. In forty-eight she was complaining bitterly because the Hamburger steaks were not big enough. From a therapeutic point of view it was the most dramatic thing you ever saw, but I mention it here because its very drama is a commentary on its rarity. If this old lady had simply taken three ordinary commonplace meals a day, without taking thought and without seeking after a sign, she never would have gotten herself into this jam. Ordinary eating would have prevented her scurvy. It took a catastrophic and senseless *tour de force* to bring it on.

In the case of infants and growing children, however, it is necessary to take thought and eat "what's good for one." Scurvy, rickets and anemia are apt to occur in infants unless they are supplied with orange and tomato juice for vitamin C, cod liver oil and sunlight for vitamin D, and beef-juice for iron. Milk, particularly when pasteurized, has not enough vitamin and it is almost completely lacking in iron. Beef-juice should be supplied almost from the start and beef-meat as soon as possible. As soon as they can handle the latter they'll like it and they'll eat it because they like it, a reason which sufficiently supersedes the now non-pertinent reason that "it's good for them." The human race has not spent a few hundred thousand years acquiring a selective taste in food for nothing.

None of this means that we are to go out of our way to avoid vitamins. Vitamins are absolutely essential. People who take coffee and a coffee-ring for breakfast, coffee and a sandwich for luncheon, and a heavy starchy meal for dinner, may well suffer from vague and subthreshold forms of vitamin-deficiency. Light on the baffling problem of dental caries, or tooth-decay, seems to be focusing on three factors: (1) lack of vitamin C, causing bad nutrition of the gums: (2) lack of vitamin D, causing imperfect calcification: and (3) too much carbohydrate food, which operates in some unexplained way, possibly through increased bacterial action in the mouth, possibly through the chemistry of fermentation, which we know causes general bad health. Excess sugar doubtless plays a part and some British clinicians have good evidence to show that our old respected friend, oatmeal, when taken in excess, may be an important offender too. The meals outlined above are unwholesome and not only may but will cause trouble. Even here, however, the trouble is more likely to be along the line of indigestion than along the line of vitamin-deficiency. For a little vitamin is pretty apt to sneak in here and there. Nevertheless, such meals kept up continuously do carry the risk of vitamin-lack, either obvious or veiled. But such meals are not the lot of the average American family. They pertain to the poor, whom it is our duty to help, or to the gastronomically slovenly, who get what they ask for. The average American diet has plenty of sins of commission but few sins of omission, and, with the exceptions noted, omission of vitamins is not very likely. The point I'm driving at is that we are under no obligation to take orange or tomato juice as if it were a medicine prescribed t.i.d.a.c., (three times a day before meals). Once a week is enough and, if good food is taken, more than enough. Furthermore once a week does not carry with it the risk of intestinal fermentation.

Let us go into this matter of eating fruit because of its alleged value in curing intestinal toxemia and constipation. I have actually known people so fanatically imbued with this notion that they drank a quart of orange juice for breakfast, probably on the principle that if a little is good too much is better. These people are of course exaggerated food neurotics, but so profound is the paralyzing effect of prejudice on the powers of observation that they cannot observe that they are actually in bad health as a result. They have been told that fruit is "good for them." That's enough. That there are many situations where fruit is bad for them seems absolutely inconceivable and yet such is the case. What are the conditions in which fruit, which we take because "it's good for us," is nevertheless actually bad for us? This takes us into the very mixed-up question of intestinal toxemia, or so-called auto-intoxication, about which so much is known that is not so. Everybody thinks that it is due to meat. It is due to nothing of the sort. It is due in the vast majority of cases to carbohydrates. Carbohydrates come from vegetables. They include sugar, starch and cellulose, the last named being the roughage that we have be-

*Continued on page 146*

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# Don't Eat What's Good for You

*Continued from page 145*

come so mad about. There is no doubt that there is such a thing as the putrefaction of proteins, the proteins being meat, fish and eggs. But its importance has been tremendously exaggerated. It is a very significant fact that when the two Arctic explorers, Stefansson and Andersen, subjected themselves to the experiment of eating literally nothing but meat for a year, the putrefactive bacteria, which are supposed to thrive on such a diet, practically disappeared from their intestinal tracts.

What happens in most cases of intestinal toxemia is this. Starch is relatively hard to digest. Cellulose is impossible to digest. All three carbohydrates, sugar, starch and cellulose, very easily undergo fermentation at the hands of the scoff-law bacteria that infest the intestinal tract. And, ah! that fermentation! Not a genial kindly product by any means, but a fermenting mash that contains everything that makes bad booze bad, without benefit of ageing or distillation, the triple concentrate and inner essence of headache and low spirits. Many poisonous things are formed in our insides from the excess sugar that we take for energy, the superfluity of fruit that we take for vitamins, the detestable spinach that we take for roughage and iron. The things that we take because "they're good for us."

It is not a coincidence by any means that the symptoms of the "hangover" are qualitatively the same, though in acute and exaggerated form, less persistent but more emphatic, as the symptoms of intestinal toxemia. For they are derived from the same source, the fermentation of carbohydrates. They comprise headache, generalized aches and pains, vague abdominal discomfort, our old friend halitosis, mental depression and gas. As for gas, there isn't any argument against its coming from carbohydrates. Any manufacturer of home-brew, which like stained glass has become a lost art, can tell you that. And the gas that rumbles in our insides is the same gas that in days of yore blew the product of our tender care, our most parental nurture, up against the ceiling and made the premises smell up to the seventh heaven.

The situation reminds one of the Episcopal Prayer-Book. "We have done the things we ought not to have done and we have left undone the things we ought to have done, and there is no health in us." It is true enough. We stuff ourselves with sugar, starch and roughage and we avoid meat, fish and eggs, and, behold, there is no health in us.

It is a very curious thing how our propensity for taking thought has lead us astray on the subject of protein foods, meat, fish and eggs. Unquestionably we have built up a prejudice against animal food and the origin of this prejudice is lost in prehistoric time. It has no sense to it. It has all the ear-marks of some semi-mystical and highly primitive tribal tabu. Possibly it was an outgrowth of the early ban on the taking of life. But whatever the original reason for the prejudice it has been forgotten and its place has been filled by a number of plausible rationalizations, some religious, some hygienic, and all of them lacking the ability to withstand any kind of searching criticism. For example, we are told that meat causes high blood pressure. No one has ever proved it and all the evidence is in the reverse direction. But that doesn't make any difference. We keep believing it just the same. Chronic Bright's disease usually shows increased blood pressure and in chronic Bright's disease the chemistry of the blood shows that the damaged kidneys cannot eliminate the end-products of protein. Therefore it was rashly concluded that protein caused high blood pressure and Bright's disease. But there is a vast number of cases of high blood pressure who do not have Bright's disease at all, whose kidneys are perfectly normal. Meat was blamed for these cases too, and with no grounds whatever. The answer is that our age-old prejudice against meat has made us want, unconsciously, to find it guilty of every crime in the physiological calendar.

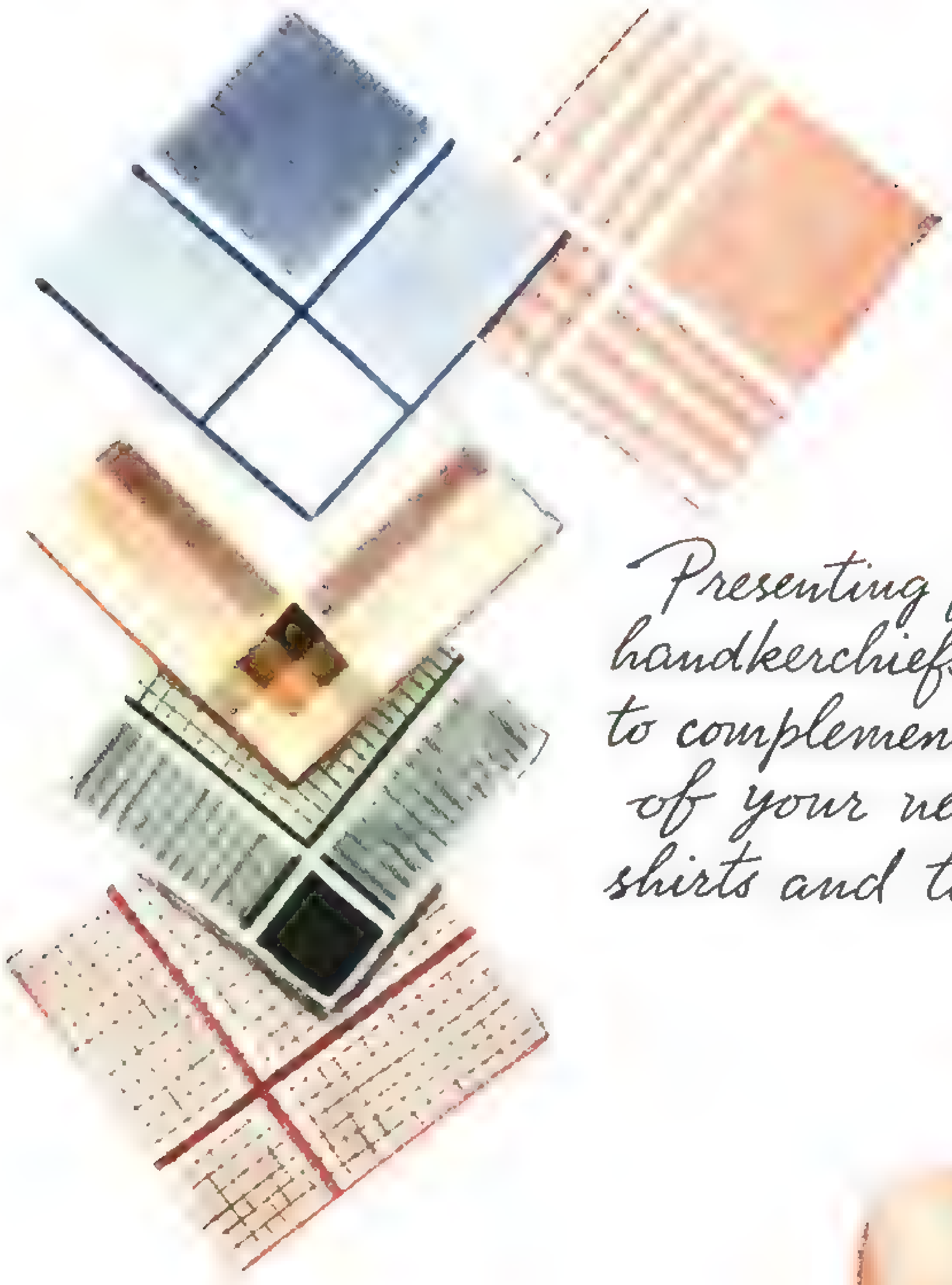
Take this high blood pressure business for example. Some years ago a physician made a study of the Northern and Southern Eskimos. Among the Northern Eskimos he found no cases of high blood pressure. Among the Southern Eskimos he found high blood pressure just as frequent and just as high as amongst our own people. The Northern Eskimos eat practically nothing but meat. The Southern Eskimos eat large amounts of sugar, flour and dried fruits. This certainly does not look as if meat caused high blood pressure, and yet it is because of our fear of high blood pressure that we are told not to eat meat. Another alleged reason against meat is gout. As a matter of fact gout is not due to meat at all, but to an inability of the kidneys to excrete the uric acid which meat gives rise to. Certainly gout of the classical red-hot-big-toe type is not nearly so frequent today as it was in the Eighteenth Century, when gentlemen instead of taking one or two high-balls consumed three or four bottles of port of an evening. It is true enough that meat must be limited when gout has once been established. But that does not mean that meat caused gout in the first place, because it didn't. It was something else, and inasmuch as beer and wine, those products of carbohydrate fermentation, are very probably factors, it may be that the excess carbohydrate that we eat because it's good for us may play a part as well. The fear of protein foods, meat, fish and eggs, has driven us away from these necessary and harmless things over to the carbohydrates, sugar, flour, cereal, roughage, which curiously enough we think are perfectly innocent in no matter what large amounts we take them. And it is the carbohydrate in excess that causes the intestinal toxemia which we falsely ascribe to meat. We have done the things we ought not to have done and have left undone the things we ought to have done. These carbohydrates in excess, escape digestion, and, escaping digestion, reach the lower bacteria-infested portion of the intestine where they ferment with the formation of harmful substances. Symptoms result. Commonplace and infernally uncomfortable symptoms which we all know.

It is no mere coincidence that the rise in intestinal toxemia parallels the rise in the consumption of sugar and analogous carbohydrate foods. A century ago the *per capita* consumption of sugar was five pounds per year. Today it is 112 lbs. per year. And we blame our troubles on the meat and not on the sweet. By way of doing a good job and getting more vitamins than the ignorant Mr. Jones next door, we stuff ourselves with fruit and salad which form garbage in our insides and cause similar bad results. It's good for us. Well, by Jove, it is good for us, in the sense of serving us right.

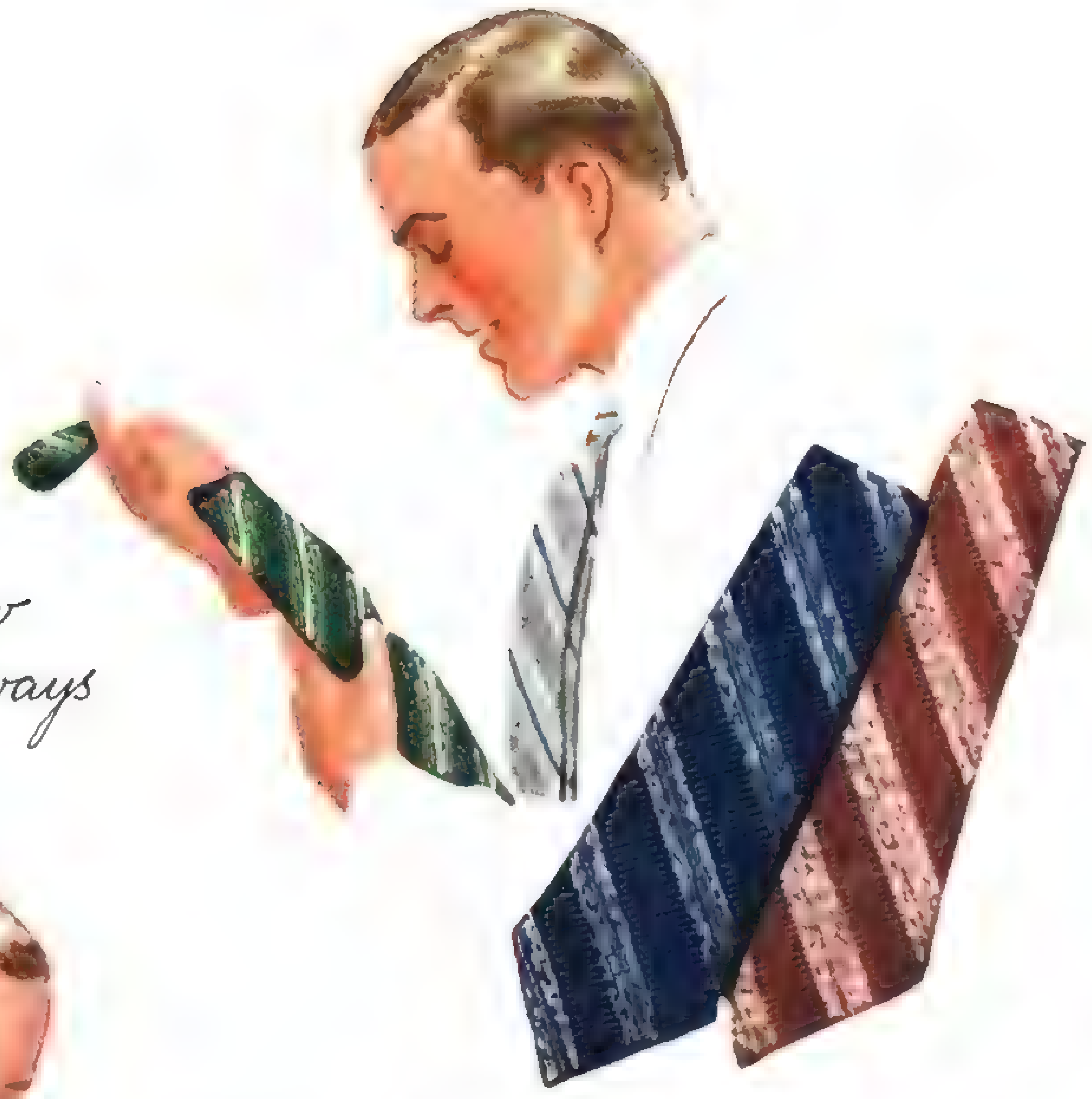
Another thing that we feel under a compulsion to take because it's good for us is milk. Now please get me straight on this. Milk is a tremendously important food for infants, for some growing children and for some adults. But because mothers' milk is good for all infants it does not follow that cows' milk—a vastly different fluid—is good for all children and all adults. Milk is a grand food for some people and a very bad one for others. It is certainly not a liquid food, contrary to general belief. When it reaches the stomach it is frequently converted into tough rubbery curds that defy digestion. These decompose when they reach the lower intestine and cause coated tongue, bad breath and a feeling as if the world had gone to ruin. If you are suffering from stomach or intestinal trouble, ask that dispassionate observer, your family doctor, whether milk is good or bad for your particular case.

It is not at all surprising that the great interest in vitamins in legitimate medical circles has given rise to a publicity about them of which quacks and faddists have been only too quick to avail themselves. It is quite probable that lack of vitamin A lowers resistance against catching cold. But that does not mean that the addition of vitamin A to a cough medicine is going to help cure the cold once it has been acquired. However, it sounds good.

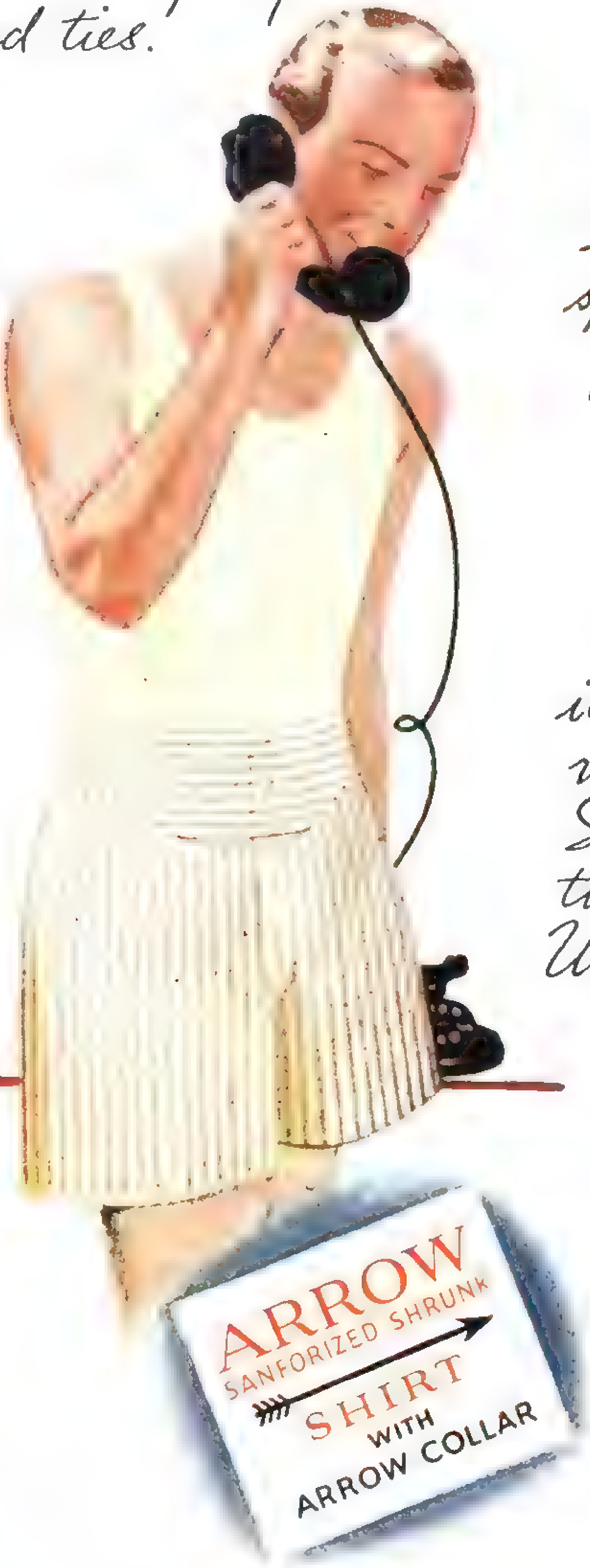
We are perfectly correct in feeling great interest in the new and constantly growing knowledge about vitamins. This knowledge represents a tremendous addition to our understanding of the why of things. But this does not mean that it is obligatory on the part of lay folks to burden themselves with this information except as a matter of casual interest. A good darkey cook who can't read will hand you out a dinner with all the vitamins in the world, and it will be a dinner, not a complication of the letters of the alphabet. One of our expensive modern fads is to teach dietetics in the public schools instead of teaching cooking at home. One of our eminent political Pooh-bahs of the good old anti-economy school actually said recently, "How are we going to teach the children about vitamins if the public doesn't spend money?" The truth is that it makes very little difference whether they know about vitamins or not. For practical purposes it boils down to the fact that if you're not getting enough vitamins you're not getting enough food. This latter fact is the serious one and it's usually obvious without any academic book-learning on the subject. One's natural taste will lead one fairly accurately to a hygienic selection of food. And by natural tastes I mean tastes that have not been corrupted by dietetic pedantry or by over-indulgence in sweets. Assuming that these and analogous distortions are ruled out, an enlightened *laissez-faire* is a pretty safe policy on which to order one's meals.



Presenting five new Arrow handkerchiefs—five smart ways to complement the patterns of your new spring shirts and ties.

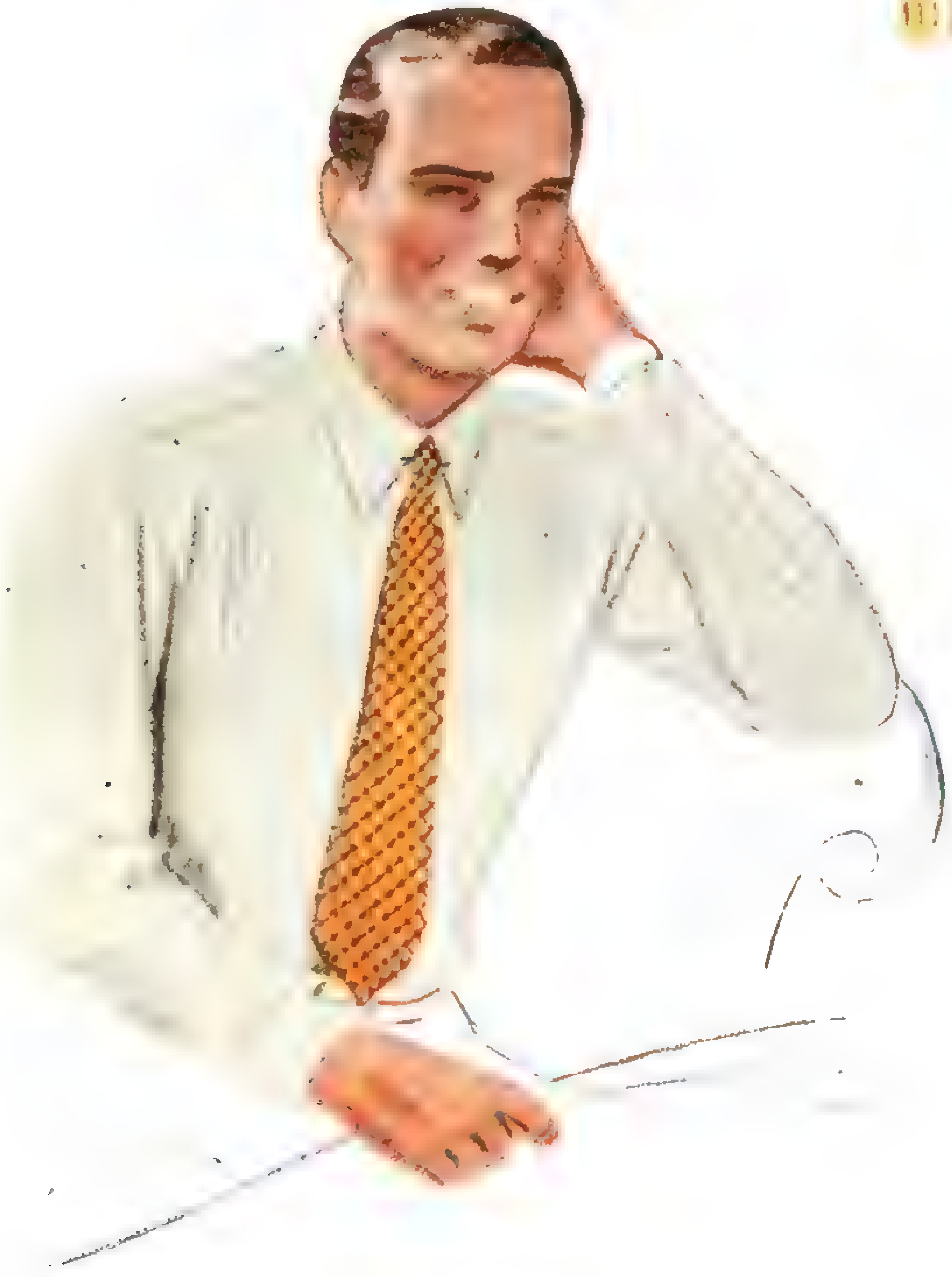


Something different in spring neckwear — the first successful combination of Repp and Boucle in a tie.

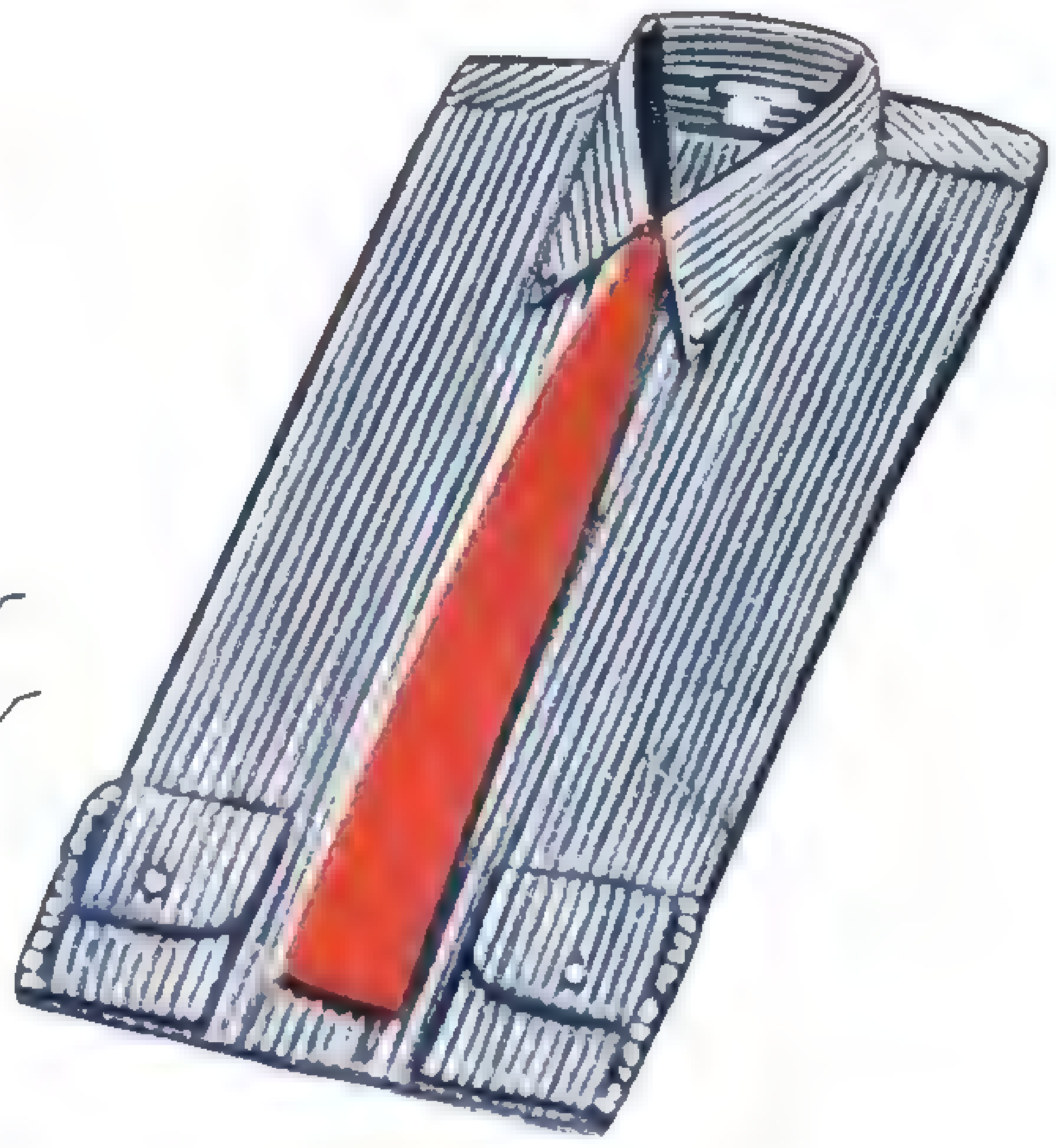


Arrow's latest underwear idea — butter-yellow shirt with striped shorts to match! Shorts have no pesky seam in the crotch. Sanforized-Shrunk. Undershirt is French Rib.

Meet the Sudbury — a new Arrow fancy — may be worn with or without a collar pin. It's a Mitoga-shaped to fit. Sanforized-Shrunk, of course.



If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Product.



Here's a happy union of a striped blue and white shirt, with bold silk knitted red tie. Both Arrow. The shirt is Chatham.

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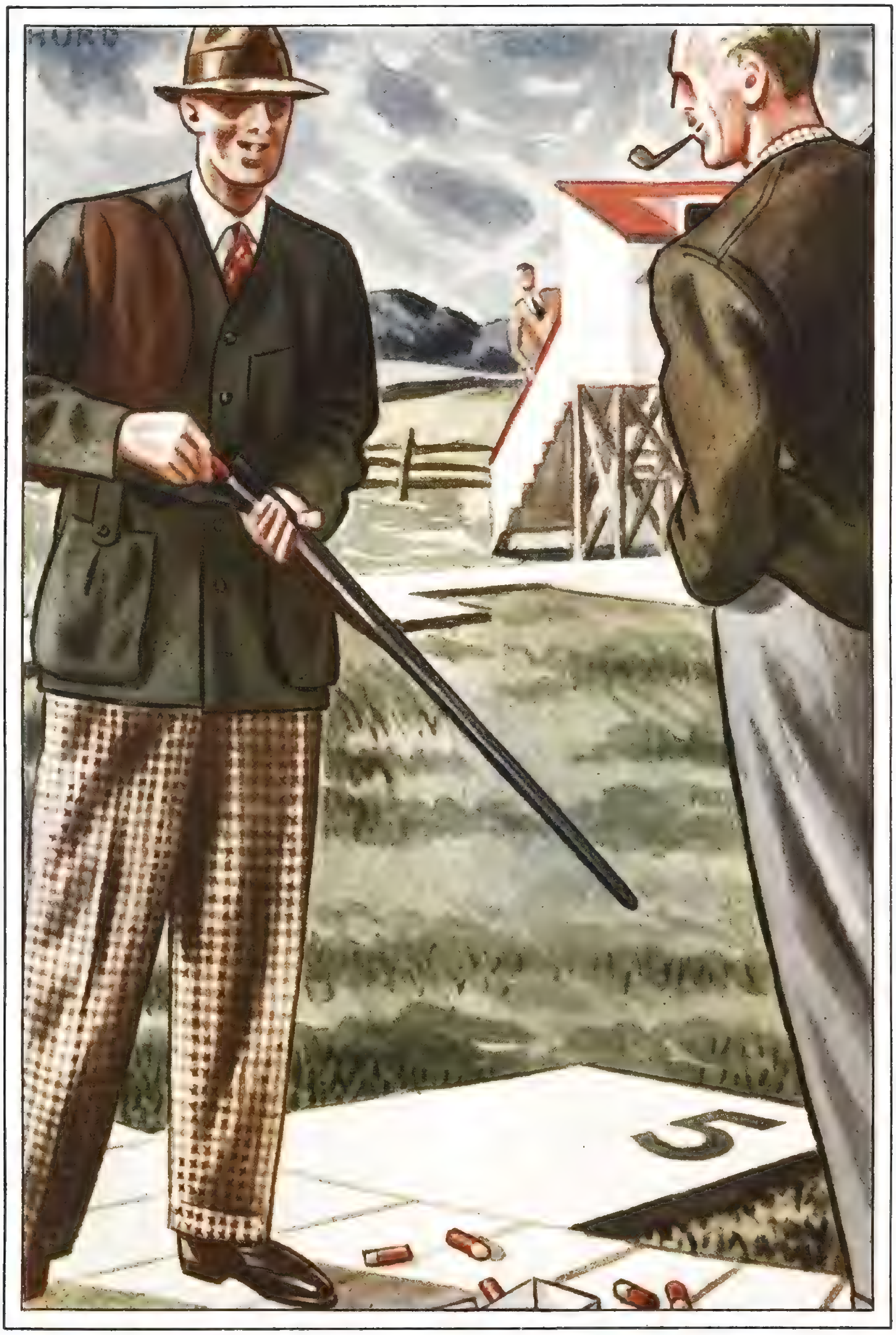


# TWO OUTFITS DESIGNED FOR SKEET SHOOTERS

They tell us that the best cure for the blues of a golf widow is a short conversation with a skeet widow. Most golfers quit sometime during the year, but skeet shooters seem to go on forever. The sport started in a game of shooting around the clock, and it seems to be developing into one of shooting all over the map and all around the calendar. There are many types of dress for skeet shooting, but one of the most practical, if not the best looking, is shown on the figure at the left. The skeet jacket has neither collar nor lapel, the pockets are designed to hold a full quota of extra shells and, of course, there is a leather gun pad on the shoulder. The back of the jacket is shown on the other figure. Note that it is pleated to allow freedom for the arms and shoulders. With this jacket any pair of odd tweed slacks will be appropriate. Sketched at the left are shepherd check tweed trousers.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)*

# The Lives of Wilson Mizner

Continued from page 29

expelled as a result of several exploits.

His saga began in the Klondike, but he first became well known when he was among those who graced the famous round table at Jack's. There, after midnight, met such kindred spirits as Jack Dunston, mine host, Frank Ward O'Malley, who once boasted he had lived fourteen years at Jack's, James Huneker, the great critic of the arts, Bert Igoe, Ben De Casseres, and Ed Hill (now known as Edwin C. Hill), like O'Malley one of the old N. Y. Sun's star reporters, and others who preferred conversation to music while wining and dining. Wilson Mizner was in his glory in a very nearly stag American tavern that might be compared to The Mermaid of Shakespeare's time. In such company one who "put his whole wit in a jest" had the toughest of all audiences to please. Alas, the greatest quips only lived as long as the applause. They were never recorded for future pleasure. Bacchus is the great eraser. I hung on the outskirts of the verbal fireworks, as did other of The Sun's so-called "bright young men," but all I have to report is that Mizner sat at the head of a round table.

The only advice I ever heard him give was: "Never tip your mitt." He always looked prosperous, however things were breaking, and a good gambler never complains. "Never give a sucker an even break," was another of his expressions long in currency after he uttered it. Why—I once asked him. Wits do not care about explaining. "Why: Because he won't appreciate it."

Once he asked a chance acquaintance, a little chap, to join him at luncheon.

"Stick around, runt, for a while. You'll help me throw off an inferiority complex from which I'm suffering."

Wilson's opinion on love?

"Love runs in a circle," he once drawled. "First, meet the girl, fall for her, seek to win her, then love's young dream—and at the end of the struggle to break off. The last is very exhausting. Now I meet the girl, and click mentally through the other three stages in a few seconds, with no idea in the world of going any further. This is the final sex reaction of the perfect critic."

After leaving college Wilson Mizner went to the Yukon, where he became famous with the sporting fraternity. I once asked him about those days, and if he wasn't a pioneer?

"Yes, I went in, came out, and returned with a girl friend—the original gold digger. What a sap a man would be to go mining—when he could get a gal to dig right into the miner's pokes. There was a big Honky Tonk in Juneau, near the Treadwell mine, and there I put her to work. She danced and sang: 'You Wouldn't Dare Insult Me, Sir, If Jack Was Only Here.' After the numbers the girls worked the boxes. Beer a buck a bottle. Charged cider—called wine—twenty a bottle. The entertainer cashed in her checks on the way out. I escorted her home to our cabin, praised her if she had a good night, and took over. Never let a woman hold out on you. And remember, a skirt gets funny ideas if she is allowed to keep money long enough to think it belongs to her.

"Afterward we went to Dawson City. The pickings were better there. But there was a moral drive—and the reformers figured on getting rid of undesirable characters. I thought it best to get a job as a Deputy Sheriff. I wore a fine big tin badge. Packed a gat. My, how the girl friend looked up to me.

"One day several miners ran breathlessly to my cabin. An old coot had jumped a claim, and refused to be argued off. It was afternoon, and of course my gal wasn't working. She followed her swaggering hero, in the rear. Sure enough, there was a tough looking, bearded old miner, with wicked eyes, armed with a sawed off shotgun. Curtly I ordered him to go home and behave himself. I showed him my badge.

"'Young man, you git-e-yap right back the way you came. Or I'll fill your hide full of buckshot.'

"He raised his shotgun.

"'You will—will you?' I stormed. 'Yes, I think you will.'

"I turned on my heel and left him master of the situation. My gal passed me. I was in the rear, now.

"'Why, you dirty yellow dog. I let you beat me and get away with it, thinking you were a big he-man. Don't you ever dare lay a finger on me again, or I'll take a broom handle to you. From now on, you low mack, you'll do the washing.'

"I did, too, for a time," continued Wilson, "until my chance came to earn the title of one of the bravest men in the Yukon. The good provider was working that night, so she got the same story that went the rounds.

"It was after midnight when three friends of mine, two of them wounded, came to my cabin, seeking a hideout. They'd tried to rob a rich claim and failed. I slipped a board back and managed to get them up into the attic. I was taking a drink when a sharp knock came upon the door. The Sheriff wanted me to join his posse. As a Deputy I was subject to call.

"'We have those claim robbers trapped in a deserted cabin on the hill. You got guts enough to come along, Wilson?'

"I buckled on my gun belt. 'I'll lead the way,' I told him briefly.

"Finally we came to a circle of waiting men, laying low, rifles ready. The little cabin loomed ahead, quiet, dangerous. I marched toward it, erect.

"'Lie down, you fool,' someone whispered, 'or you'll get a belly full of lead.'

"But I kept on to the cabin.

"'Com'on out, you lousy rats, or I'll come in and blast you out, single handed.'

"Silence. I pushed in the front door, went inside. I emerged smoking a cigarette.

"'No one in there, Sheriff. Some rabbit blood, that's all.'

"I went over big as a hero. Returning to my cabin I helped the fellows escape. When my gal returned from work she was breathless with the story. I told her she had me all wrong, right along, and demonstrated my he-mannishness by tickling her fanny with the end of a broomstick."

Years afterward Wilson made the front pages through his marriage to Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, a lady who had been left fifty millions. He had met her in a group that included his brother, Addison, at a theatre party given at The Casino, where Lillian Russell was playing *Lady Teazle*. Mrs. Yerkes wore a velvet evening gown with a train of fox fur. Her huge lace hat was big as a parasol, ostrich plumes rising from it held in place by an enormous ruby. She spoke, from the box, in the middle of the first act, loudly enough to be heard on the stage.

"I got a picture at home of Lady Teazle. She wears a yellow dress. That woman wears a pink dress. It isn't Lady Teazle."

"Get back in your dog house and rattle your chains," suggested Wilson, inspired by the ropes of pearls that hung from her neck.

When the management complained, Mrs. Yerkes fell off to sleep.

She lived in an astonishing mansion up town. There, after marriage, Wilson went to live for what he called "A period and a coma." His brother Addison, one morning, found him sitting up in a gigantic bed, with steps leading to it; above was a canopy like a tent. The counterpane was exquisitely made Irish lace. Breakfast was being served, on a silver tray, by a footman in livery. Wilson wore a woolen undershirt and was rolling Bull Durham tobacco in a brown sheet of cigarette paper.

"Mrs. Yerkes was very temperamental," he once explained. "I remember her striking me with a bundle of one thousand dollar bills. The band holding the package together broke. I fell out of bed, struggled to pick up some of the grands from the floor before she could find something heavier to hit me with. Alas, all I got out of the marriage was a reputation as a fortune hunter. All I asked of the court was my freedom. I pleaded cruelty, overwork in family duties, mental and physical strain. There were others who wanted Myra's money more than I did. They said I lived like a king for a day. I existed like a monkey in a cage for over a month. A little longer and it wouldn't have needed nuts to tempt me."

In the height of the Florida gamble for fortune, Wilson joined his brother Addison in floating a big land development project. He took along a pal, Grant Clarke, the song writer, as poet laureate of the boom. "There isn't many words to rhyme with boom, except tomb, but you'll do your best," he said.

After the collapse of the boom an investor sued, claiming Wilson Mizner had stated he could grow nuts on the property.

Wilson was placed upon the stand. "Is it true that you told this man he could grow nuts?" asked the opposing counsel.

"No, I told him he could go nuts!" drawled Wilson.

The court rapped for order. The jury dismissed the case without leaving the box.

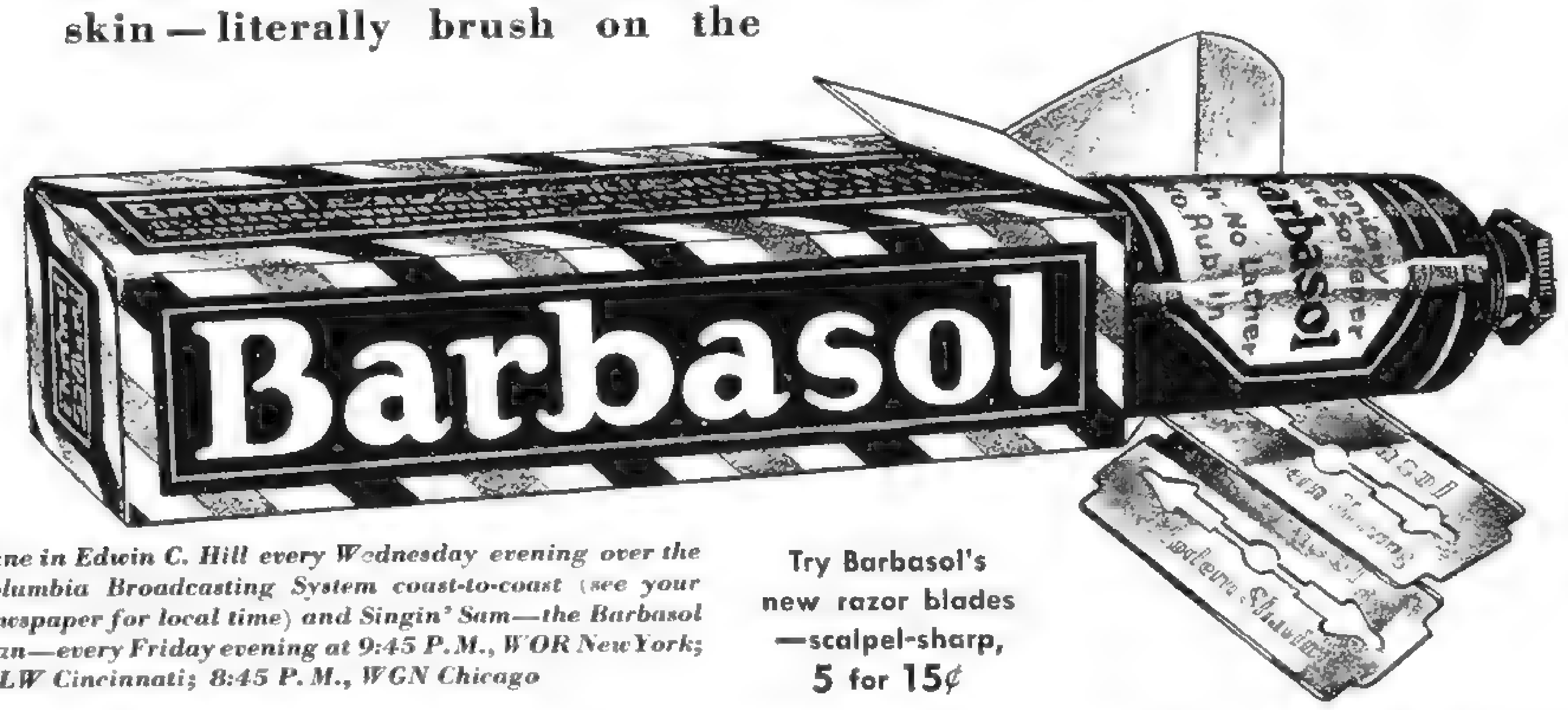
It was that sort of thing that was characteristic of him. Hundreds of examples of his wit will no doubt be collected, some true, some sham. In the building of a myth many a fable is tagged to the tail of a name to make it go over better. The short ugly word will be tossed back and forth by the biographers, in the battle of veracity.

My personal belief is that we have in Wilson Mizner a personality that scorned the printed page, and it is going to be darn hard, if not impossible, to squeeze him into it. Perhaps my own effort, within the confines of a short article, tends to show the difficulty.

The price of neglect

"WHEN THEY CALL YOU 'OLD MAN'
YOU WANT THEM TO SMILE"

To look older than you are, is just as absurd as to act younger than you are. A man of middle years whose face resembles a railroad map of northern Illinois, simply hasn't learned the secret of paternal youth. Use alkaline soap lather every morning, and you dry up the skin—literally brush on the wrinkles. Barbasol is a *cream*—soothing, healing—and every shaving melts away those tiny marks of time. No brush, no lather, no rub-in, with Barbasol—*and no ingrown hairs either.* Just wet the face, rub it on and the whiskers whisk off clean as a whistle.



*Tune in Edwin C. Hill every Wednesday evening over the Columbia Broadcasting System coast-to-coast (see your newspaper for local time) and Singin' Sam—the Barbasol Man—every Friday evening at 9:45 P.M., WOR New York; WLW Cincinnati; 8:45 P.M., WGN Chicago*

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## The Other Way

*Continued from page 26*

it, all right. But you ain't got me yet, Bob, old man. Unless you reckon you can carry me three miles to the Inn."

They were necessarily sitting very close together, but they were far enough apart to be able to look one another in the face, and the long, steady stare they exchanged after Joe's last remark, made further argument superfluous. In effect, Harrison had said: "I got you, my lad, and I'm going to stick to you, whatever happens"; and young Batley: "You may have got me, old man; but you can't do anything, now you have."

For the rest, it seemed to be just a question of endurance. Until one or other of them changed his mind or his tactics, they were faced with a stalemate. A physical struggle, unless it were carried to the point at which one or the other of them was knocked out, would serve no purpose. And what chance was there of that? They were evenly matched physically; and each of them had but one hand free.

"Oh! well," Harrison said at last, breaking the long silence during which so much had been said; "I'll wait till someone comes to help me."

"Ah!" returned Joe laconically, casting a significant glance towards the open spaces of the great deserted moor.

"They'll come to look for me, after a bit," Harrison continued.

"Good-sized bit it'll be, I reckon," Joe commented.

"Sure to come tomorrow, sometime," Harrison affirmed.

"Won't find us then," Joe returned. "You wouldn't ha' found me neither, if I hadn't been such a damn fool as to light a fire."

Harrison looked at the fire and saw that it was now nearly burnt out. He put out his free hand towards the little pile of wood Joe had collected, but Joe anticipated that intention by stretching out his leg and pounding out the dying embers with the back of his heel.

After that there was silence again.

It was a little after twelve o'clock, and the sun now shone right down into the little clearing in which Joe had lighted his fire. Harrison in his uniform began to feel uncomfortably hot. "What about shifting into the shade?" he suggested.

Joe hesitated a moment and then agreed.

In each of their minds, the same thought was beginning to germinate: They must avoid a fight, if possible. If they began to quarrel, the situation would become unbearable. Neither had any grudge against the other. Yet both were already dimly aware, now, that if they allowed their sense of exasperation to grow into anger, this queer act they were playing might end in murder.

In his new position under the trees, Harrison found that he had obtained an unanticipated advantage. They were nearer the edge of the wood and from where he was now sitting, he could catch a glimpse or two, here and there, of the distant stretches of the valley. But nothing moved in all that expanse save the birds. Hangar Forest was a great unofficial sanctuary for bird-life. . . .

If you want to test a man's quality, accompany him on a long and tedious journey, or live alone with him under conditions of physical discomfort. It is surprising how soon two discrepant personalities thus linked together will cover the stages that pass through annoyance to open anger, and even to the thought of murder. In the case of Harrison and Joe the test was quickened by the fact that each began with a grievance against the other, a grievance of which the steel links that bound them together was a perpetual reminder—to Harrison of the uselessness of Joe's resistance, to Joe of the meanness of Harrison's motives in arresting him. And as the slow hours dragged by, this self-justification steadily heightened to the pitch of exasperation.

The outward evidence of increasing ill-temper began with grunts of annoyance as one or the other sought to change to a position of greater comfort, and from that developed to an irritable jerking, now and again, of the galling link that bound their wrists together. It was not, however, until after nearly five hours of this torturing association that the smouldering fire of resentment burst into flame.

By that time Harrison's thirst had become unendurable. Joe had drunk much more recently, was less heavily clad and had not had Harrison's three-mile tramp and subsequent stalking of his quarry under the mid-day sun. Wherefore when Harrison could bear his thirst no longer and suggested, temperately, still trying to keep himself in hand, that they should go down to the river and have a drink, Joe seized his advantage by a surly (and blasphemous) refusal.

And then, in an instant, all self-restraint was thrown aside.

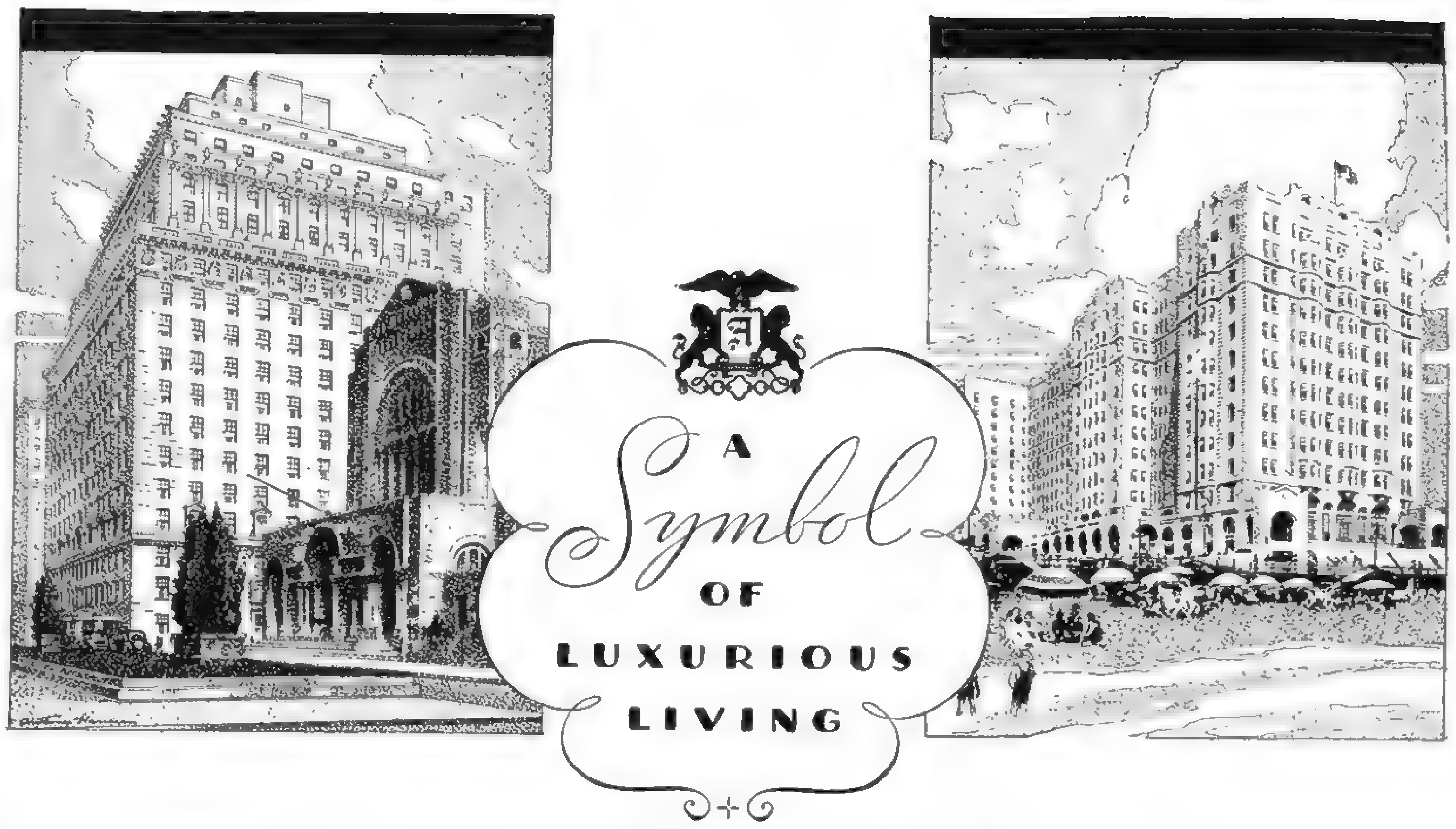
"By God, if you won't come, I'll make you," Harrison exploded, and with an instinctive dislike to fight lying down, both of them rose to their feet. For a moment they stood glaring at one another, their faces less than a foot apart, before Joe attempted a short-armed blow and had his left wrist seized by Harrison's right hand. After that the fight, beginning as a blind, objectless wrestling, gradually resolved itself into a struggle by Harrison to force Joe down to the river.

In physical strength the two were fairly evenly matched, but Harrison was perhaps a stone the heavier of the two, and he had the further advantage that in the direction in which he wished to go the ground sloped down hill to the river, the sole objective of the present struggle. Harrison furiously desired to drink. Joe, his resentment now flaring into hatred, was determined to thwart that desire at any cost. Neither of them had, for the time being, a single thought of anything beyond that.

And from the outset it became evident that the odds were in favor of Harrison. They wrestled, stumbling against the trees, sometimes staggering as far apart as those linked hands would permit, at others bound in a close grip. Yet all the time Harrison was steadily gaining ground, working slowly nearer to the lower edge of the wood, until at last only two or three trees stood between him and the open ground that dipped steeply down to the river.

It was then that Joe, foreseeing the near prospect of defeat, decided to change his tactics. He made a determined lurch and sought to embrace the trunk of a young larch with his left arm, failed to hold it against the force of Harrison's forward impetus, was dragged in a stumbling run for another six yards, clutched at the trunk of

Continued on page 152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## The Other Way

*Continued from page 151*

the last tree, held it for a moment, before he was violently wrenched away by the momentum of his own and Harrison's now falling weight, and then found himself plunging past all hope of recovery down the short steep slope straight into the river. Harrison of necessity went in first and the drag of the handcuffs brought Joe down on the top of him.

And now the advantage of position was completely reversed. The river near the bank was not more than two or three feet deep, but Harrison had fallen face downwards, and, with Joe's weight on top of him, was unable to rise. Joe, his head well above water, had an easy task to keep his adversary under, for the unlucky Harrison panting for breath as he fell, now with each gasp inhaled not air but water. Moreover, the soft mud below gave him no purchase for the exercise of his strength. . . .

Joe, the heat of his passion now rapidly dying out, suddenly realized that the body below him had ceased to make any resistance. He had won. He was free now to search Harrison for the key of the handcuffs, and then escape.

Escape? That might not have been too difficult when his crime was no greater than the comparatively trivial offence of stealing the Squire's game. There would have been no very ardent search for him. He could have got away to his married sister's in South Wales and stayed there till the fuss was over.

But now he would be wanted not for poaching, but for murder. The hue and cry would be raised, the hunt would be up in every corner of the British Isles. There could be no escape for him, now.

But murder? Oh! Good God, no. He could not have committed *murder?* It had been a fair fight. Yet below him was the evidence of that slack body, so ominously still, the body that had once belonged to Bob Harrison.

With a sudden effort, Joe straddled the lax mass beneath him and still encumbered by the handcuffs, gripped Harrison's belt, and raised the body nearly out of the water. Then getting a better purchase, he lifted the body until he could clasp it to him face to face. He was now nearly up to his knees in mud, but a fierce gust of energy had possessed him, a fury of desire to get the body of Harrison up to the comparatively level ground beyond that slope down which not five minutes earlier they had so madly rushed. And suddenly a great strength came to him, the power of one whose every faculty is intensely concentrated on a single object, a strength great as that of a madman. In cold blood, with all his reasoning faculties alert, it might have taken Joe a quarter of an hour to hoist those 170 lbs. of dead weight up so steep a slope. Inspired by singleness of purpose, with reason temporarily in abeyance, he accomplished the task in under two minutes.

And it seemed that he was still inspired when his goal was reached. Without a moment's hesitation he put his hand into the pocket of Harrison's trousers that contained the key of those accursed handcuffs, and when, free at last, he had liberated his left hand, he set to on the work of resuscitation with the certainty of an expert. At that moment everything he had ever heard as to the methods of reviving the drowned came wonderfully into his mind. He had no doubt, no hesitation. It might well be said that during those few minutes in which he was working on Bob Harrison's body, the whole of Joe's being was the expression of a single-hearted prayer. He had no thought then of saving himself, but only of saving Bob Harrison.

Not until Bob had begun to breathe again, had been sick and was slowly recovering his wits, did it occur to Joe that his own original problem was still unsolved.

"How did you get me up here?" was the first question the still half-dazed Bob asked when he was able to sit up.

Joe, casting his thoughts back over the events of the past twenty minutes, found his memory of the great effort to carry Bob up the slope was almost completely a blank. Nor could he now recall in any detail the work of resuscitation. During that time he had not been the Joe Batley known to himself and his friends, but the instrument of some transcendental purpose.

"Got you up somehow," he said.

After that came a great silence, though the air was full of sound—the strange, melancholy cry of the curlews, the chuckle of running water, the faint crash of a miniature waterfall twenty yards further down the stream, the stridulant chirp of grasshoppers, the high-pitched singing of innumerable insects. . . . But in the minds of Bob Harrison and Joe Batley there remained a memory of human shouting and struggle that had now wonderfully ceased and left an immense stillness.

Several minutes passed before Bob dared to break that great silence by saying: "Well, what are we going to do now?"

"I'll come quiet," Joe replied.

"Back? Along o' me?" Bob enquired on a note of surprise.

"Ah!" Joe agreed.

"Give yourself up, d'you mean?"

"Comes to that, I suppose."

"What for? You can get away, now . . . I shan't try and stop you."

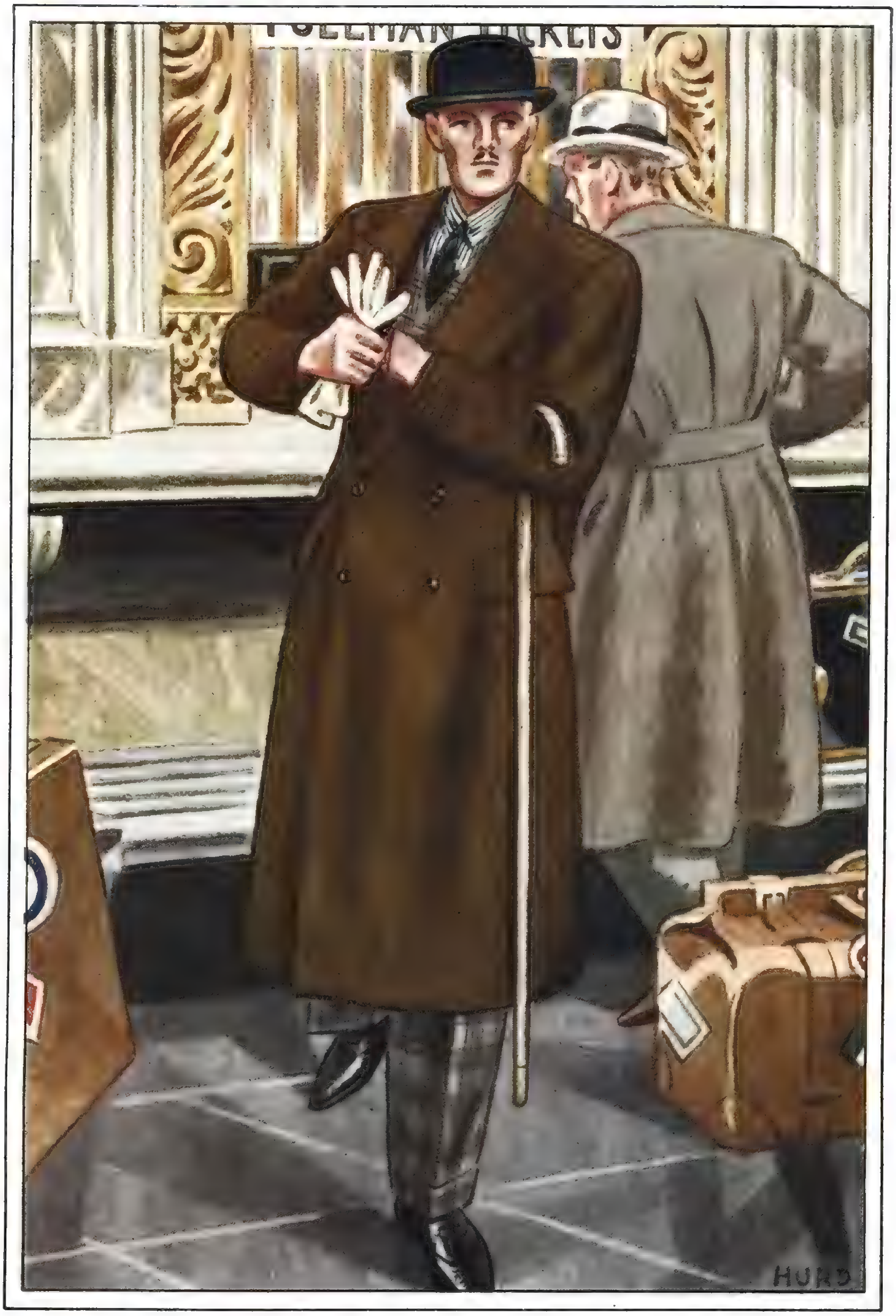
"I know you won't."

"Well, then? Why don't you?"

Joe shook his head. "I'd sooner come back," he said.

Twenty minutes earlier, their minds had been full of hate. Each of them had been furiously intent upon obtaining his own object by brute force. Now Joe was regarding the man whom he had saved

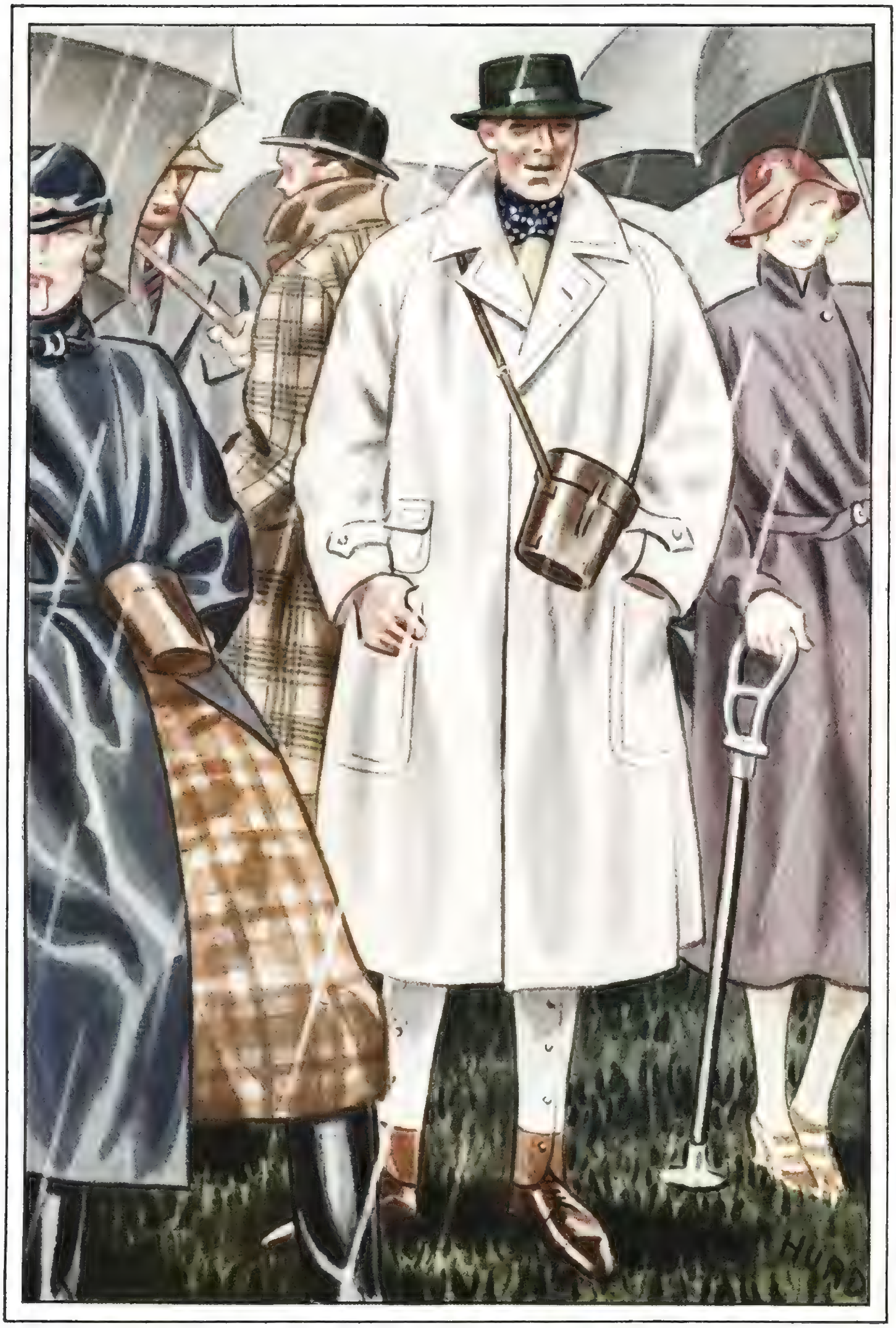
*Continued on page 155*



## TO WEAR ENROUTE FROM TOWN TO COUNTRY

That caption doesn't mean a thing. We just thought we ought to tie up with the illustration somehow and that was the best we could do. We aren't bragging about it, just explaining. You could do much better. But suppose we look at the man—he's wearing a double breasted Harris tweed overcoat in a lovat mixture, with a fleece lining of a light tan color. The suit is a single breasted grey Glen Urquhart Saxony, the shirt is a green and white striped broadcloth with tab collar, worn with a black and green even stripe rep tie. Three touches that redeem this outfit from the risk of being considered commonplace are afforded by the yellow buckskin gloves, the white ash cane, and the rough finish of the derby hat. The suit coat may be worn with odd grey flannel slacks and for outdoor wear, say on a week-end in the country, a sleeveless sweater could be worn in place of a waistcoat.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)*



# THE COAT AND KIT FOR DIRTY WEATHER

Just because you don't attend all the point to points is not in itself sufficient reason to write us snooty letters asking us to make these pages safe for democracy. Maybe, some day, when you're looking for a way to keep busy spending all that money that you're now so busy making, the time will come when you wouldn't miss a steeplechase for anything—even for the kind of weather indicated here. Think how glad you'll be, then, that you listened while we pointed out the signal advantages of this oyster colored fly-front raglan raincoat with its large patch pockets and gusseted back vent, its full skirt and its wrist tabs. The riding kit—that is, as much of it as shows—features a silk and wool hunting shirt, with a foulard ratcatcher stock, tweed breeches and canvas button puttees with leather cuffs, heavy blucher riding shoes, and a green felt light weight porkpie hat.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)*

## The Other Way

*Continued from page 152*

with a deep tenderness, and Bob's heart was full of gratitude. If Joe had not made that great, that almost miraculous effort to save him, Bob would have been dead by now. Wherefore as once they had passionately desired one another's injury, so now they not less passionately desired one another's benefit. Nevertheless there was still a problem to be resolved. Which of them, now that they were intent on self-sacrifice, was to outdo the other in generosity?

"You won't do me no harm by getting away," Bob began again. "No one need know what's happened. I'll say I came and spent all day looking for you, and couldn't find you. They can believe that easy enough."

"Ah! but suppose it came out somehow as you'd got me and then let me off?" Joe returned.

"How could it come out, you damn fool?" Bob inquired with a touch of irritation.

"Dunno. It might. How'll you explain getting so wet and all?"

"Having to cross the river."

"And what about your wrist?" Joe said, looking a little ruefully at his own, still red and bruised from the chafe and pressure of the handcuffs.

"Easy hide that," Bob replied. "Soon go off, anyway."

"And look at yourself all over mud."

Bob grinned. "Show how zealous I been in the prosecution of my duty," he said.

"I ain't going to try and get away. Not now," Joe affirmed stubbornly. "Sure to get copped sooner or later. What's the good?"

"Oh, well, you can please yourself about that," Bob replied roughly, and got to his feet. "But I ain't going to arrest you. Walk home and give yourself up, if you're such a damn fool as to want to."

"Nice sort of policeman, aren't you?" Joe taunted him.

"Very like," Bob agreed, and turning his back on Joe, began a little shakily to walk away.

Joe watched him for a few moments, and then sprang up and followed him. "You ain't fit to go back alone," he said as he came alongside of him. "Catch hold of my arm."

"I'm all right," Bob said. "Bit wobbly for a minute, that's all."

Less than an hour before they had glared at one another, with their minds full of hate and anger. Now they were looking into one another's eyes with the half-ashamed tenderness of friends who were about to part.

"I shall be all right, old man," Bob said.

"See you over the hill, anyway," Joe replied.

"Better not," Bob returned. "Good-bye, old man, and good luck."

"Good luck!" returned Joe, and after a moment's hesitation, they shook hands.

But as Joe watched Bob, walking more steadily now, thread his way up through the wood, he was aware of a strange sense of defeat. It was as if he had been offered and refused a great opportunity to begin a new life.

For a time he stood very still looking up through the wood, and once he made a movement as if, after all, he would follow Bob to the village. Then with a sigh and a shrug of his shoulders, he turned back to the river. He had only some three or four hours of daylight left in which to reach the further side of the Forest.

## Scotch and Irish

*Continued from page 44*

Then they told us the old Landswehrman had caught the flu and the nights dragged their feverish hours endlessly on without even the interruption of his visits.

A night or two later I must have napped for a time, for I awoke to hear Jock trying to stifle his cries of pain.

Then a funny thing happened. I heard a movement from the direction of the ward near Kerrigan's bed. My nerves were on edge. If that hairy ape spoke so much as a word of abuse to the boy again, I would arouse the whole German hospital. I would drag myself over there and do something—what, I didn't know. Nervous sweat stood out on my forehead. Unnecessarily!

Tip-toeing as lightly as a ballet dancer Kerrigan moved down the ward, alert to note if he was being watched. I pretended to sleep and watched him through half closed lids. Kerrigan paused at Jock's bed, his left forefinger to his lips.

Then, as gently as Florence Nightingale herself might have handled the lad, he lifted him with his remaining arm to a more comfortable position.

The moon was up and the two figures were silhouetted perfectly against the window at the head of Jock's bed. There were whispers and I saw Kerrigan's great uncouth head bending over the boy and in a low pitched, husky voice that I'd never thought possible for him, Kerrigan talked on and on until at last the lad was asleep.

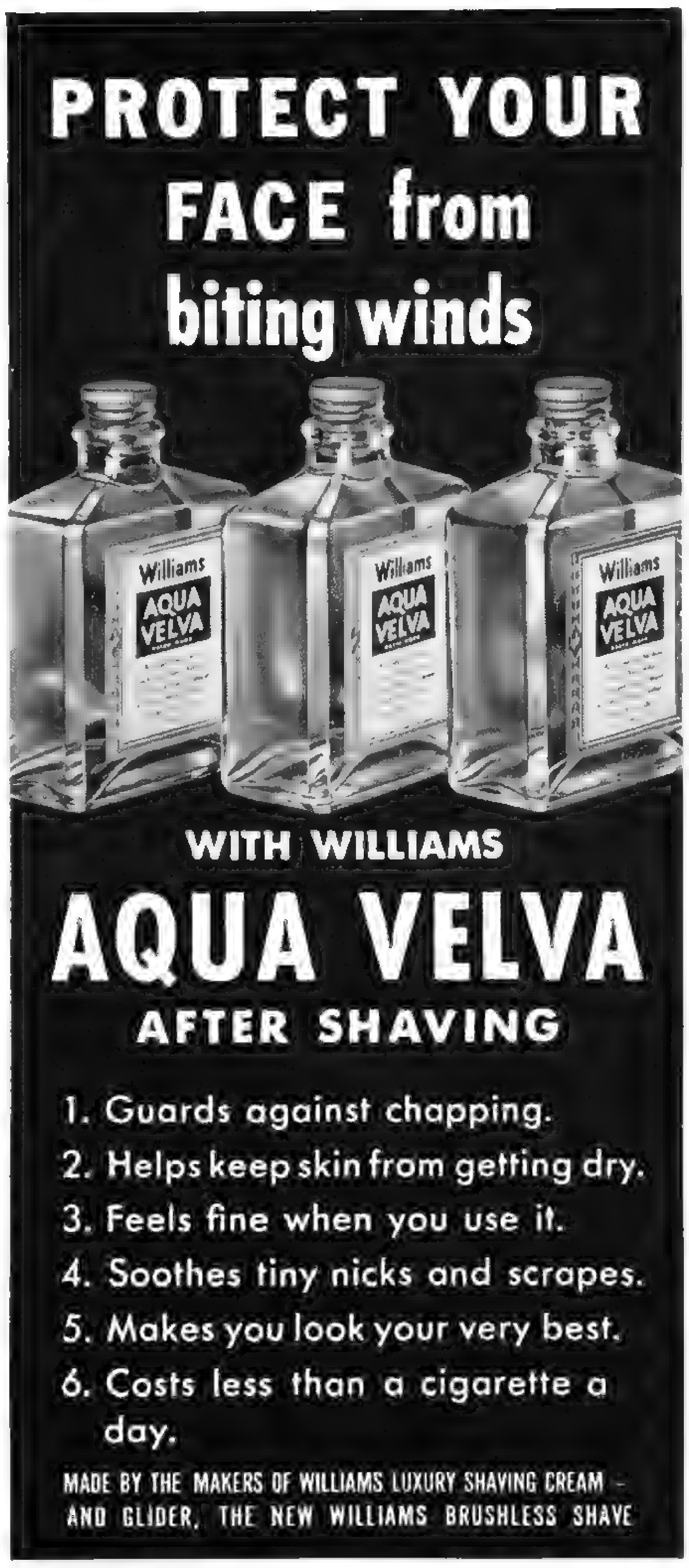
The Irishman's gnarled hand smoothed the pillow, then as cautiously as before he tip-toed back to his corner and I thought I caught the sound of a sigh as he settled himself and tried to sleep.

The next day Kerrigan was his old snarling self, contemptuous of us all.

The same performance was repeated the following night and the next and I was consumed with curiosity to hear what manner of stories he was soothing the little Scotchman to sleep with.

What could this ex-Bobby know of, that could interest our child-like sufferer, that lulled him, that made him forget his pain? I strained my ears to hear. I caught snatches of the story.

And before I too, trailed off into grateful sleep, the Irishman's husky, dramatic whispers told a wondrous, gossamer tale of the Leprechaun and the wee folk of Ireland! Stories from the childhood of men!



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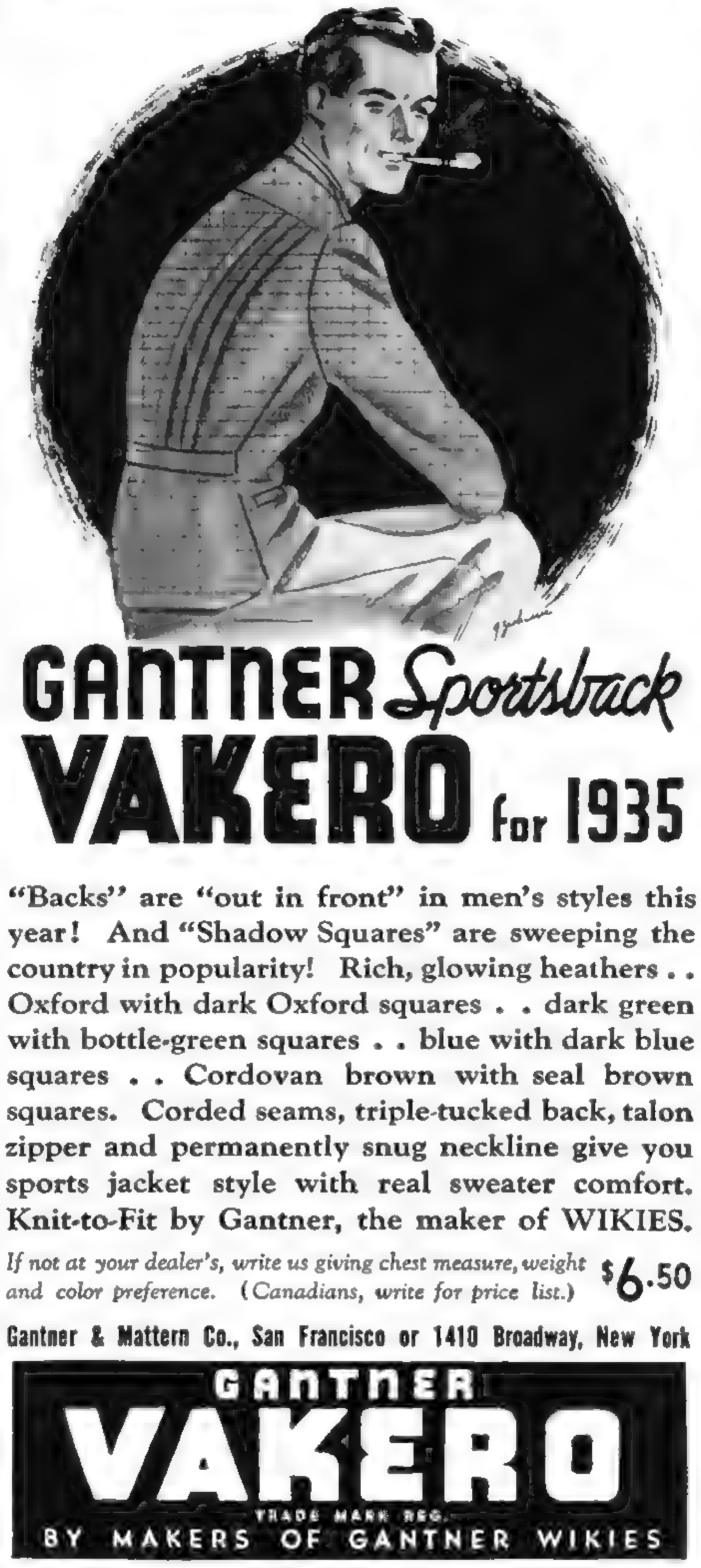

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## Sailfish Off Mombasa

*Continued from page 21*

The deck steward hurried up to him and told him to move. There was sun shining on his back. It was deadly dangerous.

"Don't make a joke," I said. "We're playing checkers."

"Ah, Monsieur," he said. "You should not jest about the danger of the sun. It can strike you dead like that. Poom!"

"You better move, Karl," I said, "So as not to worry the poor bastard."

"But we aren't as far south as Key West yet," Charles argued.

"What do you want to be? Struck dead like that? Poom!"

"I'll move," said Charles. "But I wish they would put that lousy canvas up so we could see Arabia."

"They put that up and we'd all be dead. Poom!"

"If we eat their lousy food we'll all be dead, Poom! a lot quicker."

"Let's have some bad French beer."

"Poom!" he said.

In the middle of March coming back from Mombasa on the Gripsholm, a tall, white Swedish ship, comfortable, cool and pleasant, with an open air tiled swimming pool with running salt water, there were girls lying, perfecting the smooth, brown tanning of their skins in the sun at any hour of the day from Mombasa to the equator and from the equator on until Port Said where it was too cold to bathe on deck. All up the coast of Africa and through the Red Sea we spent the biggest part of the day swimming and lying around the pool in the sun in bathing trunks and there was not a case of sunstroke nor more than a couple of bad sunburns on board. The ship was fast and there was always a breeze.

Certainly the sun is dangerous sometimes in the tropics. But it is dangerous on heavy, muggy days, or after over-eating or over-drinking, or when there is no breeze and it would be as dangerous in summer, given the same conditions, in Chicago, in Paris, or in Brooklyn.

That was a year ago. So, now, you are back from Africa and you miss it very much and one night you are in Cabanas harbor lying at anchor with it dark so you no longer see the green hills and the grey of the Royal palms on them and the mountains dark behind and in the dark the phonograph is playing and there are two soldiers who rowed out from the old fort on an island at the harbor mouth that they garrison together, and one of them is a negro and the other a mixed blood with Chinese eyes and cheek bones and you are old friends and the negro says, "In Africa, now, it must be very interesting. They tell me everyone there is of color. Some are under Belgium and they call themselves Belgians. Others Portuguese. Others English. Others formerly Germans. Now since the war what are they?"

"They are a protectorate."

"I see," he says, not seeing.

"But all of color?"

"Yes."

"You are very fortunate to have been there."

"Yes, very fortunate."

"And how is the fishing there?"

So you tell them how the fishing is there and they listen with great interest in the dark and when they leave they say that in the morning when you come by the fort one of them will come to show you a lagoon where there are, already, many ducks come down from the North.

"Are there ducks too in Africa?"

"Very many. Also snipe, curlew, cranes without number."

"They will, of course, come from the North to the South and return again as here?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Yes, of course."

"Then, in the morning."

"Yes, in the morning. But now, what languages did they speak? The people of color. Did they speak Portuguese, French, English?"

"No, their own languages."

"Yes, of course. Yes."

"Good night."

"Good night. But they have the nationality of Portuguese, of French, of English?"

"Yes. Of course."

"Didn't I tell you?" he says to the soldier with the Chinese blood. Then, "Good night."

"Good night."

Many people are homesick for Africa without knowing it.

## The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from page 14*

### BUT HOW ABOUT EVE?

A kindly tourist off the Manganui let me have a look at ESQUIRE today and I got a bigger kick out of the Lynn Montross opus—*Care and Feeding of Fathers*—than anything I've seen since a cocoanut fell on a Chinaman three boats ago. There are a lot of fathers down here, unhonored and unhung, and if you'd send sample copies to the local tourist bureau, the Cercle Bougainville, or Beachcombers Union No. 1, you'd get a big boost in foreign circulation.

Thanks for sending a little cheer into what the steamship folders call "Exquisite Tahiti." (Nothing said about how Eden becomes a bore.)

Yours for ESQUIRE and Montross,
Papeete, Tahiti COPRA CURT

### GOOD LUCK TO YOUR STRUGGLE

I have been trying for many years to be worthy of the name MAN. A struggle it has been against just such insiduous influences as your magazine so cleverly impersonates. But, with God's help, I hope to keep on being the kind of a MAN your magazine disgusts and disappoints.

Living in hope that you may lift your estimate of your constituency, and also that you may some day be ashamed of such childish smartness, I am,

Yours for the Up and Up,
Caldwell, N. J. EDWIN I. STEARNS

### ESQUIRE'S BILL OF HEALTH

Your magazine has faults, according to some of your communicants, if they are genuine. I, myself, read many pages in ESQUIRE that do not especially inspire or amuse me, but I also read many pages that do. It seems every item you publish pleases someone (see *The Sound and the Fury*). One naturally deducts that tastes differ. I have often wondered, for instance, what type could relish the Raymond Knight stories. But I would not see them deprived of such morsels. I can find more than my money's worth after eliminating morsels unsatisfying to my taste.

The ESQUIRE diet is healthy, I believe, containing wit, comedy, finance, sport, travel, fiction, and various articles in proper proportions—seasoned just enough with a sprinkling of spice, pictures and smut—and in just the proper quantity to last thirty days.

ESQUIRE, together with a good daily paper or two, fills the bill completely.

Very truly yours,
North Kansas City, Mo. JAMES W. GARNER

### THE LAST MALE OUTPOST

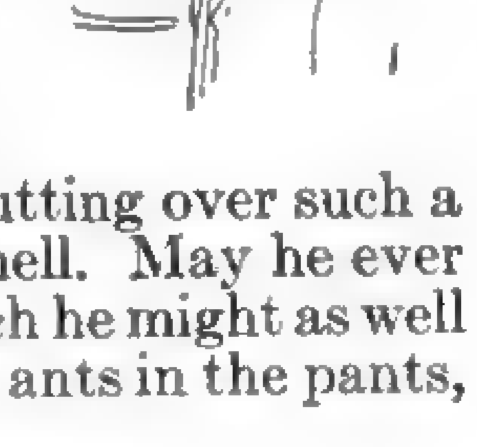
They often rob us of our job,
No lines they draw in plunder,
They win our bets, smoke cigarettes,
And generally raise thunder.

And if again we fight as men
Have always faced their fire,
We shall beat a hasty retreat,
Surrender our mag ESQUIRE.

Best wishes for a good magazine year,
Austin, Texas GERALD M. PORTER

### TRIBUTE TO THE INCONSIDERATE

I'm sleepless-ified; I'm practically finished. At midnight, after two hours of tossing, I moaned, groaned and arose, hoping to quiet the nerves with a glance into your pages. There I stumbled across Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Sleeping and Waking.* So, after pretending to become quite absorbed in numerous other articles and stories, I felt that peace in sleep would once more caress me if I but lay my cares aside.



IT IS NOT QUITE FOUR A.M. AND I AM STILL BEING TROUBLED BY MR. FITZGERALD'S MOSQUITOES.

A tribute to the gentleman in question, the author not the mosquito: He has the knack of putting over such a story, but he is inconsiderate as hell. May he ever be troubled with mosquitoes which he might as well keep at home, or bees in the head, ants in the pants, etc.

To your future!!
U.S.S. Cincinnati H. K. PASON

### IF THIS BE TREASON . . .

What a thoroughly interesting specimen of psychology The Sound and the Fury is! One reader expresses his reasons for disliking a certain article and another contributor gives the same reasons for his hearty approval of that article. How few and far between are the logical and consistent letters. My spine tingles and my hands shake when I think of what this magazine would be like if all the suggestions offered in The Sound and the Fury were taken seriously. If the brains of all the contributors to this department were crammed into one head, that head would be as breezy as an intoxicated corkscrew. Truly this is a humor department if there ever was one.

And to those poor bored and offended quibblers who feel it their duty to devote half a page of this precious section to one grand and glorious gripe about where such-and-such an author went wrong when he used the word *one* instead of the word *single* I send a delicious group of home-grown razzberries. These "daring young men" evidently want a perfect magazine. They don't stop to realize that they never have and never will pick up a magazine especially of ESQUIRE's type, that is free from all criticism. If they want something perfect to read, let them read the dictionary. After all, character certainly would be lacking in a magazine such as this if there was no possibility of criticism, and besides, what would become of The Sound and the Fury if there was no chance to throw mud?

Doubtless I am a traitor to my side in this battle between reader and editor but why not join the best side?

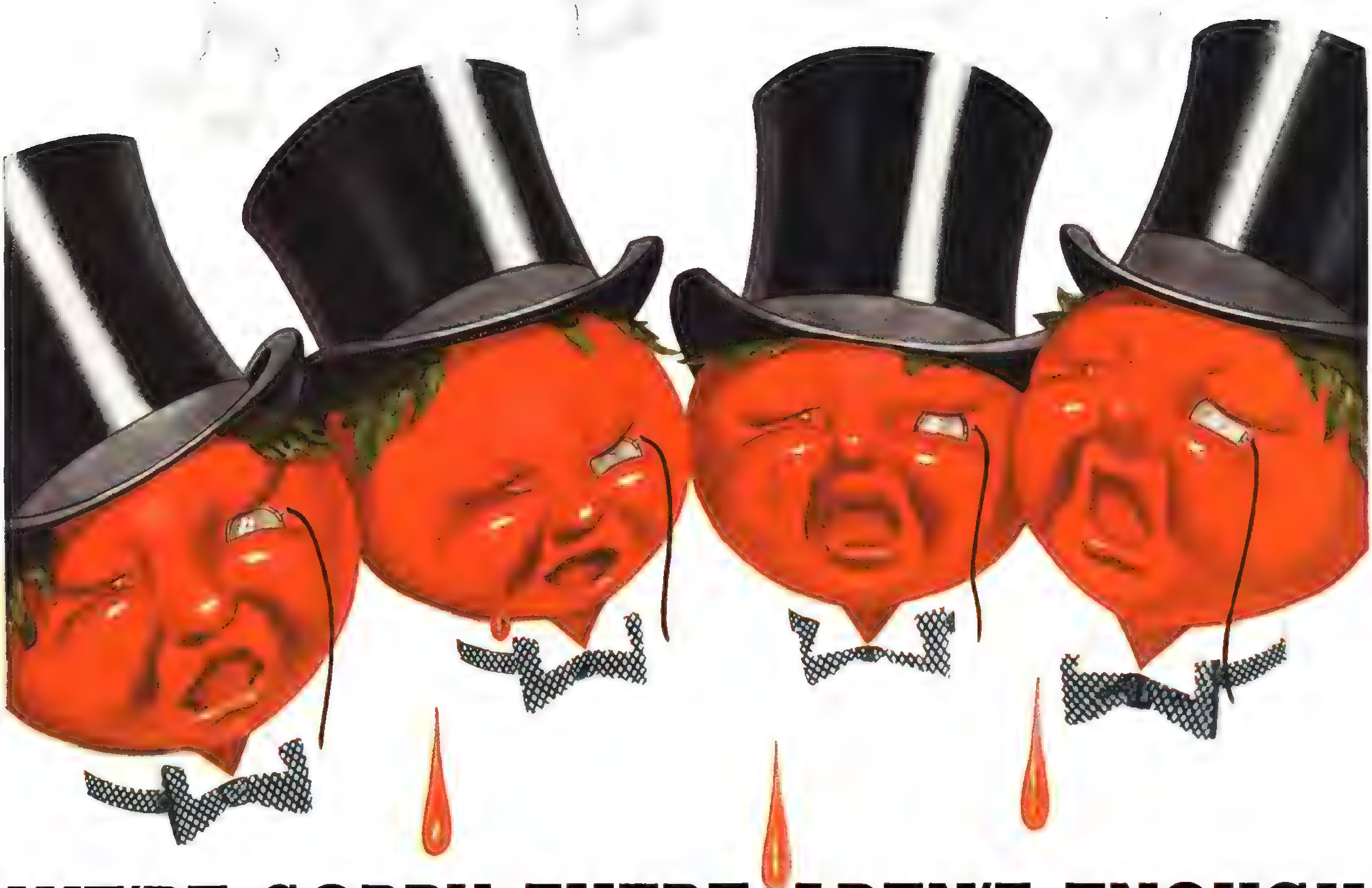
Sincerely,
Wilmette, Illinois P. HOELZ

### WHAT? PRAISE FOR BIG NAMES?

My head swings to and fro in woe when I see the Fitzgeralds, Hemingways, et al, leaving the young ones at the quarter mile post because they've nothing left for the stretch run. And this is a meet where the non-winners seem to get a break in the weights.

Jamaica, New York. D. T. H.

*Continued on page 159*



# WE'RE SORRY THERE AREN'T ENOUGH

## of our kind to go 'round

ONE OF THE 57

"WE WEEP for you, we deeply sympathize", sings this lusty quartette of Heinz tomato aristocrats—for not enough luscious high-hat tomatoes of our kind were grown last year to supply everyone who likes tomato juice.

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Serve pure, wholesome Heinz Tomato Juice regularly in your home. You will find it excellent as a beverage for growing children—because it's unadulterated—just the fine, tender pulp and sun-mellowed juice with only a pinch of salt added. Better avoid disappointment by ordering an ample supply now.

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PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
TORONTO, CAN.
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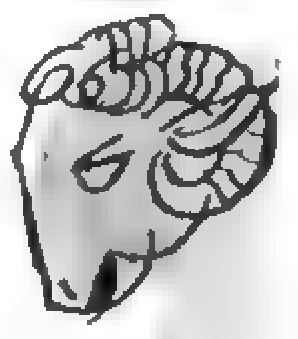
**HEINZ** *Tomato Juice*

CAESAR

was no sissy

but he sobbed when his togas came home from the wash —like this . . .



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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Crown Tested Quality

## The Listening Post

*Continued from page 138*

beauty I had almost forgotten. You'd be surprised how exciting it is, and how moving, with that Cornell woman looking close to the fourteen that the playwright demands, and the others in the cast supporting her to the hilt, in settings and costumes that are tops for Jo Mielziner thus far. I'll cry if I keep thinking of that scarlet gown and wine-colored cloak flitting across the front of an opalescent wall, and I'd be willing to credit Rembrandt with the chiaroscuro of that final scene in the tomb. Yes, yes, I know this is a music department.

The Metropolitan Opera. Well, you asked for it, so there you have it. If the old Met isn't a musical institution, what is? (Answers are in the back of the book).

You'd hardly know the old place, as the fellow said in the story. New seats, new paint, new lighting and new scenery make the Metropolitan Opera House look like a real theatre for the first time in years. You may miss something of the traditional shabby glamour, but you'll have to admit Progress with a capital P. (The gentlemen's room is the same as ever, but the bar is wonderful).

Gatti-Casazza started his final year as director conventionally enough, but soon introduced a "Rosenkavalier" that gave New York a chance to see Lotte Lehmann in her finest role, and some real novelties will have been produced by the time this appears in print.

Incidentally, Philadelphia made a success of Stravinsky's "Mavra," a little opera which had failed dismally abroad, and the controversial Russian is now in this country making a strong comeback, to prove that he is as good as he was once thought to be.

Radio's Struggle Toward Intelligence. There are increasing evidences that radio would like to get over its inherent stupidity, and even the sponsors of commercial programs are beginning to suspect that there may be an American public above the grade of morons. Entertainments of the air are struggling gradually toward intelligence, and the so-called educational programs are beginning to realize that their efforts are completely wasted if they do not conversely recognize the value of entertainment.

A real triumph for music on the air has been the series known as the NBC Music Guild. Actually these programs consist of unusual chamber music, but since that expression suggests a household utensil to some, and unutterable dullness to others, it is wisely avoided in the announcements. The concerts have been highly interesting, with comments by New York music critics. The man behind the gun is Walter Koons, who, with Franklin Dunham, William Lundell and a few others, is working steadily for higher standards in the presentations of the National Broadcasting Company.

Lead Belly Sings. John Lomax, who used to collect cowboy songs, and has lately concentrated on the negro music to be heard in southern prisons, caused something of a sensation in New York when he turned up with a first class black murderer, who had been pardoned chiefly because of his musical ability. The negro's name is Ledbetter, which was distorted into Lead Belly by his prison mates, and Lead Belly he is to all who hear him, as well as to a delighted press. By this time he may be well on his way to affluence via the stage and radio.

Lead Belly sings to his own accompaniment on the guitar, and he modestly claims to be the world's greatest guitar player. Certainly he gets some astonishing effects on his special twelve-stringed instrument, often suggesting a whole orchestra in monotonous rhythm. His voice is a strong baritone, quite musical at times, but frequently contenting itself with practically talking the words. Lead Belly claims to write all his own songs, and it is quite likely that many of them are original with him. He is the typical minstrel of the colored race, and there must be many others like him in the South. In fact, Mr. Lomax admits that there are better singers still in jail, and he can't find any way of getting them out.

The new Lomax book, incidentally, "American Ballads and Folk Songs," compiled with the assistance of the writer's son Alan, himself an excellent interpreter of such music, is a real treasure of significant material, containing many songs that appear in no other collections, and treating them all in a sympathetic and human fashion.

Where Angels Fear to Tread. Leonard Sillman took a chance when he named his new musical show "Fools Rush In"; but he took an even greater chance by directing it himself and singing a song called "Life of Sin," in which he supposedly suggested a hot-stuff Harlem buck. All he really suggested was Leonard Sillman with a little burnt cork on his face. There were plenty of good things in the show, and it may turn out to be much better after the drastic revision which it badly needed. The first edition, which had been under way ever since last summer, but was nevertheless thrown to the critics in an obviously unprepared state, had one high spot in Vandy Cape's burlesque of a radio singer. Why she was used only once remains a mystery.

Imogene Coca is also a funny girl, and I am one of those who like the elongated, blond absent-mindedness of Betzi Beaton. But I find the artificiality of such a singer as Teddy Lynch very irritating. Can't she do something in a natural way, without always fixing her face?

Anything Goes. Unquestionably "Anything Goes" is the best musical show of the season. But in their ravings over the wit and humor of this comedy, and over the performances of Ethel Merman, Bettina Hall, Victor Moore and William Gaxton, the critics (excepting our own Johnny Weaver), have overlooked the truly amazing quality of the words and music put together by Cole Porter. If most of this work was done in rehearsal, as Mr. Freedley's press department assures us, then the miracle is all the greater.

Everybody is busy writing local verses to "You're the Top", and rightly, for it is the most natural mould for parody since "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean". But how many listeners realize that in "All Through the Night" Mr. Porter has written a better tune than "Night and Day"? And how many appreciate the satire of that male chorus of thanksgiving for the presence on ship-board of "Public Enemy No. 1"? And what about that accompaniment and those strange rhythms and inner rhymes of "I Get a Kick Out of You"? Gentlemen, there is something that any combination of composer and lyricist might be proud of. I give you the Cole Porter of "Anything Goes". At the moment, he's the top.

Private and Personal. The man next door at the Barbizon-Plaza has added Schubert's "Ungeduld" to his bathroom repertoire . . . There is a lot of music in Arnold Gingrich's new book, "Cast Down the Laurel," and he avoids the errors of most authors who write on the subject . . . The University Glee Club of New York is improving with every concert, under the direction of Channing Lefebvre, without losing the enthusiasm and spontaneity of college men . . . Philadelphia's best musical party in years was given by the local Savoy Company to the visiting D'Oyly Carters, who are continuing their New York success on the road. Johnny Williams, who has played a lot of Gilbert and Sullivan since graduating from Haverford College, made a grand master of ceremonies.

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# The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from page 156*

## THE PURSER'S FUNCTION

In view of the excellence of your magazine, and the usual correctness of its informative articles, permit me to correct a mistaken impression that the article *Bon Voyage* appears to convey, regarding the status aboard ships of the position of Purser.

I write as one who has spent nearly twenty years in the passenger department of sea-going vessels of almost every type. During that period I have had most of the positions possible, in the Steward's Department, and have been Purser as well.

I would point out that there is no general standard of measuring the importance of the two positions.

But in practically all passenger vessels the departments of Chief Steward and Purser are quite separate, though co-operative in nature, with the possible exception of German vessels where the Purser appears to have a direct control to a very large degree of the Steward force, and supersedes the Chief Steward.

On most of the smaller ships which carry less than one hundred passengers the positions of Chief Steward and Purser are combined, usually in an individual who is primarily a Chief Steward.

The functions of a Chief Steward correspond in a large measure with those of a Hotel Manager; he is held responsible for the general standards of service to the passenger, inclusive of foods, etc., maintenance of all passenger accommodations, etc., throughout the vessel, and has control of numerically the largest department on the vessel, his staff quite often numbering more than the Deck and Engine forces combined. He is regarded as an Executive Officer, and is answerable only to the ship's Master, while the vessel is at sea, being answerable in general to the shore Commissary of the owning company, and directly, while the ship is in her home port.

It naturally follows then, that he and his minor executives are always eager to see to it that any of the numerous things that can be done to make the voyage more pleasant, are carried out, and so far as is humanly possible to cater to the individual needs, whims and fancies of the passengers, but he is in no sense a menial whom passengers are expected to tip.

It frequently happens that passengers do offer him a sum of money or other gift, as personal tokens of appreciation of the general standards of service which they have enjoyed while aboard, but they usually are, and always should, be tendered in the same manner as tokens of appreciation and esteem are quite frequently given to the vessel's Master, Purser, or other officer.

The Purser, and on vessels where he has assistants, maintains an office of information of a general nature, keeps a safe for the deposit of passengers' valuables, crew records, cargo manifests and all documents of value. He is in charge of pay-rolls, and functions as Paymaster for the ship's crew. Collects and is responsible for all passenger records and tickets, and is expected to know that the individual passenger gets, or rather occupies the accommodations that the ticket calls for. He is authorized to effect room changes where possible and desired, and collect the differentials in charges. In some companies he also is expected to sell baggage insurance. Claims from passengers for damage to baggage, clothing, etc., are first entered in at his office. He is also required to make change, Travelers checks, etc. for passengers. He is invariably bonded.

In several major American Lines, his salary is usually the same as that of the Chief Steward; in some coastwise services it is considerably less. In short the Purser's duties are mostly clerical in nature. He is held responsible only to the Master while afloat and to the Passenger Department of the owning company while the ship is in her home port.

But the question as to who is the first in importance never arises regarding his position and that of the Chief Steward, as their functions are entirely different, and in the latter case are mostly supervisory.

They both answer to different (and widely separated in many ways) department heads of the owning company.

I write this letter for your information, as it appears that the article referred to would continue to perpetuate the idea that has been given to a large portion of the public over a period of many years, by writers of sea stories and other fiction, as well as by the movie industry.

At the same time I would express my profound sense of appreciation at the timely hint given to post war travelers as to what is expected of them by those who labor long hours for long periods at a time with little or no time to rest up, while the vessel is in service, without any regard to Sundays or other holidays, and usually the only "rest" they get is during the (sometimes long) periods that their ship happens to be "laid-up" for repairs, or due to falling off of passenger traffic which is largely seasonal at the best of times, and who, while working, get comparatively small salaries, in the matter of Waiters, Room Stewards, and others of similar rating $40.00 per month or less, as it appears that Steamship Companies like many hotels seem to take it for granted that the public take care of the rest in gratuities, which only too often they fail to do. In this connection I might add, that usually when a vessel "lays-up" the major portion of the Steward's Department is "laid-off" without pay.

As I write this letter solely for your information and in the hope that you will do everything possible to correct the wrong impression that your recent article in the January issue gives as to the importance of the positions of Chief Steward and Purser and the duties of myself and colleagues, I ask that my identity be withheld from your readers in the event that you decide to publish any, or all of this communication.

Sincerely yours,
New York, N. Y. J. K.

## WAIT'LL LEVIN REVIEWS IT!

I want to thank your Editor greatly. By refusing to buy one of my short stories, titled *Off the Spot*, he saved me two thousand dollars. I sold it to one of the studios.

Truly yours,
Los Angeles, Calif. A. Eddie Dein

## CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE

I am just a recent admirer of your fine publication for the simple reason that we in Canada's Northland are unable to partake of the pleasures of the "outside world" as readily as others, due to our remoteness from the larger cities (Toronto 800 miles, Winnipeg 400 miles).

I am very much amused at some of the contributors to The Sound and The Fury who kick at paying 50c per copy for such excellent reading material as is offered by Esquire. If anyone else raises an objection, will you tell them for me that we have to pay 55c and at one time we did not have the privilege of being able to purchase the magazine.

My "congrats" to Carol Dinan of Santa Barbara, Calif. and her letter to The Sound and The Fury. There's a girl who ought to be able to write a snappy story for your paper. She seems to be full of "Wim, Wigor and Witality." I certainly hope she writes again for I am going to be on the lookout for another paragraph from her in S. & F.

Haven't as yet noticed any letters from Canadians in your columns but I'm always watching for them.

Wishing you the best of success for 1935 and the years to come, I am,

Sincerely,
Port Arthur, Ont. John P. Roberts

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rarest of all rare cognacs

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ANNÉE 1874
PRODUCT OF FRANCE

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## Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

*Continued from page 137*

reviewers alike bulldozed into a worship in which their critical sense is apparently paralyzed.

McClintic's direction can be as subtle as that of Arthur Hopkins' or Winthrop Ames' at their best. It can also be as theatric as Belasco's. All this consummate skill he combines for exploiting Miss Cornell. His eye for costume, for grouping, for the picture is superb. As for the use of lights—he has absolutely no peer. Watch any of the scenes in which Miss Cornell appears; you don't see anybody else on the stage except as subordinates, out of focus. While about her is an aura, a glow.

Perhaps I'm wrong in alleging that McClintic has deliberately surrounded his wife with a bad cast—Edith Evans excepted. Perhaps he just couldn't discover a better Romeo than the stiff, unromantic chanter, Basil Rathbone. Perhaps Mercutio should be played as Brian Aherne plays him—like an adagio dancer with the hives. Only I remember Dennis King. I also remember Jane Cowl, whose Juliet received almost as much acclaim as the present one, and without the Barnum build-up. Which—after pausing to remark that through cutting, "re-arranging" and pacing, this is the fastest Shakesperean performance I ever saw, as if the whole thing were a bore, to be scampered through so that everybody could catch a train—brings me to Miss Cornell, the actress.

In *A Bill of Divorcement* she enthralled me. I thought I saw the blooming of a fine artist. I haven't thought so since. She has beauty, a striking personality, tremendous vitality. As Juliet, she was charming to look at, and the smash of that personality almost made me forgive what she was doing and saying. We'll skip the sprinting and gesticulating which I suppose was meant to represent age fourteen. It's the speaking I'm most disheartened about. Sometimes she rattled off the words so that I couldn't catch them. Sometimes she crooned them. Often there was emphasis in the wrong places. I kept wondering whether she really understood the meaning of many of her lines. I kept wondering a lot of things—among them, whither Shakespere's music had fled. True, whenever she stopped "acting," which was fairly often after the beginning of the potion-taking scene, the poetic enchantment worked its spell. . . .

One last word. In London I saw *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.* Miss Ffrancon-Davis played the tremulous, decrepit invalid, homely and forlorn, that I feel Elizabeth Barrett to have been until the gusty, galvanizing Browning brought romance and a new strength to her. When hope and love suddenly suffused her with an unforeseen beauty, and she tottered her first steps toward freedom, something swelled to bursting within me. . . . Later, I saw Miss Cornell's Elizabeth. A lovely, healthy lady, attired in the most alluring of negligees, languished archly until her boy-friend declared himself, whereupon she swooped and zoomed around the room. . . . Another Cornell vehicle. . . .

*The Barretts of Wimpole Street* presented Katharine Cornell. *Alien Corn* presented Katharine Cornell. *Romeo and Juliet* present Katharine Cornell. I present Katharine Cornell—to you. Oh, you'll take her, as always. You'll storm the box-office, and gasp and swoon and burble.

And I'll creep off to my pariah's corner, murmuring a little wistfully those dull, antediluvian words, "The play's the thing."

The play of *The Petrified Forest* is the thing, and a fine thing, too. You may go there to gape at Leslie Howard, and that you can do with satisfaction, for he comes wandering into a desert filling-station and finds his soul just before he loses his life from the bullet of perhaps as pleasing a gunman as you've ever imagined, done by Humphrey Bogart. But when you leave, it will be with the conviction that a real character sat there among other real characters in a romantic, stirring piece, salty with conversation by Robert E. Sherwood. By the way, none other than Blanche Sweet has a nice small part, and is excellent. Mark this play among your immediate requirements.

The two new nearest-musts are both Guild offerings. In *Valley Forge*, Maxwell Anderson has shown Washington badgered and almost defeated by his Congress, and has tried to warm the heart with pride for the sort of men who went through frozen hell to form us a nation. Unfortunately, he saw fit to introduce an imbecile personage, a lady on the make for our Country's father; and her intrusion was so out of key that the final impression is short of happy. Nevertheless, Merivale as the weary but dauntless Commander-in-chief is so much what I believe that cantankerous hero to have been, that my recommendation of your attendance is strong.

My hesitation over *Rain From Heaven* is due to its lethargy of action and its abundance of talk. I, personally, happen to be rather mad about the talk manufactured by S. N. Behrman. It is rich, witty, sometimes powerful, always provocative. The main theme seems to be a condemnation of intolerance and cheapness in this, our latest phase. It doesn't throw many bouquets to capitalism nor to dictatorship—even of the proletariat. It might be described as hopeless and hopeful. I kept thinking of *Heartbreak House.* Perhaps Behrman is the American Shaw—the middle Shaw of the war period and after, up until he started going into senile garrulity. *Rain From Heaven* is stimulating for the thoughtful, even if dim theater.

Ina Claire never really pretends that she is playing a role; she is frankly a personality, an entrancing one, and I wish she'd found better material for her activities than the tenuous anecdote slung together by Sidney Howard out of something French, now called *Ode to Liberty.* I hope Sidney, as one of our finest playwrights, isn't pleased with what he has done. Ina and Slezak inject some life into the mild persiflage. All right for the sable trade.

I still think *The Old Maid* is a compelling drama, shot through with pathos. Judith Anderson's magnificent interpretation of a part which should not be of first importance shows what could have been done had the title role been handled with any intelligence or ability whatsoever. I hereby nominate Miss Helen Menken's performance for the most inept of the season—nay, of many seasons.

*Thumbs Up* has Paul Draper's astounding dancing, and various assets imperceptible to me, but hailed by tremendous, joyous audiences.

*Accent on Youth* is entertaining, bright stuff about the inadvisability of falling for a young girl if you're passing the age of content. A little sad, perhaps, to you and you and me, but we can still laugh, can't we? Go and see, and incidentally applaud first-rate jobs by Constance Cummings, Nicholas Hannan and Irene Purcell.

## The Friendly Spirit Must Triumph

*Continued from page 38*

features, but called descretion the better half of vallor.

"Your gate locked?"

"It is not locked, but the guard told me to keep it closed," I interjected my explaination.

"He did?"

"Yes."

The man 23,945 seemed to be thinking of something, if a stupid-eared lowbrow such as 23,945 could be accused of such an unfamiliar act. At last he wrinkled his brow sillily. "How," he asked me seriously, "would you like to have a punch in the nose?"

There are times when one, with the best will in the world, must feel himself to be the victim of the emotion of being nonplussed. I recalled the barber's bizarre sense of humor. Combining what intelligence I possess with the disposition to be perennially friendly and goodnatured, I rejoindered friendily, "Well, to tell you the truth, 23,945, I don't think I would."

"Nevertheless," he said firmly, opening my gate, "that is what you are going to get."

"But," I queried with uncontrollable logic, "why?"

"Because everybody which comes in my tier who I don't like their face I punch in the nose. Then they don't never give me any more trouble."

I could not believe that the man was ernest. "You mean to say you don't like my face?" I was amazed, if I may be permitted to use that floury metaphore.

"No!" he exclaimed sneerily, and I felt myself being punched uniquely in the nose.

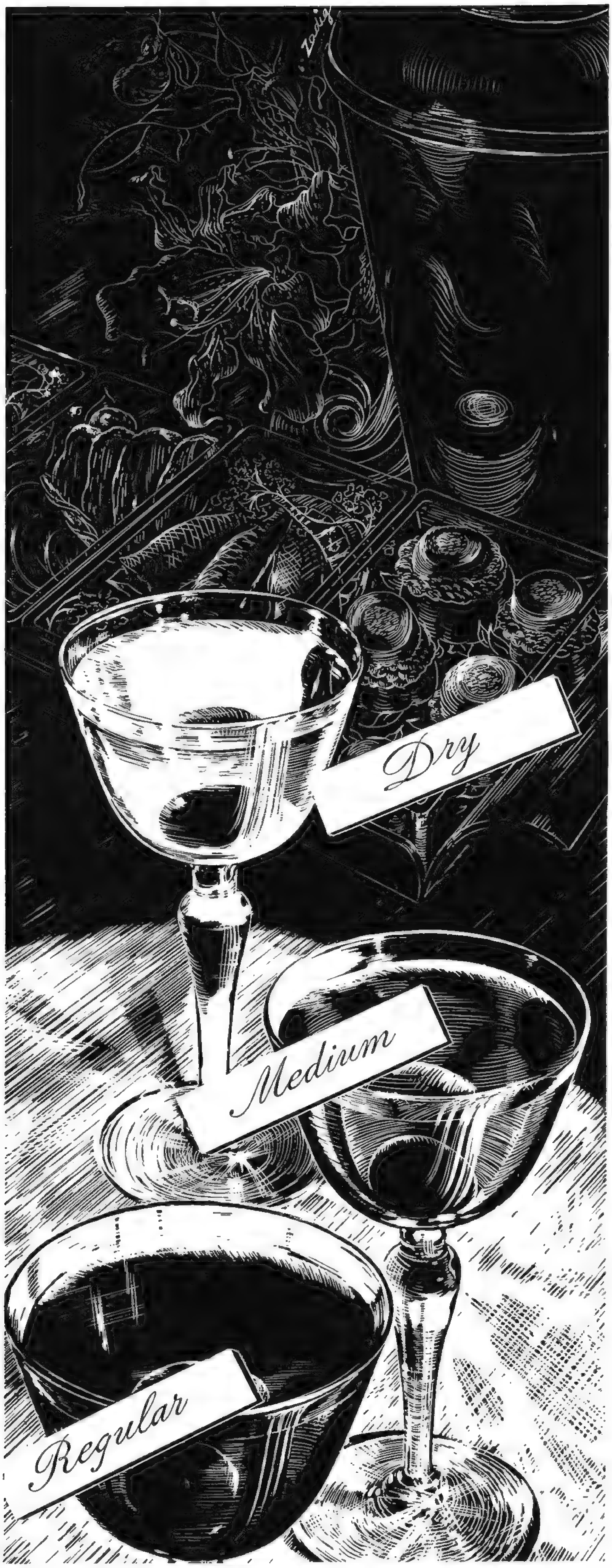
I know that my readers will be discussed with this account of a crude and vulger brawl. But such are the incidance that make up the routine of prison life. I promised that I would reveal the narrative of my incarceration in all its nude horror and brutality, and to such an incorruptible literary resolve I would never play false though the heavens smash down upon my humble brow and the critics dub me a sterner realist than Theodore Drieser himself.

Thus I am enjoined to relate that, though much less beefy than the overbearing ruffian, I lifted a telling blow right on the point of his button and knocked him sprawling into the aisle. I felt, of course, that justice had got its dessert, until I caught a hurried glimpse of my erstwile friend, the big fat screw.

"I thought I told you no fightin', bejeez, less'n a nour ago," he complained severely, and popped me on the head with a little short club. I descended to a prone position, and the light that illuminates what little intelligence I modestly possess went out.

I will not weary you with my tribulations at this point. Suffice to encounter that I spent 14 miserable days in the Hole, which we convicts waggishly term the dark cell of solitary confinement. Four-

*Continued on page 162*



# There are three different Martinis

## AND THIS IS FIND-YOUR-COCKTAIL WEEK

Asking the waiter for "a Martini" is not quite so naive as ordering "a plate of food;" but neither is the best way to get exactly what you want. There are *three* Martinis—Regular, Medium, Dry.

And don't make the mistake of thinking their differences are unimportant! We have seen mere tolerators of Mediums become staunch defenders of Regulars. We have seen Dry-luke-warmers become Medium-enthusiasts. Which is really *yours?*

We do not propose you make a formal test; merely that you line up all three different Martinis some evening, take a sip of each, and listen to what your palate decides. Of course, you know how they are made (starting with 2 parts gin.) ***Regular Martini:*** 1 part Martini & Rossi "Italy." ***Medium Martini:*** ½ part Martini & Rossi "Italy," ½ part Martini & Rossi "Dry." ***Dry Martini:*** 1 part Martini & Rossi "Dry."

We specify Martini & Rossi, not only because we make it, but because it is the standard vermouth and has been for generations. We respectfully suggest you specify it too, if you hold your Find-Your-Cocktail Week in a restaurant; because vermouths differ like everything else and poor vermouth has spoiled rivers of cocktails. If your palate is sensitive, there is no substitute for Martini & Rossi!

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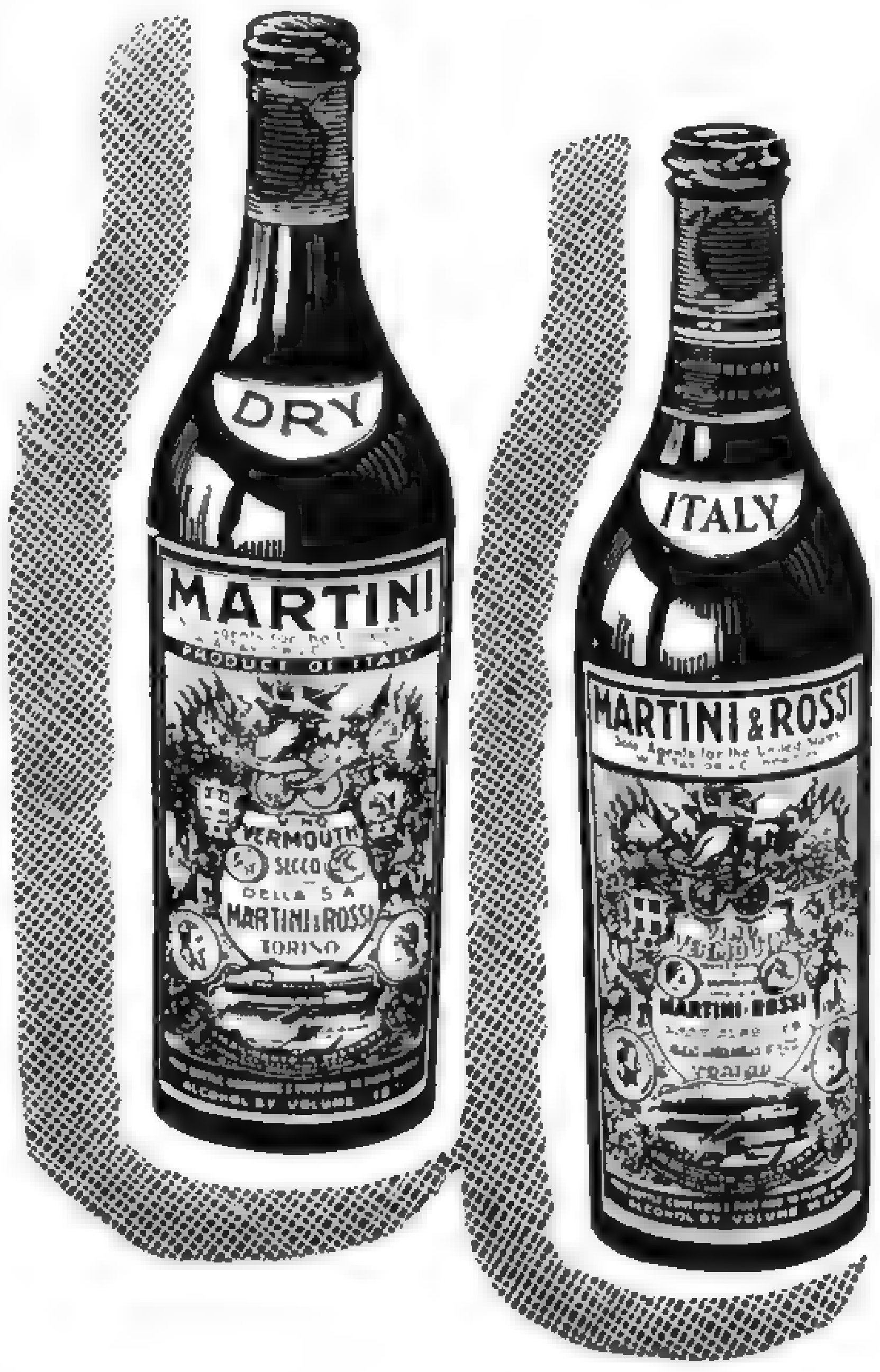

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## The Friendly Spirit Must Triumph

*Continued from page 160*

teen loafs of bread and 14 pitchers of water were my gastronomical fare in those two endless cruel weeks. What bitterness might this injust chastisement have engendered in my soul had I not possessed the first faint stirrings of what was later to blossom fourth into the tolerance of the friendly spirit?

Even when I was rudely shoved into one of the lousy, to use the good old roastbeef of England terminology, old-wing cells the fortitude of my spirit resurrected itself above my surroundings and I told myself the thought which must ever be in the heart of he whom tolerantly faces the realities of life, to wit: The friendly spirit must ever triumph! Could that be called, perchance, the philosophy of defeatism, to coin a Freudianism?

The question might be raised at this point, How was I taking prison life mentally? Frankly, I was gave little time to brood upon the depressing phantasy of my interminable future. They assigned me to tasks of a meanial nature that might have degraded a character less friendly and philosophical by nature than the one to which I was becoming more and more proud to be known as the proud possessor of. I put all the force of my sunny disposition into my work, thinking that invariably my attitude must come to the attention of the Warden, yea, the Parole Board themselves, and then I would get my just desserts.

Unfortunately I was assigned some six months after I entered this house of correction to labors on the cook-shift. These consisted of arising at 2:30 a. m. every morning and repairing to the kitchen to manicure spuds, as we shut-ins irrepressibly term peeling potatoes, cut bread, slice bacon, swill up the dirty floors and tables, lug flower, concoct gravy and soup, and do the bidding, no matter how triviol, of the head cooks. We make coffee in a big cauldron by filling an empty sugar sack with grounds, hanging it inside the pot, and letting it boil for an hour or two. Every week or thereabouts it was my task to empty the sack, wash it, and replace the grounds with fresh ones.

How it happened I will never really know, though the memoir remains vivid unto this moment. I simply dropped the old sack of coffee grounds into the gravy cauldron. This, you will appreciate, spoiled both the sack of coffee and also the gravy. The cook, a bald-headed ruffian who I will call Skunk-eared Charlie because that was his name, rushed over and began to upbrain me with a long string of vulger profanity, beginning with, "You dirty, lousy, useless, pot-wallopin' son of a sea-horse—" and ending with some vicarious insolence that would have seared, if I may at this dramatic moment intercept a picturesque note of realism, a mule's sensibilities.

I believe that the friendly spirit must eventually triumph in the end. Yet there are times in the lives of men more patient than the veriest plodding beast of prey when contumely and abuse become unbearable. I am only human, let it be beknownst, with feelings and emotions as unto the least of ye. The justification of my manhood becomes paromount above and beyond and before all else. I must confess, with now a rebuttal of shame, that in this case I rescued the gluey and gelatinous coffee bag from the gravy cauldron and slapped the erstwile Skunk-eared Charlies a resounding plop alongside the ear.

He dived for a cleaver, and I admit ruefully that I speedily took my heels up the dining room and was making for the prison yard when I crashed full tilt into the big fat screw—the same, curiously enough, of who I related a previous engagement.

The Headkeeper took a very intolerant viewpoint of the whole incident, sentencing me to a year in the Quarry. Thus it may be seen that my a priori observation concerning cooks contained the germ of a falacious inquiry.

I must explain that the Quarry is an institution within an institution. Not only are all the riffraft, pugs, desperadoes, ugly long-timers, freaks, and incorrigibles assigned to this backbreaking labor, but also all the misfit and sadistic screws who are even too violent for the inside of prison walls. There are things that go on within a dump like this which even I, with my flair for recording life's tragedies, am unable to bring myself to recount with any degree of equilimity. Of such stuff is the Quarry made.

Yet I would not have you resign to me an air of ill grace as I betook myself to the Quarry. Sic semper tyrannus: I took it as a personal test of character, as the classical precedents which Plutarch relates of the Emperor-poet of who I have no time in this chapter to deal with to any greater length. Wither they would send me, there would I harken, a smile upon my lips, my head uplifted, my gaze in the starry firmerment above. You will overlook this fanciful flight of poetry exhuding from the pen of a realist: for whom amongst us, faced with tragedy but yet viewing the triumph of his own soul, will not allow his enthusiasm to dash headlong before the confines of the strictly commonplace? In each of us, I believe, there is a truer Self, a—But here I must estchew such pleasant little philosophical detours and, to engender a classical metaphore, or stimulant, steer sternly back to the main chart.

It was about this time that I began to read books, both works

*Continued on page 164*

# IN · 1935

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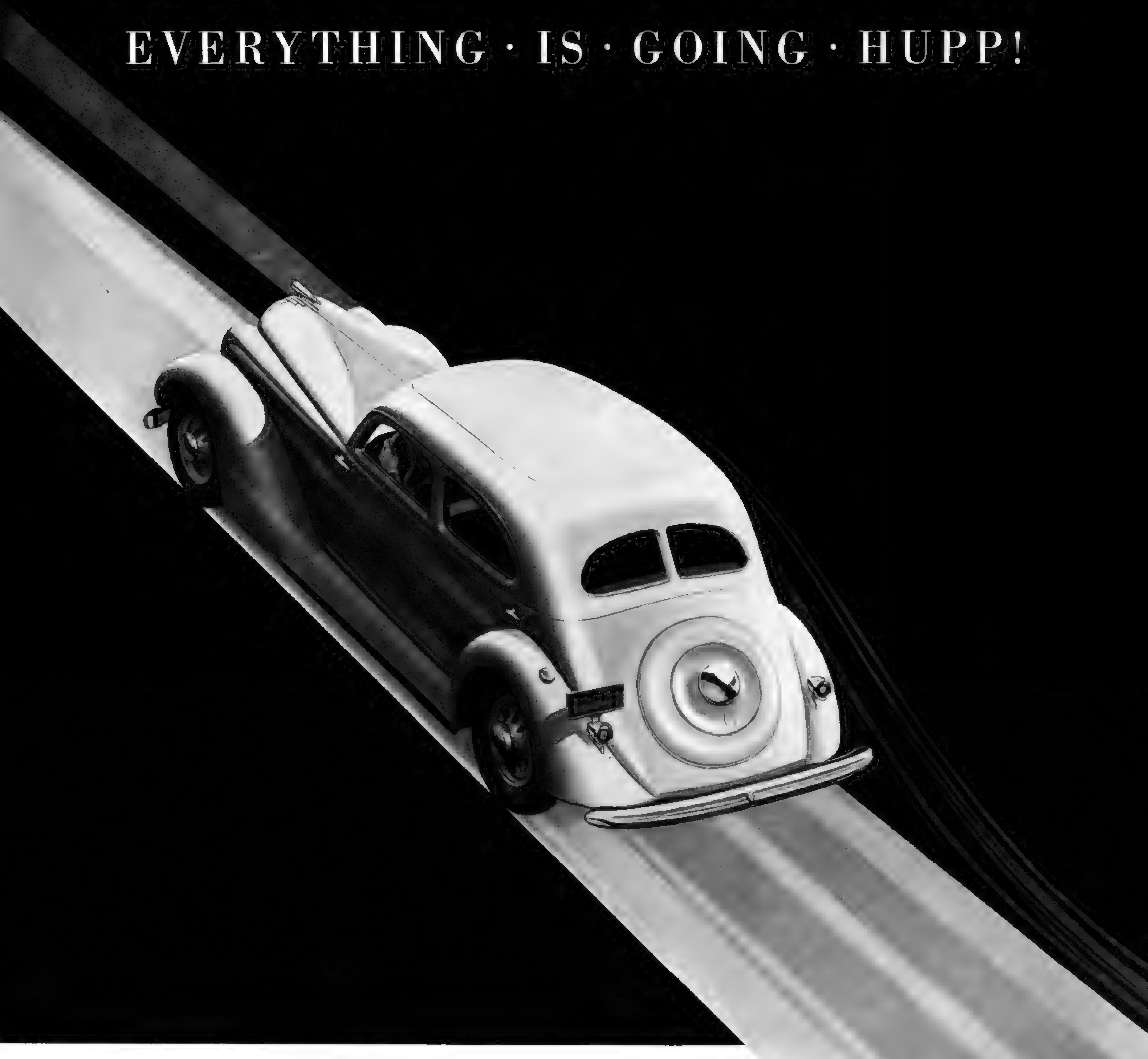

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In addition, it has a *higher proof than many imported whiskies.* So a bottle goes further—lasts longer—is really economical. Will you try a bottle?

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IRISH WHISKEY
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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
IMPORTED AND GUARANTEED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y.

## The Friendly Spirit Must Triumph

*Continued from page 162*

of fiction and none-fiction. I began with the philosophical outpourings of Herbert L. Mencken and imbibed the psychological works of Ramsey MacDonald, A. P. Herbert, Samuel Weller, Charles Reade, and Edgar Guessed. Of course there were the contemporalies such as Gameliel Harding Davis and Both Tarkingtons, together with the poetry of John Erskine Caldwell and others.

But this is no time to indulge in the critical anathema; I have my own theory of creative decomposition in contradiction to George Jean Nation's and that other fellow, I can't think of his name this minute; I simpley give here my literary preferences so that the curious reader, if such there be, will be enabled to cast the weight of these classics against my tallow intelligence.

Here, then, we must regurgitate back once again to the new misfortune that at that time I did not luckily know I was enbarked upon in the dread, grim, barron, jejune Hell on Earth that always reminds me of what Tolstoi wrote of Siberia—the Quarry.

There is various types of work to be instigated in the Quarry. About 400 prisoners work there for nine hours a day. There are sentries and overseers posted every few feet all about the walls of the great rock hole, each holding a double-barreled shotgun in the crock of their arms.

Farther off to the side is an immense rock-crusher, where crushed rock is crushed to furnish crushed rock for the convicts to build roads. The capacity of this crusher is about a hundred or 500 tons per diem daily, or thereabouts. It is a great deal of rock, anyway.

This is what we do. One group of prisoners, whom in the lexicography of techical parlance are called drillers, drill holes in the rock with its air drills. These holes are for dynamite. When work at night is finished, the shots are timed and set. The crowbar crew loosen and tumble the great chunks which have been shocked apart by the explosions. The sledgehammer crew whangs away at these vast rocks, splitting them into smaller ones to be carted to the crusher. This is where the conventional and fecetious picture of the convict breaking rocks, and the time-honored and classical phrase, "Making little ones out of big ones," got it's incipient instigation. This is a touch of the literary verbiage, and in no way an exclusive part of my narrative.

Still another crew works on the crusher, and another, armed with huge wheelbarrels, trundle the busted-up rocks up a long boardwalk out to the hole, to dump their loads into the grinding maws of the crushing mill, complete a circle to procure more rocks and thus going round and round with monotonous religion without let or inference and with never a pause to reflect their weary mussles.

This type of labor always reminded me very vividly of the Egyptian slaves carrying rocks to build the pyramids of ancient classical antiquity. Needlessly to state, this was the particular endeavor I was assigned to furnish a large portion of the bulk of.

I use to wile away the weary hours of decapitating toil by imagining myself a classical ancient Egyptian slave, and spinning phantastic yarns in my verbal imagination. Had I then the power of recording such powerful impressions that I am now the recipient of, I say in all modest dereliction that they would have made fine romantic reading matter.

I will now relate the most misfortunate affair of my prison career. I had spent nine months at this soul-mangling toil with a smile upon my cheeks and always a willingness seeping from my heart. The friendly spirit, I must confess, made little or no impression upon the ugly natures of the guards under who I was working. But onward I strove, never discouraged, trying to show by word and deed that my philosophy of tolerance had at last coagulated into what may be witnessed now as the triumph of man's better self. There was no thought of escape in my mind.

It was all the rat's fault. I am gentlemen of my vast unseen audience, afraid of neither man or beast, and I say this without a superstition of boastful arrogence. I will fight, though I am the least pugnacious of men, for the right until the last drop of my blood has exhausted the patience of a saint. But there is a single creature among the things of earth to which this intrepid nature has never conquered a chicken-livered cowardice of—and that is a rat.

Well, readers, if such there be, it just so happened that we had been served cheese sandwiches for luncheon, and I had thoughtfully put one away against the afternoon hours when hunger would no doubt assail my entrails. A great red-eyed, lecherous, ravenous rodent leapt for my pocket as I was about to dump a load of rock down the maw of the crushing mill.

My head spun dizzily. I was in the throws of mental anguish. I thrust rock, wheelbarrel and all into the jaws of the crushing mill, swung down the platform, and dashed off madly toward the woods that encircle the Quarry.

The rat jumped and tried to get his claws into my pants leg. I must have run very fast, for the pace proved too much for the vicious insectivora, and he fell off and was lost. However, trouble was brewing thick and fast as the classical figure of speech about bringing coal to Newburg. I had no time to recreate the effigy of my friendly philosophy at this time, for a full charge of buckshot whizzed by my face and I dived for the earth and lay quivering upon my stomach like the veriest wounded duck.

The whole camp was in an upraw. No one asked me any questions. The stupid keepers made no effort to delve to the surface of my unwounded action. They merely assumed that I was precipitating an escape, and pumelled me with their clubs.

The Warden spoke in this wise, and I can report his words verbatum because they are engraved upon the parchment of my memory in burning letters. I felt shamefacedly recreat in spite of my complete and inexplicable innocence; and you who are contemplating a career of desperate deeds which might result in landing you in the can, to you who now contemplate my strange prediclement I say, Think twice. Think twice times twice! Contemplate the mystery into which my wholly unpremedicated acts had precipitated me. I, at least, had achieved the philosophical outlook throughout all my vilicitudes. Think well, then, you whom would persue the golden camera of unsocial degredation!

"Prisoner 26,206," said the Warden, his eyes narrowing to slits of quaint penetration, "I've had just about enough of your nonsense. Your record is nothing but a cascade of disgraceful escapates. I guess you're one of these here tough monkeys, violating every prison regulation, terrorizing the other intimates, and putting the whole place into an unwounded upraw. This last adventure is the straw that brings my patience to an end, and I am recommending to the Board that you be deprived of your four years good-behavior allowance, and farther to be sentenced to two additional years for attempted escape. You attackted three overseers with intent to do bodily harm with malice and foresight—another two years. Farthermore, on top of that, you will be incarcerated for 12 months in Isolation for trumping up such a deliberate fiction as your ridiculous tale of a rat chasing you. Good afternoon, 26,206," he smiled, "and I hope this is a lesson that will stick in your mind until you ponder the error of your ways."

Instead of six years I now had fourteen to serve. Besides one of them in Isolation. I felt the tolerance of my philosophy melting away. I was on the point of busting into untrammelled excoriation, but gripped the recreant impulse that shouted to be released, turned upon my heel with great dignification, and strolled painfully out of the Warden's office.

Was there ever a time when one needed the consolation of his friendly feeling for all humankind more that at this ghastly moment? Needless to heap upon you the soul-twisting horrors of that year in Isolation. You do not work. You do not smoke. You do not talk to anyone. You do not read. You do absolutely nothing but eat and sleep. I know there may be a certain class of bums out in the great world who, reading these lines, might have envied me the life I was condemned to lead. They might consider it the criteron of all that is pleasant and carefree.

That is a falacious misconception. How I yearned for the labors of the classical Egyptian slavery, as I have so picturesquely termed it. I began to have visions. I got to seeing little red devils, apparitions, green and yellow rats, diaphonous specters, and several kinds of assorted ghosts and whimsies, including pictures of years whizzing past my head like flying charges of buckshot.

They take away your belt and shoelaces so that you do not hang yourself. I raved at night and talked to myself and made up poetry. Willingly, though I could go on for hours and not exhaust the cavalcape of phantasies which I endured, do I cease to weary you with a greater detailed account of my miseries. Invariably my pennants in Isolation drew to a close, and I once again took up my part in the great human activity of this walled-in legion of Half-forgotten Men.

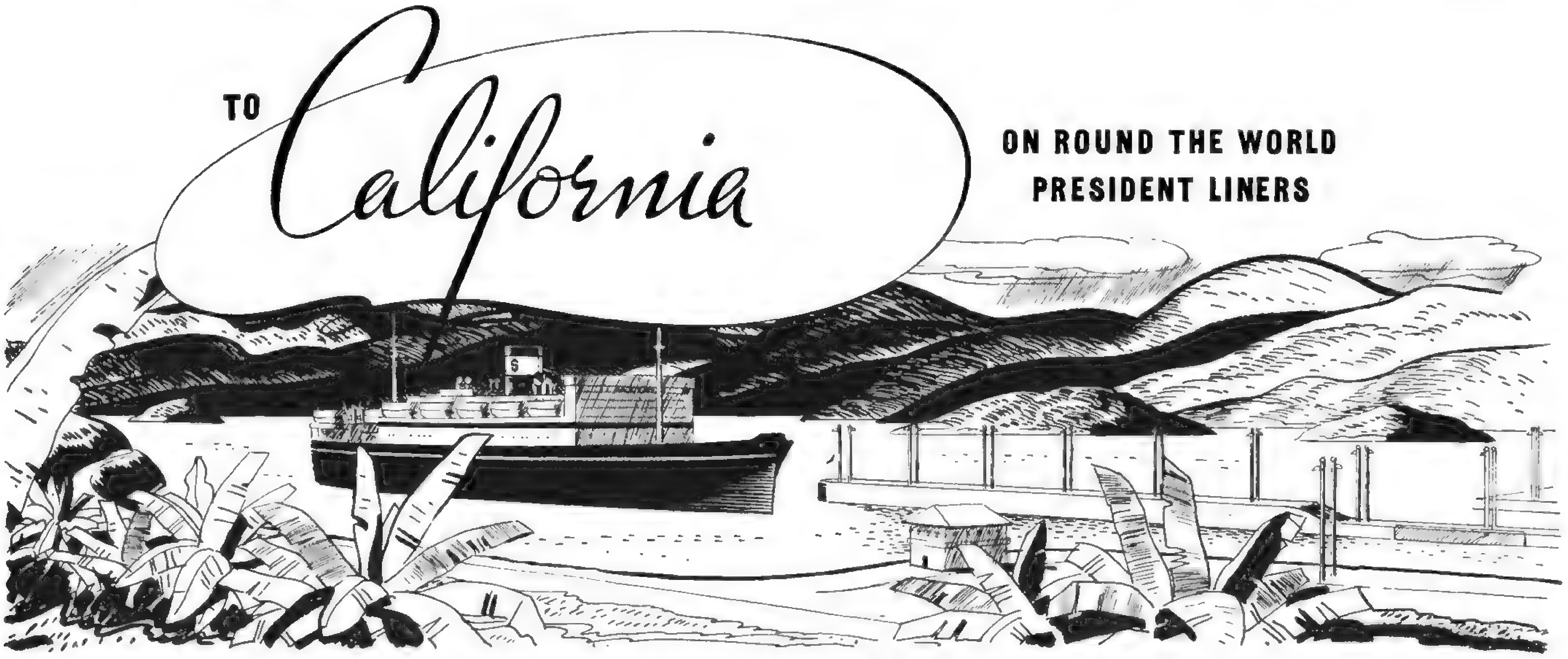
I was put in the laundry. It is very hot in the laundry. First I worked on the washers, great wooden cylinders which rotate around. For some reason they did not like me on the washers, so I was transferred to the wringers, big machines that spin with such swift force that the water is sucked out of the garments with centrifigal haste. Due to a small disagreement with the overseer of the wringers, I was promoted to the mangles.

The mangles don't really mangle, like you punched a guy in the snout and mangled his appearance, and in that context I fear the word has been poorly chosen. The mangles really iron and press the flat clothing neatly. I am explaining these technical idiosyncracies for the benefit of those who have never worked in a laundry or been in jail.

It was during these years that I persued my studies in the evening of the philosophies that great men leave behind in the sands of time. I practiced a little writing, joining phrases here and there until the decomposition of my prose christalized into the product which, in more polished form, you now behold before you're eyes. I read at this time the gay little stories of plato, the works of Anna T. France, the amusing essays de méchant of James Montgomery Flagg, and the scientific writings of a score of others, including Tosti, Deems Taylor, Ivan Kreuger and Milt Gross, the great Russian realists. I only repeat this to indicate whom were my literary forebares.

And now I come to within a few months of the present time, when, though many of my readers will have dispaired, you will see in what startling manner my ineradicable faith in the philosophy of friendliness at last bears fruit and triumphs over the dark powers

*Continued on page 166*



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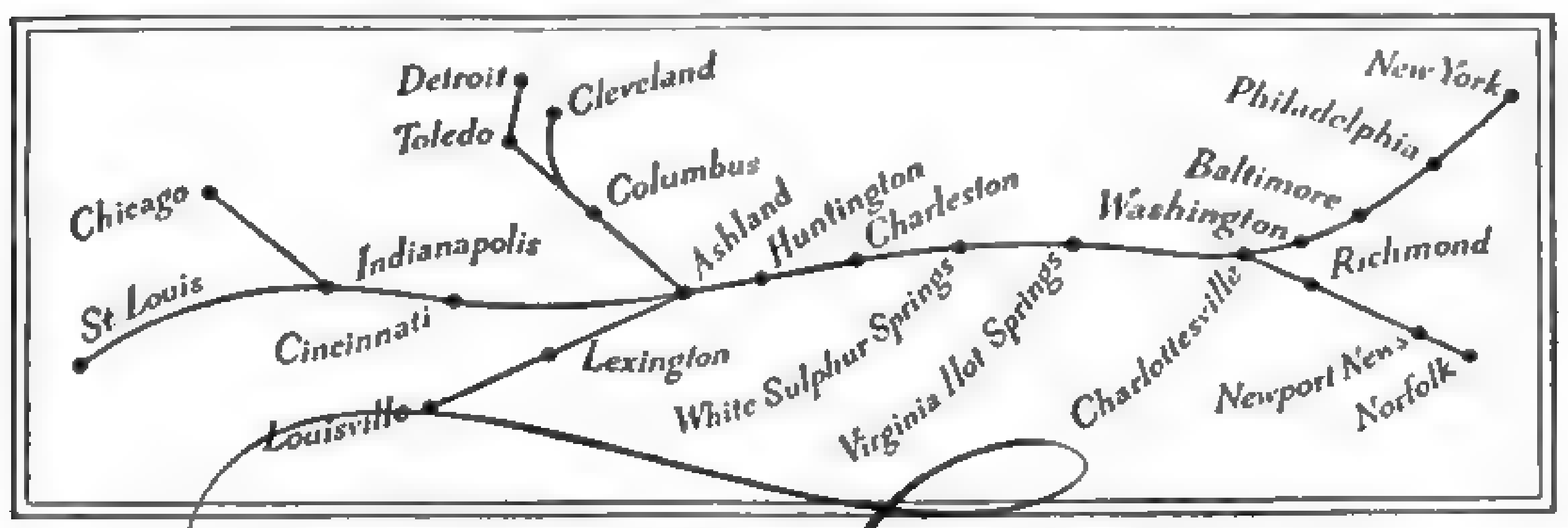

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## The Friendly Spirit Must Triumph

*Continued from page 165*

that would depress my undying resolves, and exposed before your very eyes you will see the bitter years drop from my shoulders like Mestaphopoles coat.

It is strange that it was but the persistance in the assertion of my manhood that should have brought about my vindication, win me, yea! the undying gratitude of the Parole Board itself. Such is the case, and of such stuff is the web of life hammered together out of, to perpetrate an original bit of literary persiflage.

I knew nothing of the resolve on the greater portion of the prison's population to start a riot and thus in the confiscation capture the guard's guns and keys and so make their escapades. I was not taken into the confidance of this desperate faternity partly, I suppose, because I had no time for intramural gossip of this kind, engaging my leisure time in the persual of Can't essays on Evolution, and partly because of my prison-wide reputation as a tough monkey, as the Warden had so wittily duped me. I might, to sum up the matter, prove too headstrong and wreakless for their dastardly plot.

I will, therefore, not dwell overlong on the incidant which proved the turning point in my prison career. The leader of the rioting fraction was none other than 23,945, the convict to whom I had gave a punch in the nose, and whom was punched on the chin in a like manner by myself. The riot was to start in the laundry. The time was set for 10:45 a. m.

At the moment I was engaged in running some of the Warden's sheets through the mangle, an illy chose misnomer, as I explained. I saw 23,945 easing his way toward the whistle-cord, a short hoot of which, it was learned later, was to be the signal for the riot to begin. I did not realize the intent of his purpose, but he still possessed the guilty look in his face which invariably always upset the halcyon equilimity of my tolerant attitude.

In the life of every man there comes a time when the function of intelligence pauses as though on the brink of a chasm. This is the psychological moment when men do deeds that make or unbreak them. I saw 23,945, and I hollered, "Hey!"

"What ya want?" he queried sulkily, a look of deciet spreading over his mug and making him look stupider and siller than ever.

"How," I asked, concealing a smiling exhultation, "would you like to get a punch right in the nose?" My heart beat noisily.

"Why—Why . . ." he stammered, astonished at my unpremedicated pugnacity, if I may use that vivid circumnavigation, "why . . . no."

"Nevertheless," I rejoindered, "that's just what I'm going to do. This tolerant and friendly philosophy is all hooey." These last words, I am afraid, escaped my lips as the ravings of a man mad with the lust of revenge.

"Why," he looked about him nervously, "ya wanna fool around. Beat it, hunky—I got important business to do. Lemme by."

I argued no farther. I punched him in the nose. He grabbed for the whistle cord. I rasseled with him. He jumped up to grab it but I was upon him like a rat after a mousetrap. Sentries, guards, overseers, keepers, came running from every direction. The stupid oaf gave himself away by raving maniacally at me, shouting that I had unwittingly ruined the plot for the jail break and that he would make me eat the whole mangling machine if they would let him go. They drug us before the Warden, where 23,945 had the whole story whacked out of him with a rubber hose.

I expected at least two years in Isolation this time. The next morning the Warden called me and spoke these words, phrasealogy engraven in the language of fire within the recesses of my memory. "Well 26,206," he began, a half-smile playing ironically about the corners of his features, "I guess you're pretty proud of yourself."

"No, sir," I rejoindered guiltily, a look of guilt spreading over my continent.

"The Board, to who I called your case to their attention, met last night. We have decided that for all your peculiar insanities you are not always responsible for what might appear to be unpremedicated acts of viciousness." He repeated these words with such rich good humor that I was loathe to take offence. "Whether it was intentional on your part to bilk this incipient riot in the bud or whether it was just another impulse to bust someone in the nose is irrelevant, immaterial, and beclouds the issue. The milk of human kindness flows through the red-blooded vains of the Board, for all you prisoners may think us Cold Masters, and as soon as the papers come back from the Governor you will be released."

Back in my cell I thought the whole thing over and came to the concussion that at last the fruits of my outlook had borne blossoms on the wings of time, and that my experiences, misfortunes and good luck would prove a boom to humanity, that great unbeknownst audience of the vast world of outdoors that knows nothing of the heartaches and sorrows of the men locked up behind these here meloncholy walls. So I decided to indight these inconsequential musings both to the future posterior and to those of you who perhaps foolishly are contemplating disembarking upon the frail craft of crime, only to wind up in a joint such as the one of which I have been talking about.

Think twice, my unseen friends, if such there be. For such is the warp and woof of prison life cemented out of, to coin one of my insatiable literary word-pictures.

# Booklets Designed for Male Ways of Living

The wise men of *Esquire* recently resorted to the columns of the New York Herald Tribune to cry their wares. They received, we are informed, a deluge of subscriptions.

Applying the same reasoning reciprocally, the Herald Tribune hands over its this month's *Esquire* page to the cause of some Herald Tribune booklets—and assuming (fairly safe assumption) that Esquire's readership is of the same determined-to-know calibre as the general run of better newspaper readers, an invitation is here extended to it to send for any of the booklets and leaflets described below.

The list begins in Esquire's own bailiwick—with a new booklet titled "Do's and Dont's for Figures and Faces." It's a catechism of men's dress rules gathered by the Herald Tribune's fashion department, writ pleasantly and painlessly, discussing color, fabric and design in relation to a man's individual build and coloring.

In addition to dressing, there's that rather pertinent problem for men of making a *living*. When the upsetment of these times forced thousands of untrained into Selling, and pushed thousands of others into business for themselves . . . the Herald Tribune's Job Problems Editor did a monumental piece of work. From his labors came forth two much-sought booklets—one titled "Is Selling a Career?" —the other, "Starting a Small Business".

Another huge quota of Herald Tribune readers already having their established businesses, for them the problem often is how to make a small business go bigger places; for them another booklet helper—"Promoting a Small Business".

But with life still holding to its lighter moments, there remain those legions of men who quaff critically the ageing juices of the grape—especially those who insist that the particular wine served be best suited to the particular victuals it's served with. For these would-be-wine-wise, the Herald Tribune's Home Institute prepared a "Wine Primer for Host and Hostess."

Any categorical list of males must include those putterers-'round-the-house who not infrequently drive their wives to distraction and waste their good energies in the process. A simple cure for these—self-administered in pleasant doses—is an intelligent interest in improving the grounds of their cottages and castles. Many readers have written to Old Doctor Herald Tribune for that pertinent pamphlet—"Improving the Home Grounds" —illustrated with *Right Ways and Wrong Ways*, by landscape architect Albert Taylor and Herald Tribune horticultural editor J. W. Johnston.

For that considerable body of men serious of mien and sober of mind, who try to key their thinking with the chief thinkers of these times, who follow closely the Herald Tribune's annual Conference on Current Problems . . . for these, there's a compendious booklet of Conference Proceedings—"Changing Standards" recently published, greatly referred to, widely read.

Inevitably, a newspaper which has one of the most complete and extensive financial sections of any journal in the world is constantly referred to—its financial-statistical averages constantly sought by business men, financial men, investors, instructors and researchers. For these there are two important items: a booklet analyzing ten years of *Market Averages;* a chart of the *Market Trends*—continuous Herald Tribune averages of 100 leading stocks from 1928 to June, 1934.

And for the uninitiate (or for the initiate who would be wiser) there's also a master guide for financial section readers—"The Financial Section of a Newspaper" prepared by the Herald Tribune's financial top-notcher, C. Norman Stabler. This booklet analyzes the contents of the Herald Tribune's financial sections under *forty-eight* clearly defined subjects (which scope gives you a pretty good idea of why the Herald Tribune is the most-read newspaper among members of the New York Stock Exchange).

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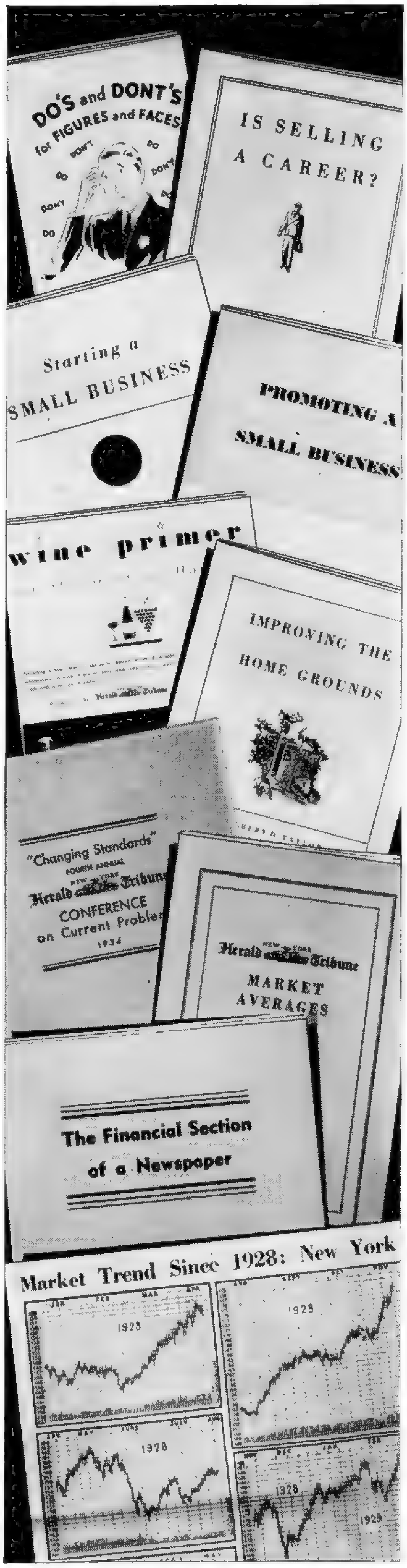
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## The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 140

for the screen. When musicals appeared, about as far as the moviemakers could get from the front of the stage was the back of the stage.

Producers were always much hotter to look at a play than at a book or a story, as a source of screen material. For several years Broadway managers have lived merely on the expectancy of selling screen rights to productions. I think the time has come for the film producers to realize that they are just as likely to get their most profitable pictures out of stories built entirely in their own studios, or derived from novels, biographies, histories, as from plays. Hollywood continues to look dependently toward Broadway, while the very figures show that its best and most profitable material has come from elsewhere.

Of the six pictures listed as box office leaders for 1934, only one was drawn straight from the stage. *Little Women* and *Judge Priest* were derived from well-beloved novels. *I'm No Angel*, and *The Bowery* were made directly for pictures. *It Happened One Night* was either derived from a short story, or was a direct scenario; I don't recall at the moment. *Dinner at Eight* was the only stage play in the lot.

If we enlarge the list to include generally outstanding pictures, for artistic and entertainment as well as box office value, we must list one other stage-derived movie: *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.* Balance that with *The House of Rothschild*, *The Thin Man*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, derived from books, with *Viva Villa* and *The Mighty Barnum*, straight studio scripts. In current attractions we have *Biography of a Bachelor Girl*, a better than average program picture, from the play *Biography*, to stack up against *Clive of India*, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* and *The Little Minister*—pictures from books.

Naturally, the percentage appears to be all against the stage: there are perhaps ten times as many novels, biographies published as plays produced. But this is not borne out if we confine our examination to the hit classes, from which producers choose their material. There are about as many hit plays per season as there are well-selling books. The book publishers, then, are doing more grist-grinding for the motion picture producer than are the play producers. The book publishers offer more material, and of a wider range, to the test of public acceptance.

But if, as I have shown, the more successful films come from books, how is it that the film makers still look to Broadway as the front office of dramatic art? There is still a prevalent impression that Broadway of this season is showing the equivalent of next season's motion pictures. There is an impression that the trend of pictures follows the trend on Broadway.

The influence is, of course, reciprocal. The play producers sniff submitted scripts in the hope that they can detect the odor of celluloid, before accepting them for the stage.

That is, the theatre men take from the authors what they believe the films will take from the theatre. So they're seeking to please a motion picture audience rather than a stage audience. The choice of plays is no longer free. The cinema looks to the stage to break open new fields, to find new ideas, new trends, and at the same time the stage people look for material that fits into the proven cinema trends! "It's good, but will it make a picture?"

Occasionally, a *Counsellor-at-Law* comes along and starts a whole series of pictures about lawyers. A *Men in White* comes along and reminds the movie makers that hospitals exist; we get a chain of pictures about doctors and nurses. But under these flurries, the motion picture is developing steadily away from the stage; it is Broadway that really suffers, trying to restrict the play to the shape of a possible movie.

Take, for instance, the current season. The passionate purchasing agents from Hollywood have already bought, or probably will buy, the following trivialities: *Personal Appearance*, a luke-warm bit of folksy humor about the movie star who stops in a small town gasoline-station overnight house and vamps the nice girl's nice boy; *Accent on Youth*, pseudo-sophisticated piffle about the playwright in love with his leading lady; *Merrily We Roll Along*, in which a couple of playwrights let down their own pants and whine about the lost soul of a playwright who wrote stuff like they are writing instead of great drama; *Page Miss Glory*, a farce about a couple of publicity men promoting a chambermaid into a movie star. That's one classification—plays that belong in that stale bin from which half of Broadway's operas have been resurrected: the surefire glamorous contraptions about people of the theatre.

Hollywood has absolutely nothing new to learn in that direction. They could get everything they're buying right in their own studio alley.

*Page Miss Glory* offers them a few new farcical twists, and is therefore a valid purchase, but it is obviously written with an eye to the films; the Hollywood men owe nothing to Broadway for having brought it forth. It would have been written anyway, and if they had sense enough to stimulate such stuff, and to recognize it when submitted to them, they could have bought it direct. I mean there is no question of the screen's dependence on the stage for the production of this type of material.

In the more serious group of Broadway plays, we have *Tobacco Road*, derived from a novel, and considered too strong for screen use.

*The Children's Hour* is considered taboo for the screen because of the subject matter. These are examples of the theatre as free from screen influence. Unfortunately such examples are few.

Perhaps the most encouraging prospect of the season is Melvin Levy's *Gold Eagle Guy*, a strong play that may become a strong motion picture.

It exhibits a greedy, power-lusting rascal of the nineties, trampling people on his way to millions.

Admittedly, this could make a photoplay fresh in viewpoint, strong in tone.

*Valley Forge*, Maxwell Anderson's play about George Washington, may suggest a historical and patriotic film to somebody in Hollywood, but the result will probably be as far from the stage as *It Must Be Love* is from *Saturday's Children*, the most universal of Anderson's plays, one of the most persistently alive things in American theatre of the last decade, recently turned into a mediocre film.

*The Farmer Takes a Wife* has been bought for Janet Gaynor, all it will contribute to next season's pictures is a hitherto unexploited background: the Erie canal-boating life. And that derives from the novel, "Rome Haul," by Walter Edmonds. *Small Miracle*, by Norma Krasna, will merely provide the films with a crook-and-clean-kid melodrama, such as they could have written on their own premises.

That's the count. One good play and one good farce, and a slick, clever piece—*Merrily We Roll Along*—out of the first half of the theatre season. And a half dozen rewrites of old standbys. Wherein lies the dependence of the films on the stage? If Hollywood were to look upon Broadway as a brother instead of as a father, the relationship would be healthier for both parties.

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## Mutiny in Jalisco

Continued from page 37

his throat but we stopped him, and Felipe picked up McGowan's hat and put it over his face to shield him from the sun.

Then we were sick of the business and of the scare we had and could do nothing but wipe our faces and tell each other how we felt, and the vultures started flying again and the sun beating down as hot as ever.

"That's what happens to Yankees when you put them under a strong sun," little Vasquez said.

"You should have hit him before he had a chance to point his gun at me," Felipe said to Herman. "Suppose he had shot me first? How would you feel then?"

We laid ourselves down in the sand again and found out that we were still thirsty and that the mountains of Jalisco aggravated us as much as before, and we ate our hearts out at them and waited for night to come. Over our heads the little cloud, emblem of our fright, shrunk and grew and finally sailed off towards the east, and we felt better again.

McGowan woke up and told us we would all be executed for mutiny. He asked us for his gun and we gave it back to him, and then he sat rubbing his head and cursing, and wanting to threaten us but doubtful of us, and contenting himself with swearing at the warm air. Then as the afternoon wore on and nothing happened and we lay half asleep and not caring what came next, he began to tell us how we would be tried in front of Villa and every one of us put against a wall and shot. Felipe tried to argue with him, but the rest of us did not believe him and what he said we only fancied to ourselves idly, wanting otherwise only to be rid of this bloody war and out of the ditch.

Meanwhile the sun fell down in the sky and the foreheads of the mountains lowered and threw long shadows across the valley. The north wind came up, and we buttoned our shirts, feeling refreshed as if we had just taken a bath after a long afternoon nap. For no reason we were full of hope, and when the machine gun started shooting again we minded it no longer, thinking how we had almost captured it and how in the dark it would not be able to find us out escaping. We had already settled it with ourselves that all danger was passed and darkness would in the end get us out of this ditch that was beginning to smell faintly already of death. We looked around us with a new and anxious curiosity and strained our ears and took chances with the tops of our heads in order to see anything that might happen.

Then we noticed a stripe of pale dust on a mountain slope far down the right hand side of the plain, beyond where the machine gun was. The dust moved and came down into the shadows on the level, and suddenly we heard far-off shooting. We peeked over the top of the ditch, and then when the machine gun did not seem to notice us, we half stood up and looked towards it and saw it in a little nest of sandbags a hundred yards or so away from us in a faint depression in the plain, and we made out men in khaki uniforms and flat caps crawling away from it through the scrub behind. Then the machine gun let off a short, sudden burst of fire, and we had to duck. When we looked up again they had taken the machine gun's legs off and were leaving the sandbags, soldiers in khaki uniforms, stooping and keeping their heads down as they went, only seven of them—the rest had already gone and we saw them on their feet now, running far down the plain.

Then we thought that the war was over and we jumped out of the ditch and shot at them, and they began to run, the two men carrying the machine gun stumbling with its weight. Our aim was bad though and none of them were hit. We fired too low and we saw our bullets kicking up spurts of dust in the ground, miles away from them, and then they were out of range, losing themselves in the smoke and dust ahead. The last we saw of them was their white leggings twinkling as they ran.

Then all Mexico was naked before us and we carried Jalisco in our pants pockets. The sun went down behind the mountains on the left and the plain spread its arms wide to hold the darkness. McGowan led us once more, and we marched down the plain, unfearful of the smoke and the noise, smoking the cigarette and cigar butts we had found among the sandbags and singing "Cucuracha," that we had heard for the first time two days ago. Mac said our cavalry had stolen through the mountains around their flank and attacked them in the rear where the railroad came out into the valley, and the fuss and commotion going on now was their surprise and defeat. We believed him. After all, Mac was a high officer and commanded a regiment, even though Villa had gotten angry with him just now and made him lead only our company; but it was only for a short time, until Villa felt good again. It was trying to get back into Villa's favor that had made him so crazy to go out after the machine gun and kill us all off without a chance. He was more afraid of Villa than of the machine gun.

Then Felipe said to him, "Something happened after all, didn't it, Colonel? We didn't have to go out and get ourselves killed, did we? I told you something would happen, Colonel. That's the way these wars are."

Felipe said this in the pleasantest manner, but Mac turned all of a sudden and punched him in the nose and knocked him down.

Continued on page 168

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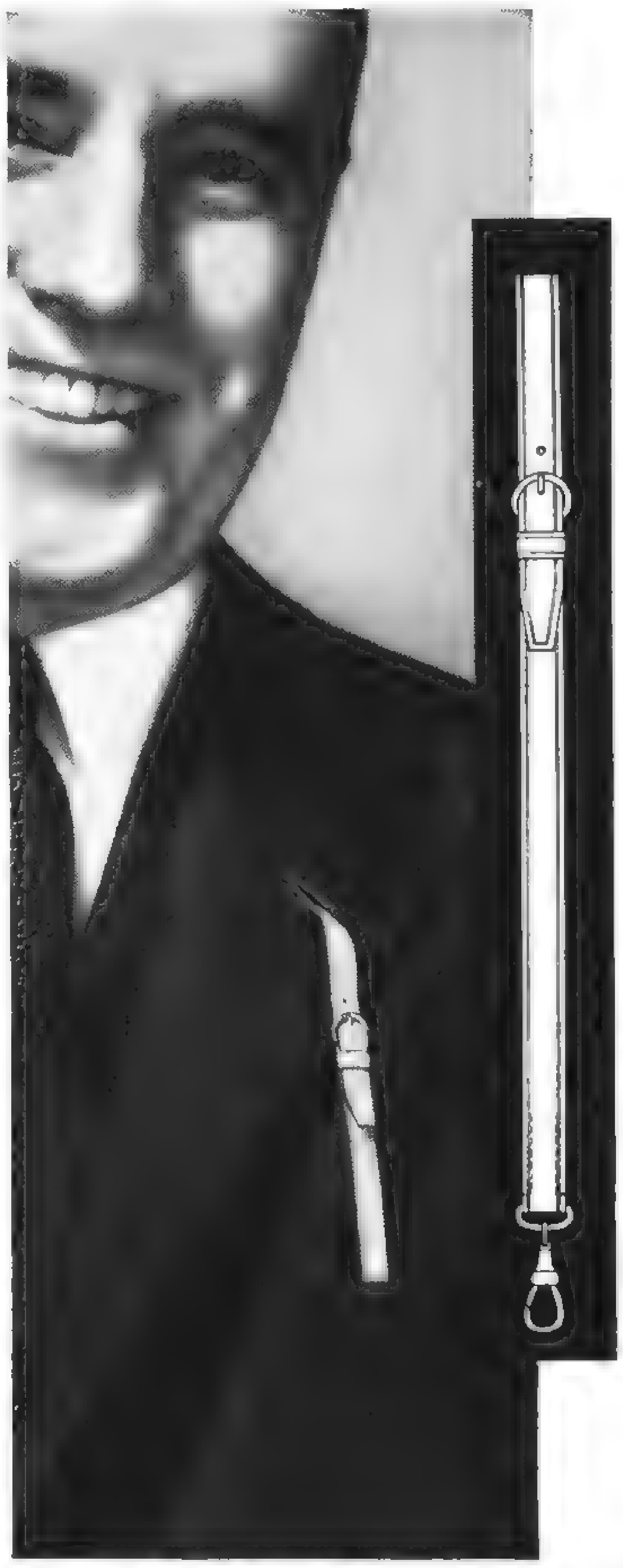

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## Mutiny in Jalisco

*Continued from page 167*

Felipe crawled away and got up with his nose bleeding, and for an hour after, he had to go with his head held back to keep the blood from running out.

In spite of McGowan we went slow, and some of the army that had been behind us all day came up and passed us, giving us water. It was almost pitch dark when we reached the place where the fighting had been, but it was quiet now and lit up with many campfires. Seeing then that there were only a few dead bodies around and no wounded, only prisoners and scattered equipment that the men were picking up, and that the rest of the cavalry was sitting around the fires, eating and smoking, we got back our trust in this war and forgot the day's bloodiness as something that was not intended to happen, but an accident of a machine gun that had not mattered in the end anyhow; and we were full of hope for Mexico. The bright stars shined down on us; the mountains were not there any more for us to eat our hearts out at, and we watched the twinkling fires all over the plain from a soft slope and ate and drank, and, wrapping ourselves in our blankets, went to sleep.

In the morning while it was still cool and we sat scratching our heads to remember where we were and wishing we were somewhere else, McGowan, who had been away during the night, came up with an officer who wore red puttees and a bright new yellow shirt. They stood looking us over, Mac with his chin in his hand and his other hand holding his elbow. We looked through our sleepy eyes at the red puttees and wondered where the officer had gotten them and what the yellow shirt meant. Then Mac asked if we had a deck of cards, and somebody giving him one, he began to shuffle it and then he went to each of us and told us to draw a card blind. It was too early to play cards and we did not know the game and we were hungry for breakfast, but anyhow we drew and waited for the next thing. Below they were lighting the first fires for breakfast and the whole plain near us was covered with knots of men sleeping in blankets and grazing horses that had wandered into the camp from the open space at the head of the valley. Across from us the mountains were bright yellow in the cool morning sun.

"Hold up the cards you picked so I can see them," said McGowan.

"What's this for?" we said.

"You'll find out, just hold your cards up."

We held up our cards, and Mac went from one to the other of us scanning them. Red Puttees looked on the business indifferently and lit himself a cigarette. We looked at each other and pointed to our heads. The mountains looked at us with threats and we looked back at them with aggravation. All things were clear to look at in Mexico's morning air, but nothing was clear to our heads.

"Is there any card higher than the ace of hearts?" McGowan said.

Nobody said anything. Aurelio from the South had the ace of hearts.

"Has anybody a card higher than the king of hearts?"

Nobody had, and it was Pedro who had the king of hearts. What the hell is this, we said to ourselves.

"Is there anything higher than the king of diamonds? The jack of spades? The ten of hearts?"

Ramon Simon had the king of diamonds, Manuel from Chihuahua, the jack of spades, and Herman had the ten of hearts.

"What's this for?" we said.

McGowan, not answering, looked at Felipe and grinned like a ghost.

"You lucky bastard!" he said, and Felipe with his purple upper lip and puffed nostrils looked back at him mildly surprised.

"But what, Colonel?" he said.

McGowan turned away. "All right, you five with the highest cards get up and come with me," he said, looking at us with a funny expression.

Dumbly they got to their feet, picking up their blankets and bandoliers and guns, and loaded them around themselves, and then stood waiting for McGowan to tell them what to do next. He motioned for them to follow the red putteed officer, who started down the slope, and they went, huddling together and dragging their guns, with Mac bringing up the rear. They seemed somehow to be suspicious, but the rest of us who remained were not: we sat scratching our heads and could think of nothing in particular. We watched them as they went down across the plain, going in a single file between the clumps of men still sleeping or cooking breakfast over fires, and as they went they turned their faces back to us with vague questions on them that we could not answer. We could see them clearly a long way off in all the jumble of the camping army: they were almost the only ones on their feet, and the puttees of the officer shone in the morning sun.

"Something is funny about this," Vasquez said, looking around him to see how we were feeling about it. "Why should men be picked by cards to go with Mac? If it was for something special, he would pick the ones that were best for it and not leave it to chance, wouldn't he? Something is funny. Something is wrong some place."

We looked to him to hear him say more. Nobody made a move to cook breakfast. There we sat, the fourteen of us, on the yellow mountain slope with all the victorious army below us in the cheerful sunlight and Jalisco prostrate and Mexico before us, and we felt worried.

Vasquez spoke again. "Maybe it is because we did not obey orders yesterday. I've heard of such things. They can't shoot all of us, so they pick sometimes every fifth man or draw lots."

"What!" we yelled, "he's going to shoot them?"

Felipe stuck his machete through his belt and went running down the slope. In a blink of our eyes he did it, and we stared after him, for a moment not knowing what to think. Then, "Come on!" we said to each other, and picked up our guns and duffle in a hurry and ran after him.

We ran and we felt like crying. This was our reward for winning Jalisco. Without us our whole army would have been overcome by the machine gun and the cavalry would never have gotten a chance to show off and win a glorious victory. Now they were going to shoot us. The bloodiness of this war was infinite. It was not like a revolution, it was like a war with foreigners.

We ran through the smells of beans and urine and horse manure, and the army everywhere along our path looked up in surprise and wanted to know what was the matter, but none tried to stop us or even follow after. It was too early in the morning for anything serious. A short way across the valley we caught up with them. They were going towards the railroad where there were two shacks next to the embankment with a lot of tents around, and when they heard us coming they stopped, and McGowan turned around and stood waiting for us with his hands on his hips.

Felipe got there first, his sombrero flopping around his ears, as he stopped short in front of him.

"I'll go instead of Pedro!" he said.

We were shocked. We had not come to sacrifice ourselves, we had come to argue with McGowan, and here Felipe was making a martyr out of himself.

"Go where?" said McGowan, the jaws of his face bulging.

Then we all talked at once, and Mac stood there, not saying a word, with his eyes beginning to blaze, and Red Puttees stood off to a side and watched us curiously. While we talked and pleaded with Mac we were continually looking around to see whether anybody noticed us. We did not know exactly what we were going to do but it felt better not to have any strangers, at least, no more than the officer with the red puttees around.

Pedro, Ramon Simon and the three others did not know what we were talking about and, their faces scared and yellow, they kept asking us. "What are they going to do to us? What are they going to do with us?"

"They are going to take you behind the embankment and shoot you!"

"My God, what for? What did we do?" They broke apart and came in among us, asking us how we knew, and Mac pulled out his revolver and cursing them, ordered them back in line. They got back and he pointed his gun at us and told us to get out, but we did not listen. We crowded around them and stood there, telling him he could shoot all of us if he wanted to shoot any of us.

"Torres," he said to Red Puttees, "will you get a guard?"

The officer nodded and started for the shacks. He walked slow, slower than McGowan wanted him to, picking his way in the scrub as if to keep his puttees clean.

McGowan, holding his gun at his hip, watched us with the narrow eyes in which we saw our deaths. Blue they should have been, but blue was the color of the sky and of flowers.

"You are not going to shoot all of us?" said Felipe.

McGowan did not answer.

"The army can't lose nineteen men. Villa won't like it."

"No," Vasquez said, "even five are too much."

"Shut up!" McGowan said.

"Besides," said Felipe, "it's all over now. We won the battle."

"Shut up!" McGowan said between his teeth, like the villain in the movies we saw in Juarez. "I'll plug the first man that makes a move." He looked around to see where the officer was. Red Puttees was half way to the shacks, and McGowan turned his head back to us.

But as he was turning it, and before his eyes could reach us again, Felipe's machete whistled through the air and hit him in the neck. He staggered backwards and fired, but he could not get his revolver up, and the bullet went into the ground. Then he fell on his back like a rotten log, and we exploded over the plain, running for the mountainside behind the railroad tracks. Only Felipe delayed to get his machete. We saw him for a second bending over McGowan.

Near the shacks Red Puttees had stopped and he stood there watching us without making a move. In the shacks and tents they had heard the shot and were coming out. We ran, crazy with fear and hope and desperation, the mountainside a muddy haze before us.

We went over the embankment down into the ditch on the other side and scrambled up the slope. In back of us they began firing, and the bullets bit into the dirt near where our hands were grabbing the tufts of grass to pull ourselves up, but we reached a kind of fold in the mountainside that provided cover, and we poured into it. Looking back for a moment, we saw men standing in front of the shacks shooting at us and from the main camp soldiers were coming on the run.

"Felipe!" somebody yelled out and we looked down into the ditch and saw Felipe there struggling up towards us with blood all over him and dangling from one hand by what looked like strings something round and bloody. Firing at the men near the shacks, we waited for him. When he had almost reached us we turned without looking back and ran to get around the shoulder of the mountain. We circled the slope on the other side and streamed down into a gully and ran up it till we could hear no more noise behind us.

Then we ran up and down in the tangle of folds, spurs and gulches that joined the mountain to the others around it, and the mountains were good to us and gave us plenty of dark places to go in, and the pursuit went astray behind us.

We crawled through slits in the mountains where not even snakes had gone and came out into quiet places where we could lie down and rest the beating of our hearts. Then we missed Felipe and found out that no one had seen him since leaving the mountainside above the tracks. We sat down in a den of bushes to wait, and some of us went back a short way to try to find him, but we were afraid to stop and soon we went on, sorrowful for Felipe and praising him as our deliverer. We stopped to wait a second time, but it was of no use: we never saw Felipe again.

We spent the night in the mountains and the next day came out on the big Jalisco plain. A few days later we reached Guadalajara where we separated to go home, sick of the revolution and cursing both sides.

Years later at the house of a relative in the North I was introduced to a man whose face was familiar, but which I could not place. He had the same difficulty with me, being sure he had seen me somewhere before. Talking about where we had been and what we had done, we discovered that we had both been in Villa's army when it went through Jalisco ten years ago. Then it turned out that he was the red putteed officer who had come with McGowan to arrest us, Captain Torres. He told me how he had felt about the affair: that he thought McGowan was pushing the thing too far and how when he had gone for the guard, he purposely went slow.

"But that man who killed McGowan was certainly an unpleasant case," he said.

"Who? You mean Felipe? What happened to him?"

Then he told me. He had seen Felipe climbing up the mountain to the place where we had waited for him, but just as we left the fold and he reached it, he dropped the thing he was carrying and it rolled down the slope into the ditch. He had gone down after it and was climbing back up the slope again when a bullet killed him. His body fell into the ditch, and beside it, trophy of his quiet and humble revenge, they found McGowan's dust-caked bloody head that his dead fingers still held by the hair.

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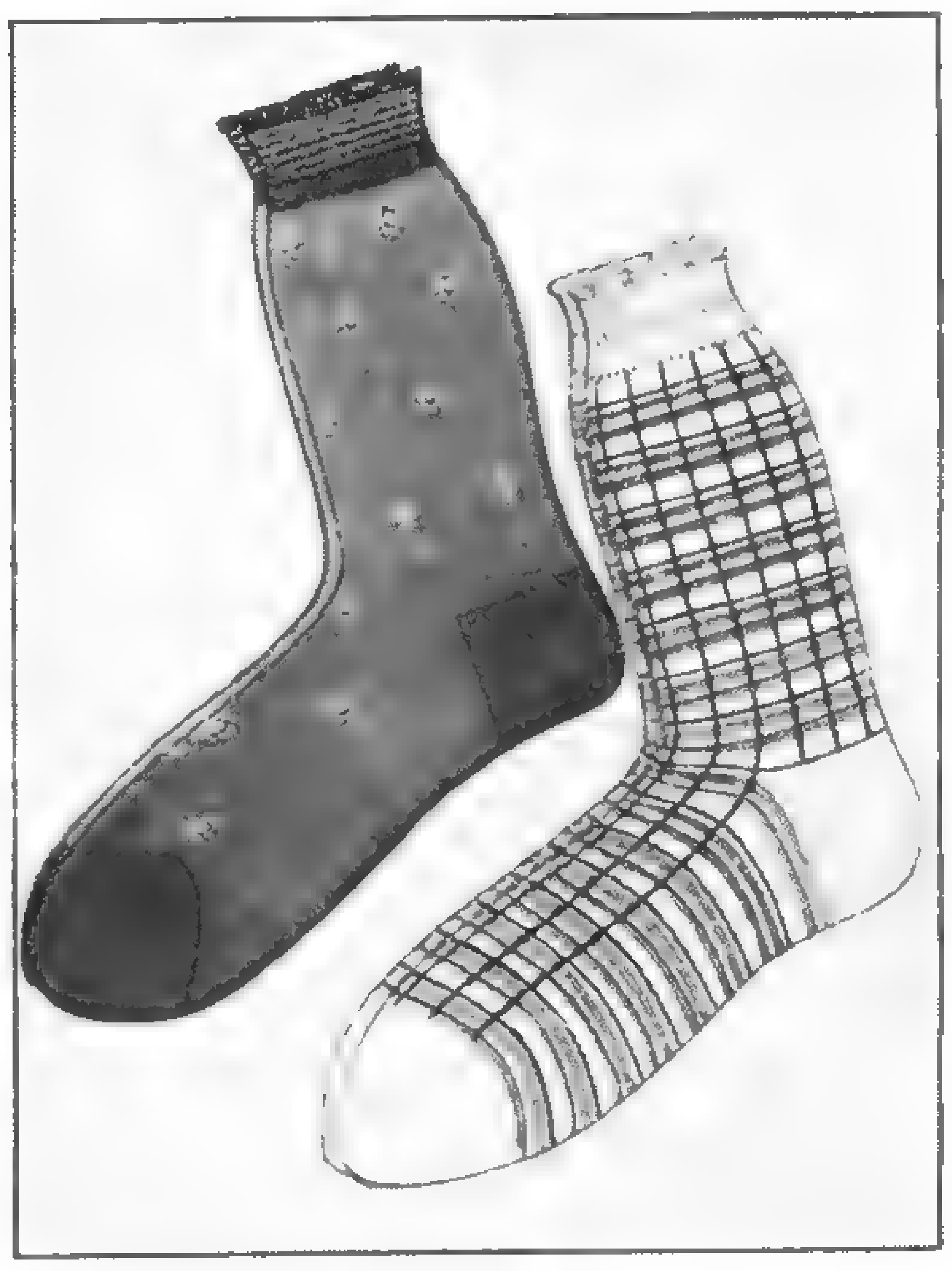

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THE Edwin Clapp SHOE
EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS. U.S.A.

## Still Alive

*Continued from page 43*

arcades of the Louvre, crossed the bridge over the Seine and hurried on a little faster, to her mansarde. An hour later she came out, dressed for the evening, jumped in a tramcar and got back to the café just in time to eat supper with the ladies of the orchestra before beginning to work. At midnight, after a little supper, she shook hands with her friends, and hopped the next tramcar home.

Monsieur! In the case of Mata Hari there always was some positive reason for suspicion. Mata Hari travelled. Attracted people. Lied about her origin. Acted mysteriously. She would have laid herself open to suspicion even if she had been innocent. But Mlle. Fleury gave me no handle, as you say here.

While I watched and followed her the next day I had her apartment searched thoroughly and expertly. No clue. She had quite a little money in the post office savings bank. She had made weekly deposits for four years. There were a few larger deposits. I had them investigated. The dates of the deposits coincided with the dates on which she had received legacies from an uncle and from the sale of some property in the country which had belonged to her mother. I had her mail checked. She received almost no mail; except the usual advertisements from moving picture theatres, concert halls, and department stores.

Once a week a maid came to do a thorough cleaning of her two room apartment. We checked on that maid. And because she was an Alsatian we checked thoroughly, down to every one of her relatives in France and Alsace. No clue. Mlle. Fleury's goings and comings followed a strict routine. One hour like the other. One day was like the other. After two weeks I knew all her wardrobe, every one of her gestures and her motions. Her regularity and punctuality in everything acted on me almost like an opiate, and I wondered why she herself wasn't falling asleep on her feet, doing every hour, every day the same thing.

I was on the point of telling my superiors that they were on a false scent when she broke her routine and went to the Olympia theatre one afternoon. She sat there, listening to the singers, watching the acrobats and the tap dancers until ten minutes to four, then realizing that she was late she took a taxi to the café. I had sat behind her at the Olympia. She had spoken to no one. No one had spoken to her. I sat down close enough to the platform in the café to hear whether she would speak to the other ladies of her escapade. She did. And even told them that she had had to take a taxi to the café. Flushed and nervous, she took the flute out of the wooden case and while the others were tuning up their instruments, she played a few trills and scales. At the end of that performance she went back home, as usual, and resumed her routine life. The following day she bought herself a new dress and a new pair of shoes and had her hair washed and combed and bought some perfume and powder. That reminded me of the Chinese proverb, "For whom does the blind man's wife powder her face?"

Of course the café was every day filled more and more with Americans. Some of them became friendly with the ladies of the orchestra in that rough and boyish way they had. Mlle. Fleury, however, smiled, looked away, and would have none of their friendship. Every one in that orchestra was thoroughly investigated. There wasn't anything against any of them, though their friendships with the Americans often went beyond camaraderie and they were taken out to "boites" and sprees that lasted to the wee hours of the morning. Though invited to the parties, Mlle. Fleury refused politely and continued to be as irreproachable as before. But she returned to the Olympia a week later, stayed again until she was almost too late for work, and took a taxi to reach her café in time.

At the office I was told, "Don't leave the Fleury woman out of your eyes." It was humiliating, to say the least. A war was going on. My confreres arrested spies every day. A court martial was functioning day and night. And here was I, Pierre Dallancourt, with a dozen languages and the experience of twenty years, following a little blue eyed, brown haired girl who played the flute in a café. I was asleep on my feet from hearing so much music twice a day, six hours every day. But orders were orders. Then, one day, Monsieur, a young American army officer, approached her, introduced himself, and asked her to join him at a table with several other American officers. I expected her to refuse the invitation. But she didn't. She accepted, joined the company and drank a little sherry with them.

I knew at that moment that it was for him, for that American officer, that she had had her hair done, and that it was for him that she had bought the new dresses and finery and had dolled herself up more carefully than usual. But how did she know he would come? Within two hours I knew the officer's name and his regiment and all about his life since before he was born. There was nothing against him.

Two of my men, in twelve hour shifts, now lived on the roof of Mlle. Fleury's house. One of my men lived next door to her. Another one lived in the lodge of the concierge at the foot of the stairs. We had bored holes in the walls to look through and to take pictures, if necessary. We had her completely surrounded, and if ever anybody was watched she was.

When she and the American officer went out to a "boite" the next day together, the head waiter sat them down at a table under which we had placed the finest dictaphone, one on which the softest whispers could be recorded. The young American talked to her chiefly of his women folk, his sisters, his mother, his old grandmother. When they grew a little more friendly, after a glass of champagne, he told her (he spoke excellent French) about a girl he had once almost married. Mlle. Fleury was very sympathetic. He gallantly then told her that he no longer regretted it. But when he suggested that they send an illustrated postal card to a Mr. Stephens in Plattsburg to thank him for having introduced him to her she demurred.

"But why?" he asked.

"Because—you know—Mrs. Stephens," she parried.

"But there is no Mrs. Stephens as far as I know."

"As far as you know!" she repeated laughingly.

Then he told her that he was going to the front finally—to the Belleau Wood for a great tryout of some new guns—but would see her when he came back on leave if she cared. When he had brought her home they kissed at the door. She was no sooner in her room than she went to bed. The next day, she went to the Olympia, and again took a taxi to return to work. But when she took the flute in her hand instead of mechanically going through a series of trills and scales to adjust the instrument, she paused as if to think for awhile. That attracted my attention. And then as clear as if tapped out on a telegraph apparatus she played out on the flute, in trills, and scales, in the Morse code, dashes, dots, dashes, dots. Twice. Three times. "Attention. 23 entrains for Belleau Wood. 23 entrains for Belleau Wood."

And then, Monsieur, she played with the others the Marseillaise and followed it up with the American hymn. I scanned all the faces, for the one to whom she had telegraphed the news. Not a face gave the slightest suspicion. Monsieur, the sphinx's face is not less animated than was her face at that moment. I reported immediately and asked for instructions.

"Dallancourt," my superior told me, "you have found out how she imparts information. Now you must find out to whom she gives it and from whom she gets her orders. Stay close with her. Stephens is being investigated by the Americans."

I need not tell you how well warned the Germans were of the American attack. Need not tell you of the heroism of your youngsters and the destruction wrought in their ranks. It was too terrible for words. And there sat that blue eyed, chestnut haired, soft faced French girl, on a dais, in a café, smiling, laughing, joking with her colleagues as if she had not helped send hundreds of young men, who had come to rescue her country, to their death. I could have choked her with my own hands.

On Wednesday she went to the Olympia. Nothing unusual happened there. On Friday she received a card from the American officer. He was in the hospital. She tore the card immediately. The day after she begged herself off from the afternoon performance and went to the hospital where she saw him for a few moments, spoke to him, soothed him, and left to go to work and to report, on her flute, in the sweetest trills, in the Morse code, to an unidentified person hidden among the hundreds in that café, how many American artillery officers were invalided in that hospital. Paris, and the whole of France, was honeycombed with spies like her, giving exact information to the enemy.

The following day I had as many operatives outside that café as there were guests and waiters and bus boys inside, and every one, man or woman, was followed and investigated. The reports were all useless.

A week later, after a visit to the Olympia, Mlle. Fleury went to the hairdresser and bought herself a new dress and new shoes. And, since her spirit of coquetry coincided with the announcement of a new transport of Americans I waited to see what would happen. And I didn't have to wait long.

An American in uniform introduced himself to her, mentioned Mr. Stephens, and was immediately accepted as an old friend.

That man was not like the Artillery officer. He was a man of about forty, pouchy, with sensuous lips and active with his hands. They hadn't been more than a minute together at a table, during an intermission, when his hands were all over her. His French was not so good, but she didn't mind that, didn't mind his pawing her, and didn't mind going out with him to a "boite" that very same evening. When he brought her home she had to fight him off at the outside gate of the house she lived in. When the door had clicked open he put his foot between the door and the sill and held on to her hand pleading she should let him go up to her room. He was a quick worker.

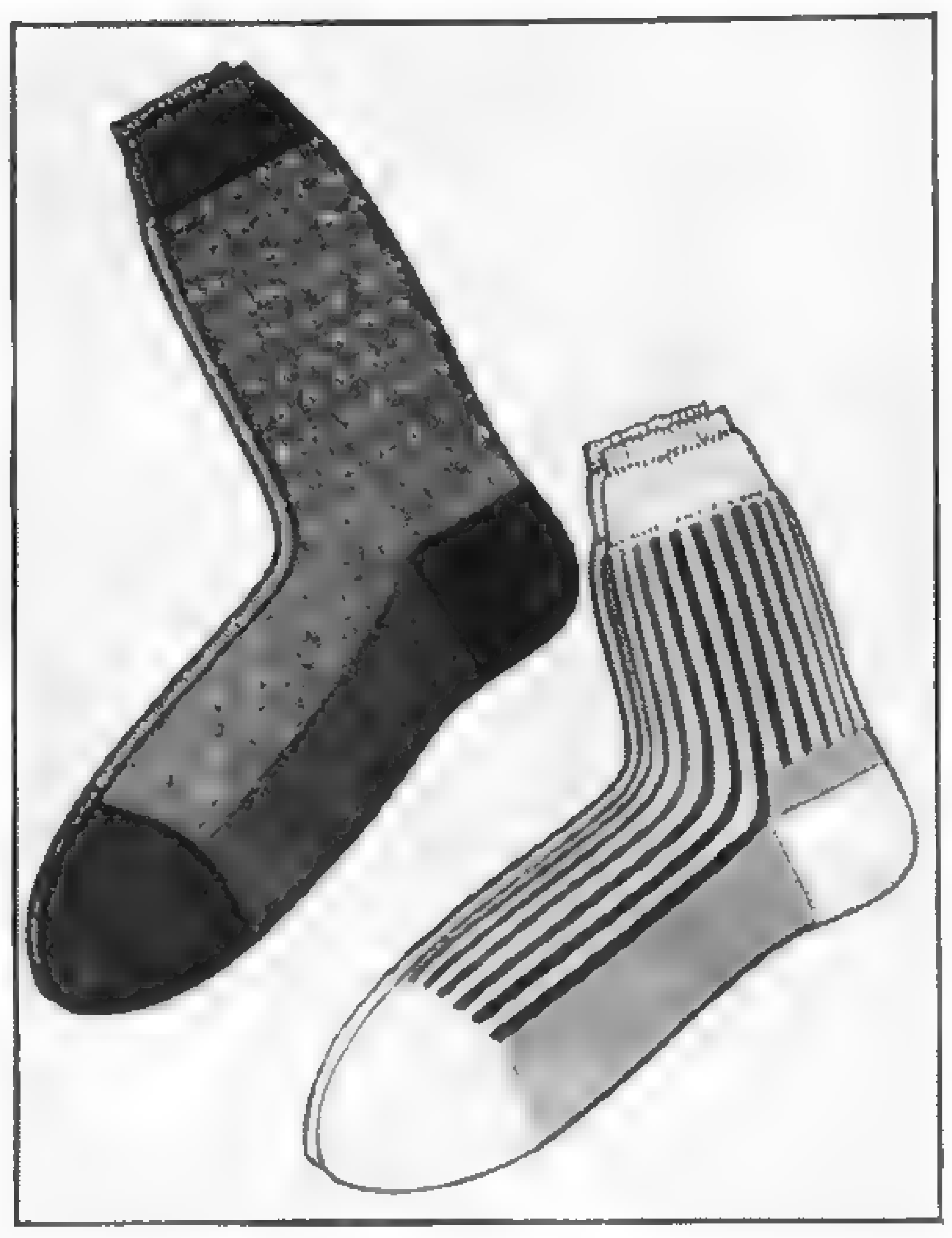
She refused, promised to let him come up some other time, and gave him a big kiss before dislodging his foot and rushing up the stairs. Monsieur, she wasn't twenty then. The technique of getting rid of that man would have done honors to an experienced and mature woman. Her acting was perfect. Her voice changed at will. It had a wider range than any musical instrument. She was not a mere tyro obeying orders. She had been schooled, prepared, and knew the game from A to Z. And she wasn't twenty yet. The manner in which she tore the card she received from the hospital and threw the bits away told the whole story.

I accosted the man and talked to him. He was easy to talk to. In less than ten minutes, sipping a glass of cognac at a little table outside a café, I knew his name, his civilian occupation, and his place of birth. He had been in Paris as a young man and had studied painting. He knew Paris well. After we separated I had the dictaphone record, which had been in the wall behind the table in the "boite" to which he had taken Mlle.Fleury, brought to my room in the office. It was a perfect disk. Not a word had been lost. Through a maze of other questions and answers and gallantries I could hear her repeated questions about the course the transports had taken to cross the ocean, where the transports had landed, whether he had seen other transports on the way and what the formation of the transports was. Were they travelling in groups or singly? Were they travelling on the open sea or between clouds of dense smoke? And he told her all he knew and more. She made sure of his answers by asking the same questions over and over again, in the tone of a little girl who wants to hear the dangers through which her big brother had gone. She flattered him beyond words. No wonder the poor animal had taken it for granted that he would spend the rest of the night in her room. She had given him every reason to think so.

I knew then that she had received orders to obtain that information. As you know, not one transport, not one, was touched on the way over. That achievement will stand forever as one of the greatest feats in the World War. The Germans, of course were trying their utmost to find out what they could. They believed that should they succeed to sink one troop transport the cry in the States would be so loud the American Government would never send another transport to Europe. Their American spies had led them to believe that.

But who had given the Fleury woman orders to find that out? Sleep, rest, was out of the question. I knew that on the following day that woman would telegraph on her flute all she had

*Continued on page 172*



It's smart to be comfortable this season

in

Interwoven

hose for men

with holder-upper tops of Lastex The Miracle Yarn that makes things fit

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KEY CHAINS *by* FORSTNER

☆ Men "in the know" are wearing key chains. You see them on the screen, in Wall Street, on the Avenue, at the leading universities. There is something swaggerish about a key chain . . . that last detail of accessory smartness. FORSTNER key chains are correct with business suits, sports clothes or evening dress. Various styles and qualities are available at men's wear, jewelry and department stores everywhere. Be sure it's the chain with the *Dubl-Lock* key ring.

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SMART STYLES FOR LADIES

Nothing could please *her* more than one of these delightful key chain creations designed for women of taste. Amusing Scotties and other sporting models with a place for engraving her initials.

FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION, Irvington, N. J.

Fougere Royale

**All *man***

Here's an after-shaving lotion with a fragrance that's all man...Fougere Royale, *royal fern*, not pansy or violet or water-front barber shop.

Fougere Royale is a cocktail for your face; an exhilarating pick-up that smooths and soothes your skin. Pat it on your face with your fingers after shaving. Then run your fingers through your hair...to guard against sweat-band odor from your hat. *Price 85¢.*

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Fougere Royale Preparations include Shaving Soap (cream, stick or bowl), invisible After-Shaving Talcum, Hair Lotion and Brilliantine. *Prices from 55¢ up.*

If not yet at your dealer's, send $1.00 for the new Fougere Royale set containing After-Shaving Lotion and Talcum. (Regular value $1.30). Houbigant, 539 West 45th St., New York City.

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**FOUGERE ROYALE**
*Foozhaire Roy-al' (Royal Fern)*
***for MEN***

## Still Alive

*Continued from page 171*

found out. And I could do nothing about it. Of course I could have arrested her. But then the link of the chain I was following would have been broken off and I could never hope to pick up the next link. Once severed it would be severed forever. It was quite possible that she herself didn't know the next link, didn't know who the person was to whom she was giving the information. And it was possible that that person didn't know to whom he was giving the information. Towards the end of the war the enemy had worked out a most complicated system of traceless espionage. Whenever we got a spy we got nothing more. If we executed him or her, it was only to get rid of one such and not because we wanted to punish the individual. Each man was for himself. When a spy was caught there was no help coming to him from anywhere. When one of them happened to find out more than he was considered worthy of knowing he died mysteriously. As a matter of fact German spies had as much to fear from their own side as they had from ours. They were ruthless.

I informed my superiors, who informed the American Intelligence service, and the English one.

Mlle. Fleury was the first one on the platform of the café the following day. She was no sooner on the dais than she began to finger her flute. I saw her reach for a pencil several times and abandon the idea and concentrate. After a few moments she worked out her code. And then quick and firm, expertly, in dots and dashes, dots and dashes, trills and long notes, in perfect triolets, minor and major, the information was given out. "Six transports in line landed Brest. Twelve following. Entering action immediately. Six transports in line landed Brest. Twelve following. Entering action immediately."

The café was crowded and noisy beyond words. Civilians. Soldiers. Women. All smoking. All talking at the same time. The place was thick with noise and smoke. The moment she ceased telegraphing her code the front window of the café was smashed and in the melee that followed whoever had gotten Mlle. Fleury's message ran out unobserved, unnoticed. When quiet had been re-established the music played a march and everything went on as before; with the music hardly audible above the din and the noise of talk and laughter and the clattering of dishes and cups and glasses and the orders given by the waiters. It was a murky and rainy afternoon. The electric bulbs of the chandeliers on the ceilings threw a pale light through the haze of smoke that gathered about them. A wet fog entered the café every time the door opened. Suddenly a loud earsplitting explosion shook the floor under me and rattled the windows. One of the Big Berthas had landed nearby. In the twinkle of an eye the place was deserted by half the clientele. The ladies of the orchestra swooned. In the dim light Mlle. Fleury, flute in hand, stood up on the platform, expecting something more to happen, or some one to come near her, some one to give her a message. And it occurred to me then that that girl's actions were not motivated only by money, by gain. It occurred to me then, that she was not French; that she hated us. Suddenly I thought, "Dallancourt, where and when has she learned the Morse code so perfectly? It has taken you close to a year to learn it well enough to be able to use it unhesitatingly and rapidly." And I promised myself to look into that.

At six o'clock she ran out of the café, but instead of going home, as usual, to change her dress, she went to the Olympia theatre. She wasn't in her seat five minutes when a colored girl came out to do a tap dance. Those tap dancers with the beat of the tom-tom of savage Africa had just become the rage. After a few numbers the orchestra stopped and the colored girl did a dance without music. And then as clearly as clicked out on a telegraph key I heard her tap out "Disconnect. Disconnect. Disconnect completely." And then I knew from whom Mlle. Fleury was getting her orders. She left instantly. I followed her. She was frightened. That word, disconnect, had the effect of a death sentence on her. She knew what it meant: "Shift for yourself. If you have been careless you'll be shot. If you betray us you'll be killed." Monsieur Dallancourt ceased talking and looked at his two enormous and prehensile hands that were lying on his knees.

"Of course, you, in this country," he continued after a while, "take things very lightly. Even when you read about spies being arrested here, there, everywhere, you only take a romantic interest in the affair. Take, for instance, that Fleury woman, of whom I will tell you more later, she is here now. Her husband, an innocent American, is in a position to know things. She is an able musician and as such she is in great demand socially. She lives in the suburbs of New York. She and her husband have lived in Washington until recently. She has played at benefits for war veterans, for the orphans, the blind, and all the other charities. She speaks several languages, though I have not yet found out when and where she has learned them. How do I know she is still disconnected? She might be in service at this very moment. She is beautiful. She is still young. She has many admirers. She is one of the most consummate actresses. There are many things done in the laboratories of your war department of which she knows perhaps more than is good for you. But.."

*A Tarpon caught at Useppa*

USEPPA ISLAND
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*For Leisurely Sport and Real Ease*

If you need tropic sunshine and complete relaxation—come to Useppa.

Here, you may do and dress as you please. The entire Island, its golf course and palm fringed beaches, its gardens and shaded lawns, is your estate. Here, you will find the ease you desire.

Useppa Island lies in clear, sheltered waters, far down the West Coast, in real tropical Florida. Useppa Inn is delightfully situated on the Island, and in every respect, is one of Florida's finest resorts. It is finely appointed throughout, with the cuisine and service of a hotel of the first rank.

The Inn is run along the lines of a private club and caters to a select clientele.

*Fishing and Golf*

Useppa lies in wonderful fishing waters, near the famous Boca Grande Tarpon grounds. Now, fishermen are gathering to do battle with the tarpon, gamest of game fish. Other varieties also abundant. Own sporty golf course. Tennis, bathing, boating. Your pleasures and needs are well provided for right on the Island. Excellent train service.

Fair rates prevail. Wire reservation. Booklet. Address J. F. Vallely, Manager, Useppa Island, Lee County, Florida.

*Open to May*

USEPPA INN *and* COTTAGES
Useppa Island, Lee County, Florida

*One of Useppa's big grass greens*

## Renaissance Mécanique

*Continued from page 35*

ported by the two elder Crawfords, give the impression of trying to improve anybody. Their disgust with radio crooners and their scorn of such items as *Trees*, or Joe Pallotti's deathhouse diary, appeared to be spontaneous. People thought they were rude and boorish, but never accused them of being high hat. Usually the Stooges appeared to be merely annoyed, but occasionally they indulged in such insults as: "Cheez! This film smells," or "She gets lousier every time I see her!" In a theatre this was accompanied by a noisy exit and more grumbling. The Housewife (Stooge Type X-42-742) was heard to whisper loudly to her friend that this was a real bad show and she was sure going to tell Harry to stay away because he was always so mad when he sees a dumb film like this one.

At radio broadcasts the Choral Stooges found a fertile field for their art, for their groans and hisses were carried into millions of homes along with the program. Junior Stooges (boys about twelve) appeared from time to time to produce hearty Bronx cheers during sentimental bits—and all in all the networks were miserable. At first offenders were merely hustled to the street, but when the heckling continued some were fined and sent to jail. The result was that within a couple of months all broadcasting was done behind glass so that no rude boo or hiss could reach the microphone.

Solemn conclaves were held in Hollywood, and Radio City. Advertising geniuses were hired and fired right and left and the manufacturers of soap, motor oil and baby pants were very unhappy.

It was not that individual cases of booing actually stopped a show. It was their cumulative effect on audiences in general. Americans tolerate almost anything on the stage. They are miserably well bred. But twenty-five members of an audience complaining while watching *Love's Night of Love* give heart to hundreds, even thousands of potential booers in every audience. This was Crawford's first achievement—releasing the thousands of Americans suffering from suppressed desires to boo and heckle. Until the Stooges appeared almost nobody had the bravery to disagree with the crowd. Thus encouraged, a great deal of spontaneous booing and razzing appeared.

The masses did not understand how anyone could be rude enough to sneer at dear little Janet Gaynor, or bark at dear romantic Bing Crosby, but after a few cases of severe scorn they were impressed. When they went home to tell the folks about it their accounts of the movvelous feecha pitcha or the Pure Phood Phymsey Hour were tempered with doubt. It was not as though some snooty high hat had sniffed. The Voice of the People, the Crowd itself had been rude to their heroes. One or two individuals might be nuts, of course, but when scores objected at once to the viscous and the sentimental, the crowd found itself on the defensive.

After about six months of this the character of the heckling changed subtly. An attempt was made to show *why* a performer or a type of singing was stupid or ugly. In the movies the Stooges chanted bits of dialogue with the characters on the screen. In a few weeks all scenario writers were warned never, never to resort to such gems as "*Why, I do believe you're jealous!*" or "*I'll break every bone in your body,*" or "*This is the Happiest Moment of My Life.*"

Of course, there were many minor campaigns. One, against noisy radio loudspeakers issued a Radio Cursing Record which, when played on a phonograph produced the effect of strong men roaring in rage, old men begging for quiet, children crying, and women scolding. Another subcommittee dispatched three thousand letters a week to radio stations, advertising agencies and movie producers, complaining about drooling programs.

Even more spectacular were the synthetic "conversions" to good taste. One evening Norma Constance appeared in person before 6,200 of her worshippers, and frankly admitted that she was a terrible actress and heartily ashamed of her films. "But," she concluded, "you saps like them, so that's that." This got on the AP wire and made a tremendous impression on all moviegoers. The following week a well-known radio team slid out of their dialect and apologized for being a couple of hams. About this time, also, an issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* appeared with an article by Eddie Guest telling what he *really* thought of humility, sweetness and hard work. These feats were accomplished by means of doubles and by printing a fake edition of the *Post*, but no later denials could undo the original damage.

After about a year the campaign began to run itself. The Government had taken over broadcasting, several movie personalities had vanished, the Warners had stopped making shorts, and Kansas had passed a law against crooning. A Columbia psychologist had announced that America had come of age, and written two books with pictures, to prove it. As for the tastes of the community, they had improved enormously. Even Daisy with her God-given aptitude for the tawdry was shying away from the sleaziest films and magazines. Old Crawford's pride swelled. Again he was Horace Crawford III, man of destiny. He had changed the very nature of mankind!

*Continued on page 174*

It's smart to be comfortable this season

in

HOLEPROOF AUTOGART

hose for men

with holder-upper tops of

Lastex The Miracle Yarn
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

that makes things fit

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

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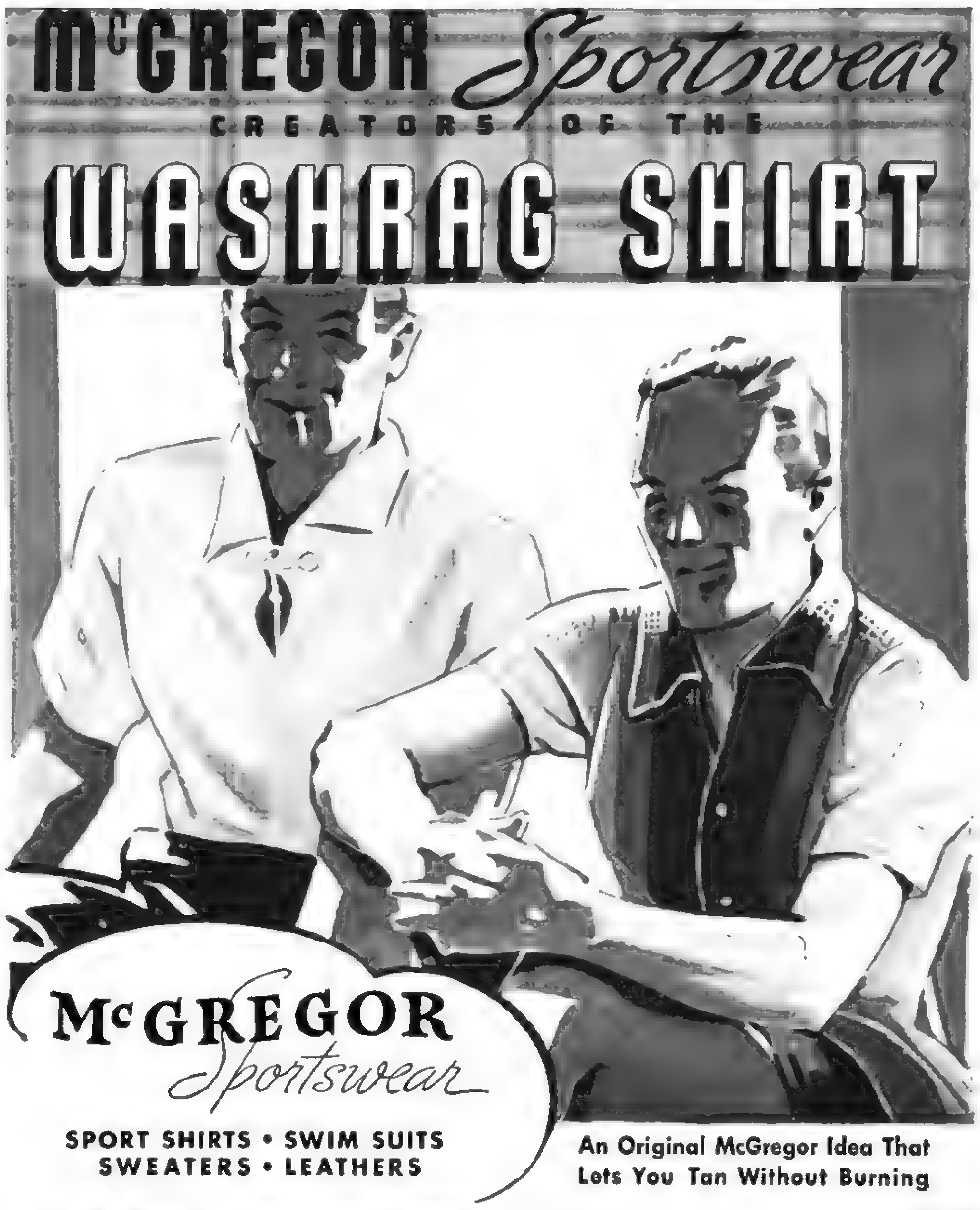

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CREATORS OF THE
WASHRAG SHIRT

McGREGOR Sportswear

SPORT SHIRTS • SWIM SUITS
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Left. . McGREGOR WASHRAG SHIRT Solid shades of Natural, Navy, Brown, Canary $1.65
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Ombre Stripes also available in Pullover style . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . $3.00
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TABLE BENEDICTINE LIQUEUR
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BÉNÉDICTINE

BESTOWS 4 CENTURIES OF FAME ON THESE

*drinks de luxe*

D. O. M

*Bottled in France*

BÉNÉDICTINE LIQUEUR—There is only *one* genuine Bénédictine, famous as an after-dinner liqueur throughout the world!

B AND B—½ Bénédictine, ½ Cognac brandy: This suave sophisticated after-dinner drink has a decided Continental vogue.

"QUEEN ELIZABETH" COCKTAIL—Here is the prize-winning recipe in a recent nation-wide cocktail contest: ¼ Bénédictine, ¼ lime juice, ½ dry Vermouth.

BÉNÉDICTINE FRAPPE—Pack a cocktail glass with finely-shaved ice. Fill with Bénédictine. Sip through a straw.

*Cast down the Laurel*

*A* NOVEL *BY*
ARNOLD GINGRICH
Editor of Esquire

*This is the most exciting first novel to come my way in fifteen years. Read the remarkable comments below and you will understand why this book should delight not only the 200,000 men and women who read* ESQUIRE *every month but thousands of other readers, too.*

**Serge Koussevitzky** says: "There is more truth and deep feeling about genius in this novel than in anything I have read in a long time. It is a fine and moving story."

**Manuel Komroff** says: "The most novel novel I have read. It is an engaging narrative scored in three movements against a concert-stage background, written with much understanding and penetrating character insight."

**F. Scott Fitzgerald** says: "Beautifully written, startling in form, and promising other equally good things to come. It pleases me beyond measure that Arnold Gingrich has brought off this book, which has the same scope and appeal of his editorial ventures."

**Tallulah Bankhead** says: "It is a brilliant and exciting book."

**Kenneth MacKenna** says: "I was so absorbed and thrilled by its novel and amusing style . . . its powerful characterizations . . . and above all by its understanding of what it is in people that makes them artists that I could not put it down. This is the first novel I've read in years that I had to finish at one sitting. My excited bows to Mr. Gingrich."

**George Gershwin** says: "Congratulations to Arnold Gingrich on a brilliant first novel. Good musical novels, like good music and good wine, are rare, and this is certainly one of the best."

*$2.50 at all bookstores or from the publisher.*

ALFRED A. KNOPF BORZOI BOOKS PUBLISHER, New York

## Renaissance Mécanique

*Continued from page 173*

It was nearly three years before cataclysm overwhelmed him. The campaign for improving the nation's tastes had been a smashing success. Refinement had followed refinement with true American speed and enthusiasm. Movie and radio programs offered only the most intelligent and sensitive items. Cheap magazines had vanished and newspapers confined themselves to news. Daisy, once the low-water intellectual gauge for her generation, had become extremely rarefied. She was enthusiastic about the Theatre Guild, the Philadelphia Orchestra and James Truslow Adams. Crawford found her pretty good company as time went on, and one evening he again invited her out. According to the finest traditions of the Crawford reform a critically aroused populace was destroying the current books, plays and music, at dinner, in the theatre, and in night clubs.

Then panic overtook old Crawford, for he realized that the books, plays and customs they were destroying were those on which he had been brought up. *He* was now one of the untouchables! One of the intellectually unclean! Clerks, stenographers, brokers, housewives, gunmen, actors and plain people were now scornful of *his* intellectual nourishment. He looked at Daisy and realized that she too was not only suffering confusion and humiliation, but was asking him about a still more rarefied culture he had never even heard of . . . playwrights, novelists and schools of thought which had just appeared.

Suddenly Crawford saw a horrid picture of a future in which he would be deserted by equals and Stooges alike. He would be laughed at as the man who had reformed a nation's tastes beyond his own understanding! Then he thought of Daisy, dear comfortable little Daisy, who was now such good company. He must stop her before she climbed beyond him. He must have at least one companion in this rarefied world!

So the next morning Horace Crawford III married Daisy the housemaid and they went to live on a South Sea Island with very little culture of any kind whatever.

## Star-Spangled England

*Continued from page 41*

regarded; one didn't do it, it was American. Even their professional athletes whose livelihood depended upon sport, refused to train. As Archie Compston, the golfer, said after a tour in this country years ago: "Man for man they (the American professional golfers) are fitter than we are."

This feeling to some extent still persists. When the Cambridge rugger team visited the United States last spring a writer in a London magazine deprecated the trip and expressed the hope that we in this country would not adopt rugby because "the Americans would spoil the game." He meant we would train for it, concentrate upon it, play it as we do intercollegiate football, stress victory, devise ways to beat the rules, in short, make it no more a sport for Englishmen. Mr. R. H. Bruce Lockhart at a time when he was a wage slave for Lord Beaverbrook and not a world-wide celebrity, put the English viewpoint succinctly:

"If America choses to segregate her athletes, to feed them on special diet, to produce long jumpers who are all legs and no body, and golfers who live, dream, breathe and sleep golf the round of the clock, by all means let her do so."

This was written in 1930 before England was—either in finance or sport—near the top of the heap. It was certainly the attitude of the nation toward sport; I doubt if it is so strongly their attitude today. Because if the English had not, either consciously or unconsciously, adopted American training methods and our ideas of practise, study and concentration upon athletics, they certainly would not have won international titles all along the line as they did last summer and will probably do again in 1935.

Better examples of American methods being pursued in British sport than Perry and Cotton, the two leading British stars of last summer, it would be hard to discover. Cotton has always been attracted by our golfers and golfing methods, he is a young man willing to copy the best no matter where it comes from, and in newspaper accounts after the British Open last summer he explained how he had watched our leading golfers, borrowed some of their ideas, trained faithfully for the event, in short, did exactly what Mr. Lockhart and most English sportsmen dislike, he dreamed, breathed and slept golf the whole round of the clock. Finally when the time came he made a record for the Sandwich course.

Perry actually played more tennis in 1934 than any American, more than almost any two Americans. He competed all winter in Australia, in the French championships in Paris in the spring, at Wimbledon in June and later in July in the Davis Cup matches, and in the United States from August to October and from New York to Los Angeles. Young, keen, strong, he did not become stale because he has an enormous zest for the game, and also because he trains in a manner that would do credit to an American. He does not drink or smoke—both Perry and Miss Round were held up to the nation last summer as model champions because they were total abstainers. Perry was always fitter than his adversaries, while his constant touring all over the world, so reminiscent of American tennis stars of former days, seemed to harden him to match play and to strengthen his competitive spirit to such an extent that England produced her first champion since 1909!

"Specialization in any form of athletics," says Mr. E. V. Knox of Punch, "is the breath of life to our cousins overseas. Whenever a child in a cradle is seen to hold his rattle with an overlapping grip, he is singled from his fellows, trained, boosted, encouraged, press-agented, dieted and photographed, until at the age of five or six he is playing round the Big Moose Course in Wyoming steadily under mommer, if not indeed under par."

This was written four or five years ago; what about your Mr. Perry and your Mr. Cotton, are they not specialists Mr. Knox? Such successful specialists that they have beaten the Americans at our own game.

Ah yes, Mr. Knox and the English will retort, that's all very well, but you happen to have picked on two exceptions. You have chosen two of our champions who are not quite, not . . . well, that is to say, how shall one put it, not quite pukka, y'know. Perry learned his game on the public parks, he did not go to Eton or Winchester, he hasn't any of the public school spirit so helpful in sport, that splendid feeling of one for all and all for one. Yes, rather, that sort of thing! And Cotton, quite an ordinary chap, never went to the varsity.

Curiously enough, these two super-champions, England's first in a long period, are not tremendously popular in their native land just because they did not learn to play games at a university.

It is also true that in England, unlike the United States, the average citizen is apt to take his lead in sports from the feeling and outlook at these two great institutions, Oxford and Cambridge.

These breeding grounds of sport have a predominating influence on English athletics, not merely because they happen to nurture most of the athletes of the country, nor yet because most English champions up to the present have been old Blues, but rather because of the class system. The masses still look to Oxford and Cambridge for their athletic ideals, for the lead in sport and sporting ideas. What is said, thought, felt and done at the varsity has a reaction on the games-playing millions; less than it once had, granted, but it has its effect nevertheless.

Now, however, Oxford and Cambridge are even being contaminated.

Of course I refer to the various overseas athletes at the two universities, and particularly to the infiltration of leading American stars at Oxford where our Rhodes Scholars row, run, jump, swim and play on almost all teams. Their influence is being felt. Men like Charlie Stanwood, the former Bowdoin hurdler, have had a great deal to do with the advance of English sport, his help and coaching has accounted for the rise and development of stars like A. G. Pilbrow, the present secretary of the Oxford track team, who came to college from Haileybury School as a cricketer, and was made by Stanwood into a hurdler good enough to place in the last Empire Games and beat the American hurdlers last summer.

A former Michigan swimming captain who was a recent Rhodes Scholar told me an amusing yarn about his stay at Oxford. After he had soundly beaten all the best swimmers, he was timidly approached and asked to coach. Not fervently, but half-heartedly the men responded, he persisted however, with the result that they were all able to go out and beat their records and the Cantabs at the end of the year. These men naturally now appreciate the value of training and good coaching. You can see them as converts going out into the athletic highways, spreading the gospel of specialization in sport. Before long our easy victories over English athletes will be a thing of the past.

Once they start going into games in a big way they are sure to win their share of victories in international competition.

Bear in mind that the English enjoy winning as much as anyone.

Being a race of ostriches they like to deny this, but it is a fact nevertheless. When therefore they realize how much training, practice and concentration upon sport can do, their lofty ideals are likely to dissolve in a crowd of record breakers and champions. Because the British Isles today are fairly teeming with thousands of natural athletes whom good coaching would turn into world-beaters. There are evidences that they are beginning to get the necessary coaching.

"Your players are wonderful," said an American to an Englishman at Hoylake several years ago when Bobby Jones was burning up the course. "They are simply wonderful; a perfect drive, a perfect second, and then three perfect putts." That was funny—and true—back in 1930. But times have changed in five years as Mr. Cotton and Mr. Perry showed us last summer. Things are no longer the same in sporting England as they were when Mr. Noel Coward laughingly consoled his compatriots for their defeats by reminding them that "We always win the Boat Race every year!" Times have changed indeed; they are likely to go on changing as American athletes will discover.

It's smart to be comfortable this season

in

Westminster
GARTER TOP

hose for men

with holder-upper tops of
Lastex The Miracle Yarn
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
that makes things fit

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

NRA CODE

SICHEL & FILS FRERES

FOR BORDEAUX & BURGUNDIES

H. SICHEL SÖHNE

ESTABLISHED MAINZ 1857

HSS

FOR RHINE & MOSELLE WINES

Purveyors to the King of Sweden

W. A. TAYLOR & CO. N. Y.

The Aristocrats of better whiskies

WALKER'S
5 Chimes • 7 Chimes

¶ Now fully educated to a true appreciation of liquor flavor and palatability, a discerning public recognizes the mellow, delicate bouquet of Walker's 5 CHIMES and 7 CHIMES . . . the aristocrats of better whiskies due to their expert blending . . . and yet popularly priced!

¶ In clubrooms, hotels, restaurants, and at home . . . wherever people enjoy fine foods and fine liquor, you will find Walker's 5 CHIMES and 7 CHIMES . . . straight or in highballs.

¶ Alert distributors and dealers are quick to sense this unusual public acceptance, and are authorized to make this sweeping GUARANTEE: *If you are not satisfied that Walker's 5 CHIMES and 7 CHIMES are the finest whiskies at the price, return the unfinished bottle and the entire purchase price will be refunded.*

*Exclusive distributor franchises are available in a few states. Full information upon request.*

Walkers
Five 5 Chimes
BLENDED WHISKEY
Walkers
Seven 7 Chimes
BLENDED WHISKEY

20% of 5 CHIMES is 7 years old; 33⅓% of 7 CHIMES is 7 years old.

WALKER MANUFACTURING CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

Colorful Peoples . . .
Strange Customs!

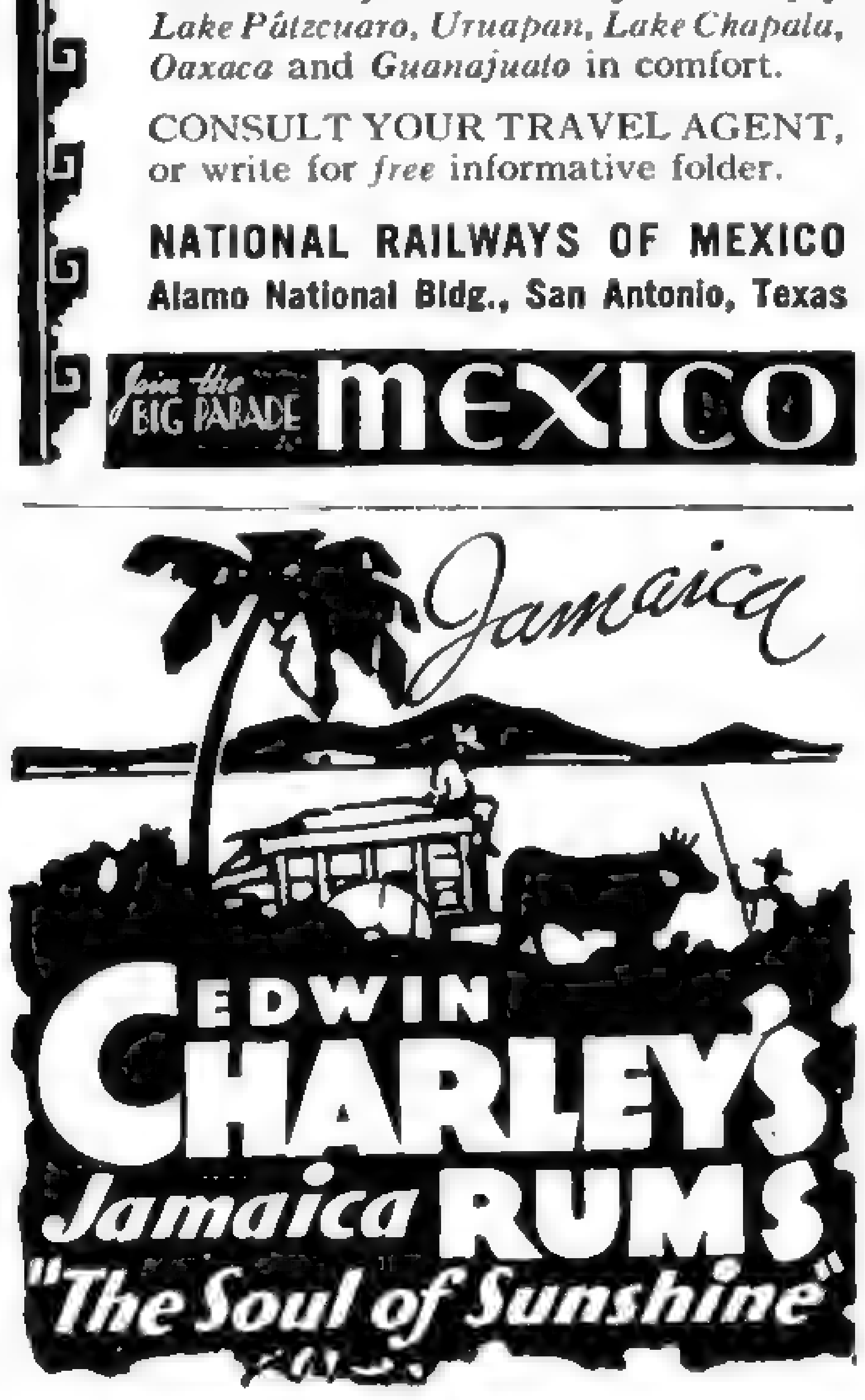
In a hundred cities and villages . . . on lovely mountain lakes . . . in temples older than Egypt's . . . here you'll find adventure in *off-the-beaten-path* MEXICO.

SEE MEXICO IN COMFORT. Delightful country inns and a great National rail system enable you to enjoy *Lake Pátzcuaro, Uruapan, Lake Chapala, Oaxaca* and *Guanajuato* in comfort.

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, or write for *free* informative folder.

**NATIONAL RAILWAYS OF MEXICO**
**Alamo National Bldg., San Antonio, Texas**

Join the BIG PARADE MEXICO



## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from page 96*

of the Jews to the Gobi desert after they had been driven out of all the countries of the western world. There are royalists, communists, socialists, pedants, rabbis, financiers, furriers, young people and old people and all of them even in their great catastrophe act just as they would in the surroundings in which they have been reared, with all their illogical prejudices, their spites and jealousies. The book teems with odd and amusing characters and there is a love story compassionately told.

Among the many other good things in George Jean Nathan's *Passing Judgments* there is a devastating analysis of the much-touted wit of Noel Coward. What makes Nathan so refreshing to read is the fact that he challenges so many of the assumptions which gain currency and exposes fallacies with deadly precision. I find him unvaryingly entertaining, even when he seems to take a point of view merely to be perverse. I think he must have been nodding, however, when he let pass in his magazine, The American Spectator, an article by Richard Sheridan Ames trying to make out that Thomas Wolfe has emerged as an important novelist without any fanfare or ballyhoo. Few writers in our time have had such a burst of critical acclaim as greeted Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel;* he was given a Guggenheim fellowship; he split a $5,000 award with John Herrmann for the best short story published by Scribner's Magazine one year; one of the bits from his new novel appears in the *O. Henry Memorial Award for the Best Short Stories for 1934;* bulletins about the progress of a forthcoming 450,000 word novel have been almost continuous since he retired to Brooklyn to write it; if any man has ever had a ballyhoo based upon one book that man is Thomas Wolfe. As a matter of fact I think he has probably been over-praised and that a little judicious criticism of his faults and limitations would be salutary. He covers much of the same ground Dreiser had already covered before him; he is given to an abuse of adjectives; his sentences are often tangled and too rhetorical. He is good; but he is not the lone giant Mr. Ames tries to make him out; and he has had as much attention as any one book justifies—and that book was a national best seller over a long period of time. Moreover I don't think Mr. Ames would be the best sort of judge of what constitutes good writing. The first sentence of his article reads: "The American reader, fooled so often by his critical Cassandras, is himself loathe (sic) to acclaim an incipient fine talent which appears quietly without incriminating *kudos*." Mr. Ames should not use classical allusions when he doesn't know what they mean; he mistakes the function of Cassandra in Greek legend; the word is "loath"; and the whole sentence is highly sophomoric. And besides it doesn't mean what he meant it to mean.

Fulton Oursler has fooled me. I didn't think he would ever write a novel as good as *Joshua Todd.* His novels, *Behold This Dreamer* and *The Great Jasper* were ill-written and trashy. His latest, however, has in it some of the substance of greatness; it is solid, honest, dramatic and sure. It is the story of the rise of a talented lad against the handicaps of poverty and family disgrace; his emergence into newspaper and later magazine work; and of the unhappiness, frustrations and failures he experienced, even in his success, because he was attractive to women and permitted them to dominate him. It is Oursler's thesis that Joshua Todd failed in love simply because women want to be dominated by the male and his weakness was to give in to them. But the thesis does not get too much in the way of an excellent narrative, wherein, by the way, there is about the best depiction there is in fiction of the way a newspaper is got out.

I think it is highly probable that all you know about Galileo isn't so. Even if you looked Galileo up in the Encyclopedia Britannica you would very likely say that he dropped two balls of different weights from the Leaning Tower of Pisa and they both hit the ground at the same time, thereby disproving Aristotle's assertion that the heavier ball would hit the ground first.

In the first place there is nothing in Aristotle even implying that the heavier ball would hit the ground first. In the second place Galileo did not disprove any of the scientific assertions Aristotle made as scientific legend has it.

Professor Lane Cooper of Cornell University tracks down these fallacies in a scholarly and entertaining little book, *Aristotle, Galileo and the Tower of Pisa* (Cornell University Press, $2). The Leaning Tower story comes from a dubious life of Galileo by Viviani, written a dozen years after Galileo had died and it is a jumbling up of an experiment performed half a century before Galileo by Simon Stevin of Bruges. Nevertheless in many reference works by distinguished scientists the legend has been accepted as fact and perpetuated. Even in the last edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica we find this statement, "From the Leaning Tower of Pisa he afforded to all the professors and students of the University ocular demonstration that bodies of different weights fall with the same velocities." Error dies hard, and it is probable that the Leaning Tower legend will persist in some scientific quarters even after Professor Cooper has been at pains to expose it as without foundation.

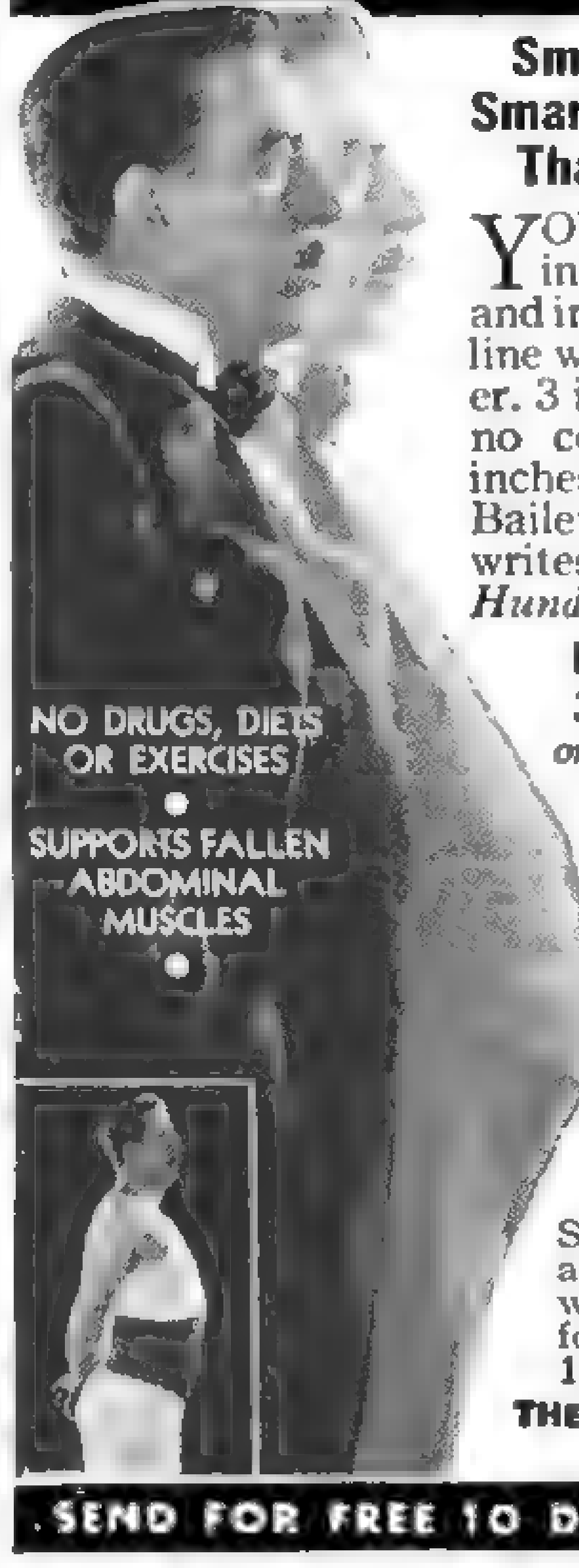
A pageant of Living History

ANTHONY ADVERSE offers a tremendous cavalcade of great historical scenes and figures moving across three continents during the Napoleonic era: the sweep of vast armies across Europe, slave trading in Africa, smuggling millions in silver from Mexico, thrills with LaFitte the pirate, huge business deals transacted by the Rothschilds, the delicate political manoeuvers of Jefferson, Talleyrand, Benjamin Franklin and Aaron Burr . . . desperate encounters, long voyages, romance and passion . . . all a vital part of Anthony's experience during this eventful era, though only a small part of America's most phenomenal book. *Be sure to read it.* 1200 pages, $3.00. At all bookshops, or sent *post free* anywhere in the United States. Dept. 3, FARRAR AND RINEHART, 232 Madison Ave., N. Y.

ANTHONY ADVERSE

Anthony Adverse
by HERVEY ALLEN

"I have REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!"
. . . writes George Bailey


NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERCISES
SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES

**Smart Clothes Look Smarter When You Have That Waistline Dip!**

YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days your waistline will be 3 inches smaller. 3 inches of fat gone or no cost! "I reduced 8 inches". . . writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson. *Hundreds of similar letters.*

**REDUCE your WAIST 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS**
*or it will cost you nothing!*

You will be completely comfortable as its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! Gives an erect, athletic carriage, supports abdominal walls, keeps digestive organs in place, greatly increases endurance. Simply write name and address on postcard and we'll send you illustrated folder and full details of 10 day FREE trial offer!

**THE WEIL CO., 583 Hill St.
New Haven, Conn.**

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

THE CONTINENTAL GRILL
for dancing, with dinner from $1.75, or supper with distinctive entertainment, $1.00. Also the CAFE de la PAIX and America's only RUMPELMAYER'S.

ST. MORITZ ON-THE-PARK
50 Central Park So. New York

**No More Trouble for Jedwick**
*by* LOUIS PAUL
(*O. Henry Memorial Award First Prize 1934*)

A reprint of this story, which was published as Esquire's "discovery of the month" in March, 1934, will be sent gratis on request.

**ESQUIRE PUBLISHING CO.**
**919 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago**

# 3¢ A DAY for ADVERTISING..

SAUSAG
Live where You can Pl... Build in the suburbs
MASTERCRAFT HOME SERVICE
CORN FLAKES
IVORY

# ..Reaches this $33 A DAY MARKET for WINES AND LIQUORS.

**EACH DAY a Chicago Elevated Coach carries riders who spend $33 a day for wines and liquors . . . . .**

**3c a day carries your advertisement to this $33 market — and our complete service covers a market of $30,000 a day!**

## • THE MARKET

**Metropolitan Chicago, shopping center for 5,000,000 people . . . . this market voted 10 to 1 for repeal and represents about 10 per cent of all the population to whom liquor may be sold.**

## • THE MEDIUM

**Posters or 16 x 24 inch car cards on the Elevated and Suburban trains — reaching a daily circulation of 1,300,000 at a cost of 18,000 for $1.**

## • MERCHANDISING

**Our permanent staff of ten experienced salesmen covers retail outlets, broadening distribution and placing dealer helps. Each year these men turn over to our advertisers more than 100,000 actual orders.**

***• A half dozen liquor manufacturers are numbered among the 70 national advertisers using our service—they are finding their investment very profitable***

# CHICAGO ELEVATED ADVERTISING CO.

## 509 So. FRANKLIN ST. • CHICAGO

CAR CARDS AND POSTERS COVERING METROPOLITAN CHICAGO

*SUBURBAN*
**CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN R.R.**
**CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R.R.**
**CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL & PACIFIC R.R.**

• **CHICAGO RAPID TRANSIT LINES** •

*SUBURBAN*
**ILLINOIS CENTRAL R.R.**
**NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES**
**CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R.R.**

● *To the* EXECUTIVE
*Whose Signature Is Required On Advertising Contracts*

# Mental Test for Executives

Considerable interest is shown in the attempt of one of our colleges to determine how often people change their minds. A series of questions is submitted to a group of individuals. Four weeks later the same group is asked to answer the same list of questions. One group averaged changes of opinions in one out of every five questions. Since advertising is the business of molding or changing the minds and habits of people, and the decision of executives is an important influence upon advertising policy, the following list of questions is submitted as a matter of interest to executives. *Indicate your present opinion by writing* Yes *or* No *after each question. Then tear out this page and at a later date check the number of points upon which you have changed your mind.*

**1** Men of the executive type respond more readily to emotional appeals than to statistical data.

• • •

**2** Exaggerated claims react against the product.

• • •

**3** Less than 7% of all national advertisers place their advertising through Agencies.

• • •

**4** Selection of Audience is more important than perfection of Message.

• • •

**5** The relative values of Mediums remain unaffected by changed conditions resulting from a period of economic stress.

• • •

**6** Directing advertising appeals to "class" buyers is the most effective means of increasing Volume sales.

• • •

**7** A picture may be more effective than a thousand words.

• • •

**8** Color is now generally recognized as one of the most powerful assets of modern advertising.

• • •

**9** The best advertising for food products is that which makes no provision for arousing desire through appetizing pictures of food.

• • •

**10** The fewer opportunities the public is given to see the advertising of a product, the more effective the advertising will be.

• • •

**11** Retailers prefer advertising support which is continuous.

**12** In the Newspaper, the national advertiser finds his only escape from the large space dominance of local and department store advertising.

• • •

**13** All advertising mediums start even, in that each is a vehicle for the delivery of mental impressions.

• • •

**14** The Street Car is the only advertising vehicle in which the average number of competing advertisements is limited to thirty.

• • •

**15** A series of advertisements, using fewer than 40 words each, cannot be successful.

• • •

**16** A sound argument in favor of an advertising medium is that it will bring the Company's advertising to the personal notice of the board of directors and intimate friends.

• • •

**17** The Magazine is the only form of advertising in which an advertising message cannot be turned from sight or tuned out.

• • •

**18** The headline is usually the most important part of an advertisement.

• • •

**19** Even in 1930, ninety-eight per cent (98%) of all incomes in the U. S. were less than $5000.

• • •

**20** Where a product is suffering from substitution, Radio advertising provides the best opportunity for impressing in the buyer's mind a true picture in color, of the label, trademark or container.

**21** The profit per sale is the same whether the purchaser's income be $3000 or $300,000.

• • •

**22** Good short copy is more effective than good long copy.

• • •

**23** Car Advertising reaches exclusively buyers in the higher income brackets.

• • •

**24** Because a product Message has not been reduced to good short text, is proof that it cannot be done.

• • •

**25** What counts in advertising is what people remember.

• • •

**26** A good advertising Message may be considered fool-proof when it does not say more than people can remember.

• • •

**27** Consumer Advertising now falls within three classifications, and in the following sequence of importance: (1) Maximum Volume (2) Fractional Volume (3) "Class."

• • •

**28** Today the Volume buying power of the nation rests squarely in the hands of the gainfully Employed.

• • •

**29** A Major medium which reaches more people, more frequently, and costs less, merits the active personal attention of the Volume Manufacturer.

• • •

● Information on *maximum* Volume may be had from Street Railways Advertising Company, 220 West 42nd Street, New York. W. S. B.

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THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATI
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Interwoven
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SOCKS FOR COMFORT

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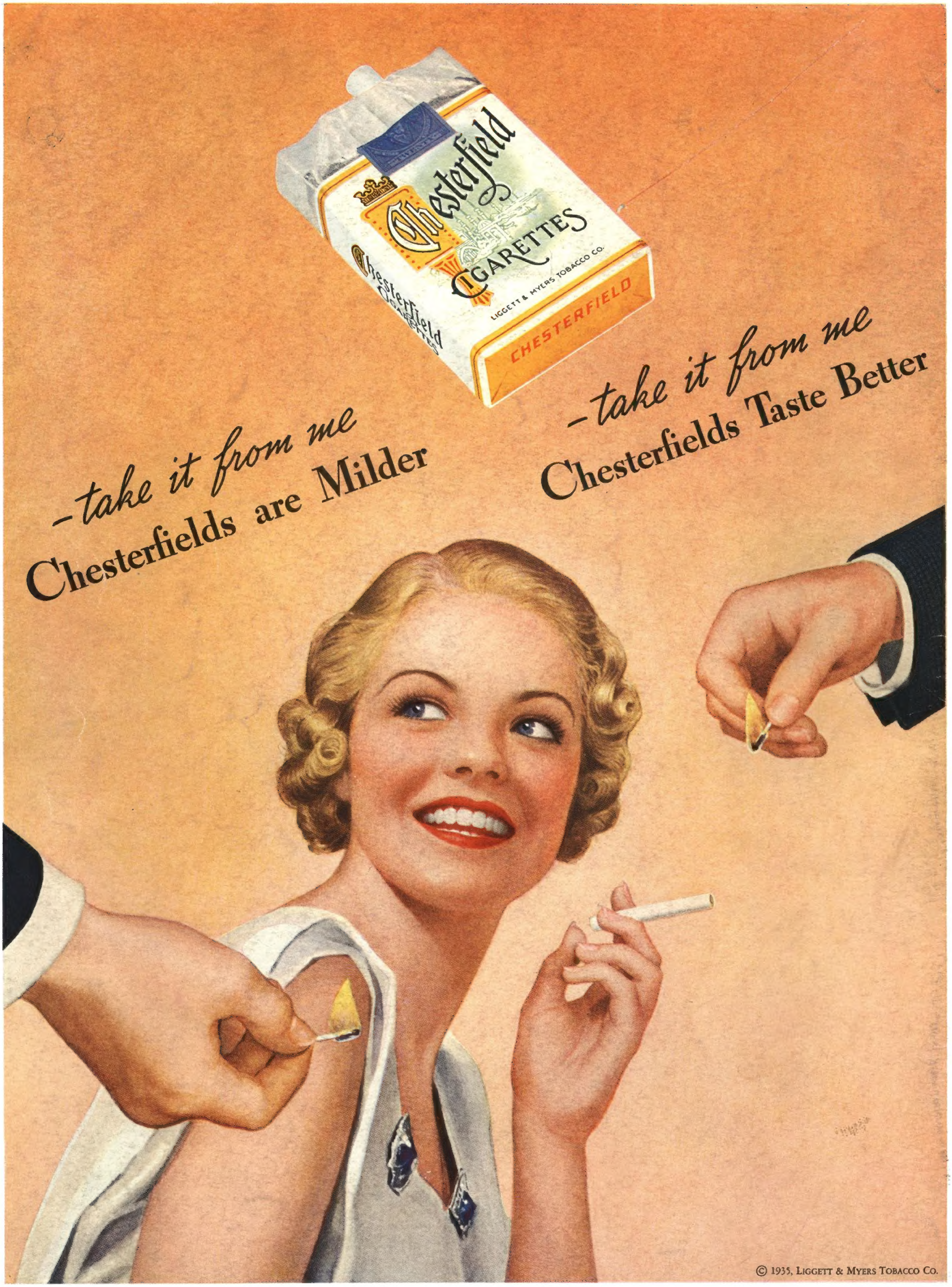
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD
Chesterfield Cigarettes
—take it from me
Chesterfields are Milder
—take it from me
Chesterfields Taste Better

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